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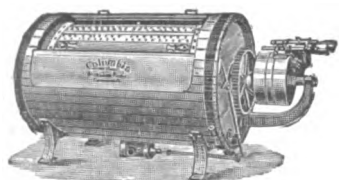
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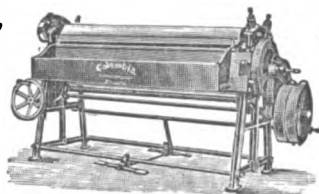
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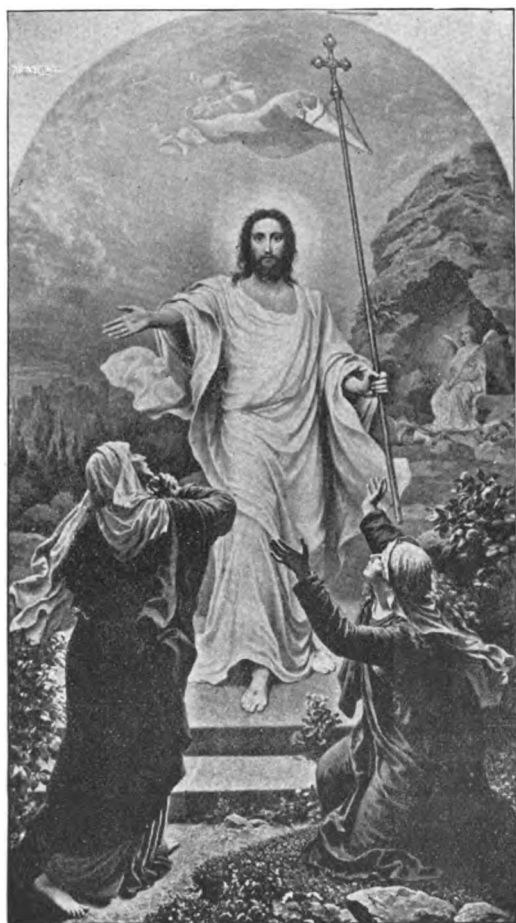
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APRIL, 1901.

No. 433.

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BY ALICE F. SCHMALL.

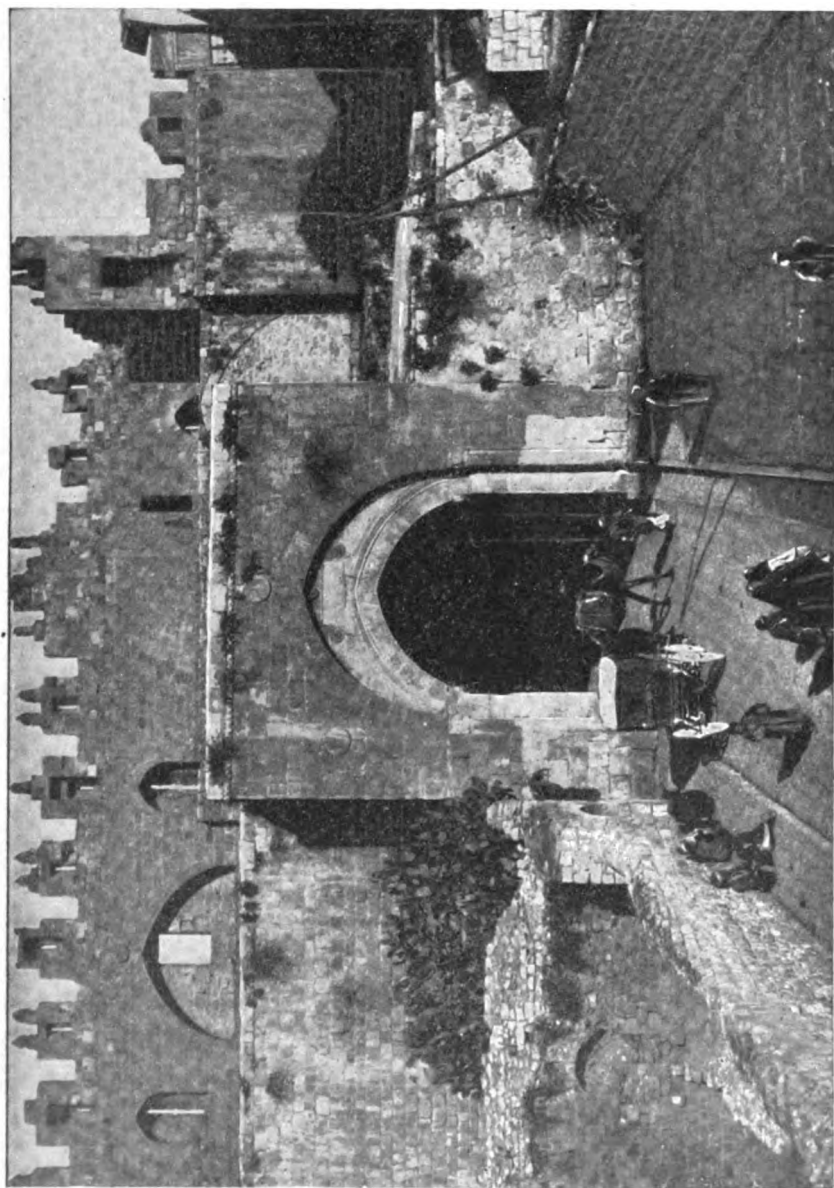
I.

JERUSALEM.

*The palm-tree lifts its feathered frond
And gently waves a welcome fond
To azure skies above, that bend
In glad response, as friend to friend.
While o'er the City, grand and old,
The sunshine spills its liquid gold,
And falls in many a flashing jet
On stately tower and minaret.
Lights, gardens, filled with odorous bloom,
That shed abroad their rich perfume,
And glitter in the fountain's play
That heavenward flings its crystal spray.*

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE
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VOL. LXXIII.—I



THE DAMASCUS GATE AT JERUSALEM.

II.

VIA DOLOROSA.

Outside the North Damascus gate,
Their frowning faces dark with hate,
The mocking crowds with taunts pursue
Their death-doomed King—the gentle Jew.
Grief-marked His face. With vigil spent
His form beneath its burden bent :
Stung by its cruel coronal
His brow is wet with drops that fall
In crimson streams, and, downward sweep,
As, tolling up the rocky steep,
He nears the End. O bitter pain !
To feel that Life and Love are vain.

III.

CALVARY.

The rounded moon, a silver wheel,
Looks downward where in mute appeal,
With outstretched arms, three crosses rise
In naked horror 'neath the skies,
Their ghastly burdens wan with woe.
As years creep by the moments slow.
Now quivering thro' the startled air,
A piercing cry of shrill despair
Fraught with His long-pent agony—
“My God! why hast forsaken Me?”
Is heard from dread Golgotha's hill.
Once more He calls. Then all is still.



"HE IS NOT HERE: HE IS RISEN."

IV.

RESURRECTION.

Two faithful hands receive His form—

A lily, broken by the storm—

And lay it in the tomb to sleep,

While tender women watch and weep.

And as the one, returning, came,

In loving tones He spoke her name,

Yet put her yearning touch away

That still might hold Him to the clay.

And as a star recedes from view

Dissolving in the ether blue,

Or subtle scent of roses rare

That fills unseen the evening air,

He vanished from their earthly sight

To regions of celestial light.

O memory sweet! Again we pray,

Abide with us this Easter Day.

THE REPORT OF THE TAFT PHILIPPINE COMMISSION.*

BY REV. JOHN T. CREAGH, J.C.D.



TOWARDS the end of January of the current year, President McKinley transmitted to Congress a report relating to the condition and immediate wants of the Philippine Islands. This document has since appeared in print, and

represents the results of an investigation conducted by a commission under the presidency of Judge Taft. It is the second government publication of the kind, the report of the Schurman commission having appeared just one year previously. Thorough in treatment and judicial in tone, capable of vital and far-reaching influence, this presentation of facts in regard to the Philippines will be read with interest by all citizens who have at heart the honor of their country and who desire that our dealings with these new possessions be characterized by wisdom and justice. To maintain correct authoritative relations with a people whose genius and traditions differ essentially from our own is not an easy matter, and fullest knowledge must guide our every step if we would avoid mistakes and misunderstandings whose least disastrous consequence will be military conflict.

Certain special conditions, verified in the Philippines, lend to the Taft report and all allied matters a very particular interest in the eyes of one class of American citizens—those who are members of the Catholic communion. It is question of a people recognizedly Catholic.† Out of a population variously estimated at from nine to twelve millions, 6,559,998 are enrolled in the parish registers as loyal to the church.‡ The Moros are followers of Islamism; the Negritos and a number of other tribes are still sunk in their native paganism; but the vast majority of the inhabitants, that class which a civilized power must take into account, are united to us by that most intimate of bonds—a common faith. That they have no intention of discarding Catholicism is made clear by the testimony of strangers§ as well as by their own conduct. In a draft of

* Washington: Government Printing-Office. 1901. † Taft Rep., p. 30.

‡ Ibid., p. 23.

§ Senate document No. 432, p. 32.

a constitution submitted to the Schurman Commission by certain eminent Filipinos, while religious liberty is asserted, special countenance is given to the "Catholic worship."* These people are in contact for the first time with a government represented for the most part by adherents of an unsympathetic creed. If the entire nation was thrown into a high state of excitement through the anxiety of our Protestant brethren about the lives and property of a few missionaries in China, we may be allowed to entertain some solicitude lest the religious interests of millions of fellow-Catholics, resident within our own dominions, be in any way jeopardized.

It is impossible for us to leave the church in the Philippine Islands to work out its destiny without the small tribute of American sympathy. We may recognize the total separation of church and state in our system of government, we may have the fullest confidence in the integrity of our official representatives, and place them far above any suspicion of bigotry or prejudice; but we are compelled, *nolentes, volentes*, to realize that the religious issue is vital in insular affairs, and will exercise the abilities of our statesmen. At every step are the agents of the government confronted with evidences of the fact that they have to do with a people which is thoroughly and devotedly Catholic. The liberation of captive friars and nuns, desecration of churches, despoiling of sacred vestments and vessels, early and repeatedly called attention to an essential aspect of Filipino life. This same feature is necessarily emphasized again and again in the present Taft report. Eleven consecutive pages are given exclusively to Catholic matters, and through the entire document are found numerous references to the church, or religious, or property, or education, which demand recognition of the peculiar interests of the Catholic Church.†

THE FRIARS.

Judge Taft personally was entrusted with the special charge of investigating the topics, civil service, friars and public lands. He is spoken of as a man of unimpeachable character, and no one will read his treatment of these different subjects without a favorable impression of his statesmanship and of his endeavor to be just and impartial throughout. If anything causes us to hesitate in accepting his judgment as final in certain particulars, it is the knowledge that in many countries

* Schurman Report, vol. i. p. 217.

† Taft Rep., pp. 23-33.

there appears on the surface a certain frothy sentiment which is by no means truly indicative of the national feeling that surges below, and which nevertheless first strikes the eye of the foreign observer.

Judge Taft discusses the morality of the friars in a lengthy paragraph,* although he admits that their immorality as such would not have made them hateful to the people, and that therefore "such immorality as there was is largely irrelevant to the issue we are considering." The general tenor of this portion of the report is refreshingly contradictory of what we have been accustomed to read in magazine articles, in accounts brought back by Protestant visitors to the islands, and in the voluminous literature bearing on the Philippines. These sources of information, some of which have been used in Congress presumably to furnish ground for legislation, have admitted that "a few friars" may have lived up to their high calling; the Taft report assures us that "there were many educated gentlemen of high moral standards among the friars." The ordinary gruesome portrayals of Filipino clerical life are probably what the commission has in mind when it speaks of the "lurid and somewhat overdrawn pictures painted by anti-friar writers, speakers, and witnesses concerning the abuses of the friars."

The report, therefore, offers some rebuke to the rumors which have seen so much service during the last few years. It asserts, however, that there were enough instances in each province to give considerable ground for the common report; adding at the same time that the friar witnesses denied the charges of general immorality, admitting only isolated cases, which they said were promptly disciplined. Judge Taft diminishes the immorality of the religious at a rate which must alarm the episcopal and unepiscopal investigators who preceded him, but even his estimate is narrowed considerably by a body of witnesses whose words must appear to any unbiased mind to have a special force. No Catholic would be pleased with the picture of a clergy thoroughly debased; even individual clerical unworthiness is an ungrateful spectacle. We may consequently feel the profoundest interest in a matter which the church has most seriously at heart and concerning which her discipline is so uniform and unmistakable. A charge of such a nature should not be propagated, above all in such a way as to be capable of influencing legislation, unless it rests upon a secure foundation. The report says that "the friars denied

* Taft Rep., pp. 27-28.

the charges," that they would not even admit that foundation for the report which the commission claims actually existed. Under "the friars" in this sentence come the bishops and provincials who appeared before the commission, men to whose integrity the report itself bears witness. They were, we presume, on oath. Their long residence in the island, their intimate acquaintance with church life and government, afforded them means of learning real conditions which far surpassed any at the command of the Taft commission. Their words may well have a weight which even the language of the report, comparatively favorable as it is, is not strong enough to counterbalance. In fact, that the immorality of the friars had been greatly exaggerated was already certain without the confirmatory testimony of the Taft commission. Much of what has been published on the matter is simply irresponsible repetition of what has been irresponsibly stated by some previous writer. A conscientious examination of the extensive Filipino literature in the Congressional Library reveals that the anti-friar writers have for the most part shown a receptivity like unto that of Kipling's "Tomlinson."

" 'This I have read in a book,' he said, 'and that was told to me;

And this I have thought that another man thought of a Prince in Muscovy.' "

Our great distance from the scene of the events which are being judged and our consequent dependence on the evidence of others do not oblige us to accept as true every unwarranted statement that is put forward. Repetition is no guarantee of truth. Enemies of the church are only too willing to seize upon any argument which may be used against her, and their zeal to combat Popery may at times lead them to foster a calumny without examining too strictly its foundation or source.

THE FRIARS' PROPERTY.

The property possessed by the religious orders has furnished material for much comment, and we are not surprised that it is deemed worthy of serious treatment by the commission. There is no doubt that the real estate held by the friars is both valuable and extensive, and not a few anti-Catholic writers have been clamoring for confiscation. They say that the astute ecclesiastics have for centuries been quietly grabbing the choicest portions of the territory until now they stand

forth unjust, untitled possessors of millions of acres belonging rightfully to the people.* The truth is that a considerable part of the friars' land was given by the Spanish government in sparsely settled provinces in the hope that the country, until then left in its native condition of uncultivation and unproductiveness, might be improved.† Most of their valuable territory has been held by the orders for one or two centuries. The Taft report declares that their title is certain, and that prescription has remedied any defects which might possibly have accompanied original possession.‡ A court of claims allowing all adverse claimants to institute action against the friars has been called upon to pronounce only in one case, with what issue we are not informed.§

The Augustinians came to the archipelago in 1565; the Franciscans in 1577; the Dominicans in 1587; the Recollets in 1606. They were recognized as a great civilizing power. Is it strange that the government should seek to assist them by grants of land? The purest selfishness on the part of the civil rulers would prompt a liberality of this kind towards these men whose presence in the islands was so necessary. The generosity and faith of the people, also, led them to make pious dispositions in favor of a clergy that had sacrificed everything in order to serve them. After centuries of possession, with all the opportunities for self-enrichment implied therein, what do we find? Far from being owners of the country, the friars rank but seventh in the list of wealthy proprietors; they possess only a comparatively small portion of the cultivated Philippine territory. No outcry is heard against the members of the first six ranks of land-owners. The majority in Congress passed recently a measure which may put 73,000,000 acres in the Philippines into the hands of corporations and trusts, and no one seems to be greatly disturbed. Is it possible that those who have been heard on the land-question are "but mad north-north-west," and that when the friars are not under consideration, there is no desire to dispute universally titles of possession and ownership? It is interesting to note in connection with the holdings of the friars that the revenues from their lands were devoted to no selfish purpose. Large amounts were expended in furnishing proper irrigation and other improvements; schools of foreign missions were maintained in Spain to supply new recruits for arduous missionary labor in China,

* Senate Document No. 432, p. 42; Foreman, *History of Philippines*.

† Taft Report, p. 27.

‡ Ibid., p. 27.

§ Ib., p. 28.

Tonquin, and Formosa, as well as in the Philippines; numerous hospitals and colleges were endowed. Far from being a basis for the charge of avarice, the possessions of the religious orders rather demonstrate an apostolic unselfishness and devotion.

Confiscation of this property is declared illegal in the report. The treaty with Spain binds the United States to preserve inviolate all property rights of individuals and of civil and ecclesiastical corporations. High-handed interference with the exercise of unquestionable rights, dictation as to methods of administration or tenure, "a resort to condemnation proceedings,"* even if they escape the name of confiscation, are equally excluded by justice, and are to be especially reprobated at the present time, when the financial condition of the Filipino church is so precarious, and when one of the great difficulties confronting the prelates is the proper adjustment of resources needed to meet the wants of worship and clergy.

JUDICIAL EXEMPTION.

On page 28 of the report is a paragraph which will be read with considerable unction by those who are determined to believe that nothing too bad can be said of the friars. It is there set down that the friars were exempt from trials for offences, except the most heinous, in the ordinary courts of the islands, and were entitled to a hearing before an ecclesiastical court. Even in the excepted cases trials had to be held first in the latter tribunal. No comment is made by the commission on this statement, and needless to say it will have no place in Americanized law. It is a souvenir of the Spanish domination, and some pious readers will doubtless behold in it another artifice of Rome wherewith to cloak priestly iniquity. Of course the presumption is that crimes were continually committed by the religious, and that they always escaped punishment.

In reality, we have brought to our attention in this passage an institution which is most ancient; which has divine warrant in the Old Testament, which early found a place in the venerable body of Roman law under the emperors Constantine, Theodosius, Valentinian, and Justinian, and which is not the peculiar product of the Spanish or Filipino church. It is perfectly intelligible to one who appreciates the distinguishing character impressed on God's ministers in ordination.

* Taft Report, p. 33.

Priests constitute a spiritual soldiery; and just as the Spaniards, in common with other nations, recognized a special military code for the army, and a naval code for those in the marine service, so also they found it natural to allow a special forum to the clergy. These dispositions of the Spanish law were known as military, naval, and ecclesiastical privileges; but the term privilege in this connection was far from signifying exemption from legal retribution. It simply denoted that members of the army, navy, and church, in case of transgression, became subject to the jurisdiction of judges other than those who presided in the ordinary courts. A priest was no more secure from punishment than was a soldier or sailor in the service of the sovereign.

CHURCH AND STATE.

We have heard much of the thralldom in which the natives were kept by their religious teachers. A writer for a Washington newspaper,* whose correspondence has been raised to the dignity of a Senate document, refers repeatedly, after the example of Foreman, to the "domination of the friars." The Filipinos are represented as rejoicing exceedingly in their present liberty, and direst results are prophesied if they are thrown back again into subjection to their gowned tyrants. The Taft report seems rather inclined towards this view.† It holds that union of church and state under Spanish rule resulted in a confusion of civil and ecclesiastical authority. The people seeing in the friars the representatives and agents of misgovernment, have come to cherish a bitter hatred for these ministers of religion. To assist the friars to return would be to foster revolt anew.

This appreciation of the relations between the friars and the people may be correct. But there are most weighty reasons for questioning it. The friars may have been the agents of the Spanish government, and may have possessed considerable civil power. The report makes it clear that whatever part they played in the municipal councils was compulsory and that they never had any vote.‡ But whatever the friars may have been in the civil order, they were certainly teachers of religion in the spiritual order—in fact, the only representatives of Catholicity that the natives ever knew. No one denies that the natives remain unwaveringly Catholic. "The Philippine

* T. W. Noyes, editorial correspondence of the *Evening Star*.

† Taft Report, p. 31.

‡ *Ib.*, p. 25.

people love the Catholic Church. It may be doubted whether there is any country in the world in which the people have a more profound attachment for the church."* Does it not seem somewhat strange that these people should love the church so, and at the same time entertain a universal distrust and hatred of her ministers? Nothing can contribute more infallibly to the ruin of any ecclesiastical establishment than an unworthy and odious ministry, and yet after centuries of exclusive management the friars present to us a united, devoted Catholic people. President McKinley in his inaugural address appealed to the loyal millions in the Philippines as indicative of the manner in which our government is received there, and declared that a disloyal few furnished no evidence of the real sentiments of the people. We fear that in reference to the friars a contrary criterion is being invoked. The loyal millions of the Catholic population are not heard in the tumult raised by a few agitators. This is the contention of the bishops and friars who assert that the masses are friendly to them.† It is notorious that the Katipunan Society, which does not represent the people at large, started the antagonism to the friars.‡ The insurgents kept their friar prisoners under stricter guard than any other class, because they feared that if permitted to go among the people the religious would use the influence they possess to incite the natives against Aguinaldo's government.§ What does this imply save that the body of the people are loyal to their religious teachers, and that the return of these latter at the present time would be far from exciting a general revolt? That the friars would be centres of disloyalty is a proposition which hardly merits consideration. We believe that if returned they would prove most efficient aids to the American government in re-establishing order. Whether they will return, whether they care to go back again to their old missions, we do not know. Determination of their course is a matter which pertains exclusively to church authorities, and interference with freedom of their pronouncement would furnish just cause for protest on the part of American as well as Filipino Catholics. Whatever the decision of the church will be in reference to the return of the friars, we are sure that it will be for the best spiritual interests of the natives and helpful to our government; that it will be distinguished, to quote the words of the report, "by that same sagacity and provision which characterize all the church's important policies."

* Taft, p. 30. † *Ib.*, p. 30. ‡ Schurman Report, vol. ii. p. 404. § Senate Doc. No. 196, p. 13.

EDUCATION.

The matter of education is treated in an interesting chapter by Mr. Moses, another member of the commission, but not so exhaustively as in the Schurman report. Cause for criticism is found in a system which placed instruction in Christian doctrine before aught else, but regarding this there may be honest difference of opinion. The religious are credited with quite a long list of higher institutions of learning. In primary education defects certainly existed, but they are in large measure to be attributed to lack of funds with which to make adequate provision for a teaching corps, and for this the Spanish government and not the church is responsible.* There has been a great deal of controversy over the amount of illiteracy in the Philippines. One writer maintained that the percentage of illiterates among the civilized tribes of Luzon was less than in Massachusetts, but recourse to statistics has disproved his statement. Judge Taft says that the desire for education among all the tribes is very strong,† but General Hughes, who at one time controlled education in Manila, doubts very much whether the Filipinos are extremely anxious for intellectual food. The Spaniard seems to have been of this mind. He was not oversolicitous about developing the mental faculties of his Philippine subjects, but he at least allowed them to live. He entered the islands some time before the settlements were made at Jamestown and Plymouth; he has not been engaged in more numerous conflicts than have occurred between white and Indian in America; and to-day we find millions in the Philippines, but where are the descendants of Massasoit and Powhatan? There are at least as many educated and refined Filipinos as there are American Indians of the same class. Squeers' methods may have a good end in view, they may be intended to promote learning and conventional behavior, but they are not always the best for the subject. Many of those who were made to profit by them would have been far better off in ignorant and happy enjoyment of the free air of the fields.

The general tone of the Taft Commission report is fair and statesmanlike. Its conclusions have been reached after much investigation and offer a serious corrective of many erroneous views which have hitherto been very generally received as true. But its pronouncements are not infallible, and we claim the right to reject some of them in presence of valid contradictory

* Schurman Report, vol i. pp. 33, 34.

† P. 32.

evidence. Our right to exercise our discretion in reference to its conclusions is confirmed by the variance which exists in numerous details between this report and other works supposed to be the products of as great care and research. The reader may be surprised that a wise policy did not place a Catholic representative on the board, but perhaps this was unnecessary. Nevertheless, it would have given a certain reassurance to Catholics here and in the Philippines. It might at least have prevented some of the numerous mistranslations of ecclesiastical terms which figure in congressional documents bearing on the Filipino problem.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

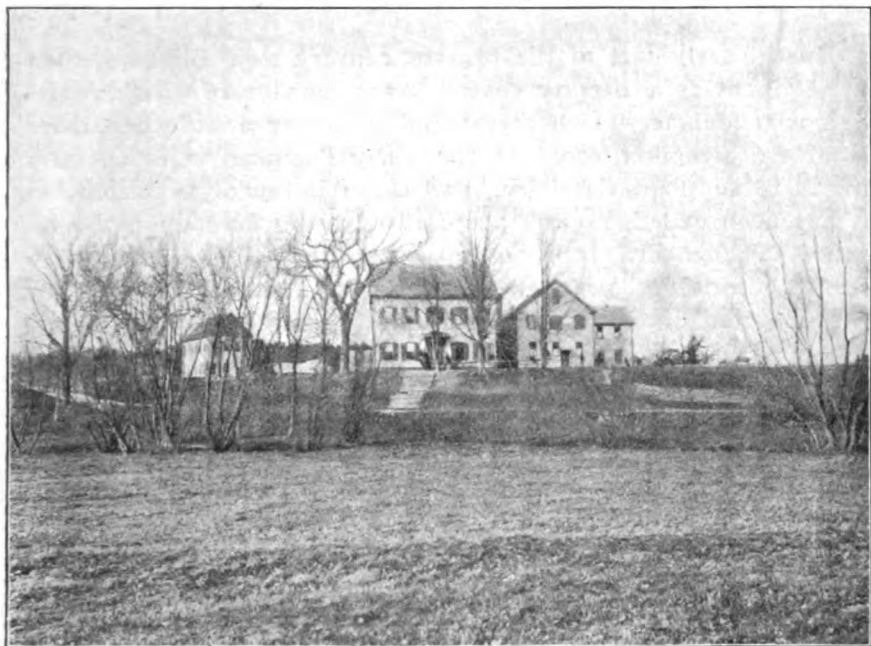
The sacred character of the religious liberty of the Filipinos was incorporated in the treaty with Spain, has figured in numerous military and civil proclamations, and is mentioned in the instructions of both the Schurman and Taft commissions. What does this mean? Does it not imply that they are to be allowed to practise their religion free from intermeddling? Such is the clear and necessary interpretation of the term. But if anything will justify spontaneous protest it is the practical construction which is put on the clause relating to religious liberty. We read *ad nauseam* of the opening up of a new land to the Gospel. Manila is overrun with preachers and evangelical carpet-baggers. The training of young Filipinos is taken from religious teachers and entrusted to a system which takes no account of religion, and many of whose representatives are hostile to the church.* Six millions of people who are members of a communion which we regard as founded in the Gospel are pictured as groping in religious darkness. One of the witnesses before the first Philippine commission referred to the influence and standing of the friars, and he was asked to suggest a remedy. He advised bringing in Protestant missionaries to combat the priests. Mr. Schurman said: "The idea, no doubt, is a good one."† There is a large field for evangelizers in the Philippines, but it lies outside Manila. The Gospel has already been preached in that city. The Mohammedans of the Sulu Islands are in deeper error than the people in the immediate vicinity of United States garrisons on the island of Luzon; the Negritos are capable of vast improvement, spiritually and intellectually; in

* Taft and Schurman Reports, chapters on Education. ;

† Schurman Report, vol. ii. p. 421.

fact, they are as low as human beings can well be; in northern Luzon there are head-hunting tribes who have never seen a Bible or heard of a tract. Among such a rich harvest awaits the reaper. They cry out for men possessed with genuine missionary zeal. But the genuine missionary spirit cannot be said to animate those who are using the victory of Manila Bay to cloak an attack on our church; nor does it inspire the Federal party, the close ally of the government, which is said to be exerting itself more strongly against Catholicism than against the insurgents. When legislative attention is directed to the Mohammedan Moros—adherents of polygamy and slavery—men say that it is better to follow a policy of toleration, avoiding all intermeddling, rather than bring on a holy war. What holds good there applies with still greater force in the Catholic portion of the archipelago, where we find no Mohammedanism, no polygamy, no slavery; where already exists a Christianity centuries old, where at present religious peace reigns. The Dutch entered Java, and left religion severely alone, with happy results; the British did the same in Ceylon; a contrary course in the Philippine Islands will foment that most potent and undying source of discord—religious rancor.





THE BUILDINGS OF BROOK FARM, WITH "THE HIVE" IN THE CENTER.

THE BROOK FARM MOVEMENT VIEWED THROUGH THE PERSPECTIVE OF HALF A CENTURY.

BY ANNA M. MITCHELL.



STANDING on the threshold of the twentieth century, and casting a retrospective glance over the landmarks that indicate the expiration of a hundred years of American life, we find, occupying a conspicuous place within the first fifty years, that socialistic venture known as the Brook Farm Movement. Regarded simply as a philanthropic experiment it would prove of surpassing interest; but when we add to this the fact that many of those who were most prominent in the movement became eminent in American literature during the latter part of the century, it has for us a biographical as well as a socialistic interest. The chief actors in this little drama having now passed away, their work permits of more dispassionate inspection than if they still lived and moved among us, and their work can be better judged in its many-sided aspects when viewed through the perspective of fifty years.

VOL. LXXIII.—2

In the early part of the present century New England, then pre-eminent as a literary centre, began to vibrate with new religious tendencies which threatened to prove a wide departure from the orthodox creed of the early Puritans. Unitarianism began to supplant Calvinism, and this religion of negations, as it has been called, rapidly acquired a strong hold upon the intellectual element. It is not surprising that this casting loose from doctrinal moorings in New England paved the way for the adoption of Speculative Philosophy as a substitute for religion. In 1836, about ten years after the first Unitarian Society had been formed in Boston, we find Transcendentalism beginning to engross the attention of some of the leading spirits in the Unitarian Church. After Ellery Channing, the most prominent ministers in the church were probably George Ripley and Ralph Waldo Emerson. The latter resigned his pastoral charge on account of conscientious scruples, and became the prophet of the new philosophy. The Transcendental Club was organized, and its members began to devise means for propagating their ideas, which they were strongly convinced would better the condition of mankind. *The Dial*, a quarterly publication, was issued for that purpose, and the members took turns editing it. This proved a slow means of making converts, and Mr. Ripley, who was one of the leading spirits in the club, maintained that the first step that must be taken was to devise some method by which man could be freed from the slavery of social customs. After much serious thought, he submitted to the club the following plan: In order to put their theories to a practical test, they were to locate on a farm where agriculture and education would be made the foundation of a new social life, and truth, justice, and order were to be the governing principles. Manual labor was to be dignified by all participating in it. No religious creed was to be adopted, and the old and the sick were to be cared for by those who were strong and able to bear the burdens. The adoption of this plan he urged upon the members with great eloquence. Preaching, he argued, was not sufficient; there must be evidence of the preachers' willingness to lead the ideal Christian life. These were the initiative steps which resulted in the founding of the Brook Farm Association in the spring of 1841. The farm selected by Mr. Ripley for the experiment was situated in West Roxbury, about nine miles from Boston. It occupied a slight elevation in a beautiful rolling country. The locality was very familiar to him through his

having summered there for several seasons. The community numbered at first about twenty people—men and women of culture and good social position. Although Emerson had talked favorably of it, he declined to join the venture when it came to a practical test. A careful inspection of the constitution gives ample evidence that these men and women were prompted by a high aim and pure motive, and surely nothing but strong convictions that they were pursuing the right course could have led them to sacrifice the comfort of their city homes and put up with the inconvenience that necessarily attended the life on a farm.

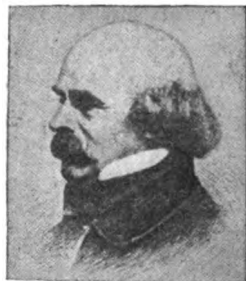
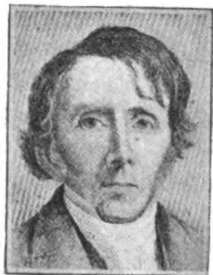
The constitution pledged itself to provide such employment for the members as would be best adapted to their different tastes and habits. The members were to be paid for their labor at rates that should not exceed \$1 per day, and should not be allowed to work more than ten hours each day. The association was to furnish to the members house rent, fuel, food, and clothing at the actual cost, and no charge was to be made for education, medical attendance, or use of library. Those deprived by sickness of the ability to labor, and members over seventy years of age, were exempt from the required charges. The net profits remaining in the treasury were to be divided into shares and distributed among the members, the amount given to each being gauged by the number of actual days' labor performed.

A pen picture of all the gifted men and women that comprised this community would prove interesting, but we will confine ourselves to a description of a few of the most prominent. Mr. Ripley, the leader of the movement, was a man of fine physical presence and scholarly attainments. His biographer tells us that he was no unbeliever or sceptic; but a quiet student, devoted to his books. He had a hope-



GEORGE RIPLEY.

ful, social, sunny temperament, and was absorbed in philosophical pursuits. His wife, Sophia Ripley, was a member of a fine old Cambridge family. She was finely educated and had an attractive personality. I have heard a member of the community tell of the absorbing interest with which they always listened to Mrs. Ripley's account of the persons and things that had come within her varied experience. Her adoption of the life at



RALPH W. EMERSON. WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

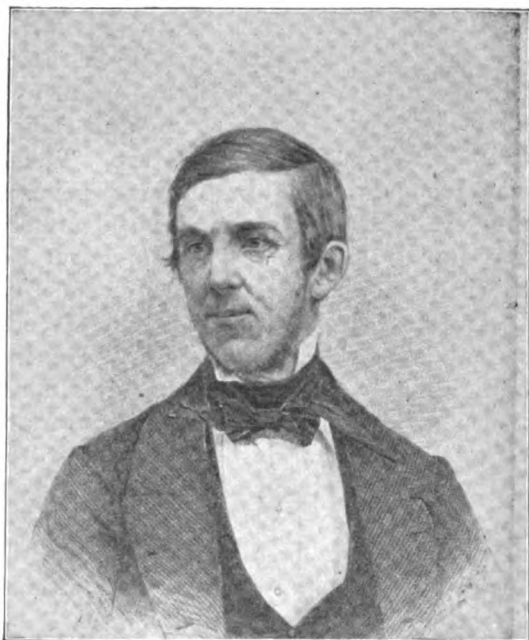
Brook Farm was strongly condemned by the exclusive social set in which her family moved.

A young man who soon made himself felt in the community life, and who was afterwards destined to become one of the foremost of American journalists, was Charles A. Dana. He was fresh from Harvard College, where he had distinguished himself in the study of languages. Mr. Ripley soon recognized his ability and gave him a position of responsibility. He gave lessons in Greek and German, which secured for him the title of "The Professor"; but he was very fond of spending a portion of his time on the farm, the tree nursery being the object of his special devotion.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, idealist and dreamer, was one of the first of the Transcendentalists to be attracted to the Brook Farm life. He went there, thinking that a little manual labor would prove no impediment to attaining his youthful ambition, namely, to become a writer of stories. But the farm-work did not prove as idyllic as it appeared in the light of his glowing imagination. That he reached a very definite conclusion on the subject is evident from this sentence in *The Blithedale Romance*: "Intellectual activity is incompatible with any large amount of bodily exercise." His ascetic nature chafed under the buzz and hum that attended the busy life of such a large family, and at the end of a year he said farewell to his associates;

but he always entertained toward them the kindest feelings, and gives us abundant evidence of this in *The Blithedale Romance*.

At first the little community found the original farm-house, which they had named "The Hive," quite sufficient for their wants; but soon three additional buildings were added. The cottage which was known as the Margaret Fuller Cottage was constructed by private enterprise; as was also the Pilgrim House, which received its name from the fact that it had been built by two brothers from Plymouth. The Eyry, perched on a ledge of rock behind "The Hive," was occupied by Mr. Ripley, and had the most attractive situation of any of the houses. One of the first things that the members naturally turned their attention to was the establishment of a school. There was fine material from which to draw a teaching corps, and the relations between teacher and pupil must have been quite ideal in such an atmosphere of unity of thought and purpose. It needed no other advertising than that which was furnished by the names of those associated with it, and before long their limited accommodations were taxed to their utmost capacity, pupils coming from all parts of New England and New York. These teachers were like Chaucer's "Parson"—while they taught they wrought. The hours between lessons were busily employed. The women had their various assignments in the domestic department.



DR. HOLMES.

Mr. Ripley was a firm believer in scientific agriculture, and gave much of his attention to the improvement of the farm land, while the magnificent trees that now abound about the place give evidence of how well Charles Dana must have attended to his hobby of tree culture. The men and women dressed in the simplest manner, so that

the family exchequer was not taxed by tailors' and dress-makers' bills. The men wore blue tunics with black leather belts and checked trousers, and the women wore a species of short skirt, very much like the bicycle costume of to day. The table was simple in the extreme. An ordinary laborer to-day would have as many luxuries as were spread before the members of this little community. This simple life seemed to typify Wordsworth's idea of "plain living and high thinking." Mr. Ripley endeavored to impart to the assembly some of his intellectual enthusiasm. Evening classes were formed at which were given readings from Shakspeare, Goethe, and Carlyle.

This little family, sufficient unto itself, pursued the even tenor of its way, quite indifferent to the outside world, which might go on moving in the same old groove if it chose, but they were happy in the thought that they had found the desideratum of life. The outside world was not, however, so indifferent to them. It first heard and wondered, and then became curious to look in upon them. Mr. Ripley would probably have resented any intrusion upon their privacy were it not for the fact that he felt this revolution in social science would become a part of public history; so their doors were thrown open that all might come in and see. The erudite Margaret Fuller was a constant visitor, but was never a member of the community, as has been erroneously stated. She loved to gather a group of admiring listeners about her and give full play to the brilliant conversational powers for which she was famous.

Orestes Brownson, who had placed his young son in the school, was a frequent visitor. He had at this time hewn a path for himself through several different Protestant denominations, having been in turn Presbyterian, Universalist, and Unitarian. He had just begun to turn his attention toward Catholicism, evolving in his mind a plan by which he hoped to have the church form an alliance with Protestantism on terms that would not be distasteful to the latter. As he generally appeared at the Farm with his battle-axe on his shoulder, his arrival was not always hailed with delight. One of his strongly disputatious nature could easily become uncomfortably dogmatic, and this was probably what led Mrs. Kirby to say of him that he was not considered "the prince of gentlemen in debate." One might easily infer from this that Brownson was not very popular in the community, and formed quite a contrast in this respect to his friend Isaac Hecker. Father Hecker was at this time a young man twenty-four years of age,

and had been induced to go to Brook Farm by Brownson, who recommended it as a desirable place for study. In January, 1843, the young mystic made his first appearance there. He entered as a partial boarder, giving his services as a baker for his instruction. The duties of baker to the community consumed so much of his time that he soon felt obliged to give it up and become a full boarder. George William Curtis, who was a member of the community at this time, gives us the following reminiscences of him: "He had an air of singular refinement and self reliance, combined with half-eager inquisitiveness, and on becoming acquainted with him, I told him he was 'Earnest the Seeker,' which was the title of a story of mental unrest which William H. Channing was then publishing in *The Dial*. Among the many interesting figures at Brook

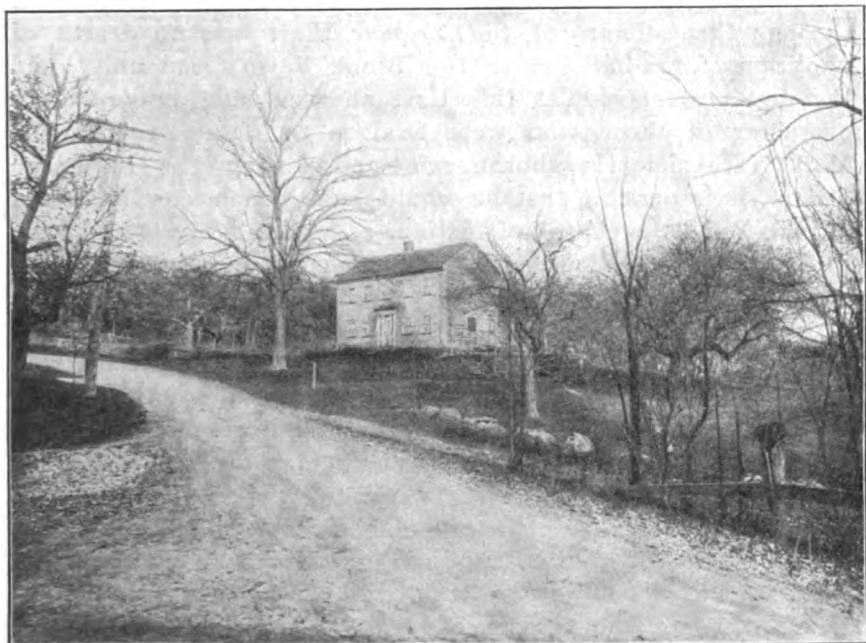


ISAAC HECKER AT BROOK FARM.

Farm I recall none more sincerely absorbed than Isaac Hecker in serious questions. He entered into the working life at the Farm, as it seemed to me, with the same reserve and attitude of observation. He was the dove floating in the air, not yet finding the spot on which his foot might rest." One thing is certain, and that is that he was a great favorite in the community, and although he only remained there about nine months, his charming amiability and simple, frank manners attracted every one to him. To Mrs. Ripley he seemed to have particularly endeared himself. Perchance it was the unconscious recognition in each other of that bond of spiritual sympathy which, unknown to both, was drawing them toward the same goal. The desire to lead a more ascetic and interior life than it was possible for him to lead at Brook Farm, led him to leave the community in the summer of 1843 and turn his steps toward Fruitlands, the ascetic retreat of Bronson Olcott. His diary bears testimony to the fact that he enjoyed the people he met at Brook Farm, and he felt that his stay there had been most beneficial in exercising a refining influence upon his life. His

stay at Fruitlands was very brief, and after another year of spiritual wandering the dove at last found the spot on which his foot might rest. He entered the Catholic Church in August, 1844, and in October of the same year he was followed by Orestes Brownson.

The first two years of the Brook Farm existence might be termed the experimental period, and the universal verdict, pronounced by those who had enjoyed its membership at the end of that time, was that ethically it was a great success. In fact, it was almost idyllic. The Utopia of Sir Thomas More's dreams seemed to have been realized in this happy congregation of cultivated men and women. The community embraced about seventy people. Idealists and dreamers were there in abundance, but the hard-headed man of affairs was wanting, and so it was with some surprise that the management found that the little community was not paying its way. The question that now presented itself was, What method could be devised by which the ethical standard could be preserved and yet the community be made self-supporting? The theories of Charles Fourier, the French exponent of industrial association, had been attracting the attention of some of the members, and it was suggested that the directors should engraft some of his ideas on their present system. A very serious objection to this was raised by some of the members. The introduction of the industrial element meant the letting down of the bars and the inundation of their sacred precinct by the hard fisted son of toil. It was at this juncture that the crucial test of Mr. Ripley's character was made, for he had to put seriously before himself for decision this question: Should he endeavor to develop the educational side more fully, and so maintain the exclusive tone of culture that a number of the members thought was the proper atmosphere for the community, or should he put his books on the shelf and reach down and endeavor to raise to a higher plane the earnest struggling soul that saw the Elysian fields afar and was reaching toward them? It required a man of strong moral purpose to meet such a crisis, for he knew that on this decision depended the maintenance or withdrawal of the support and sympathy of many of his fellow-Transcendentalists. But the man who had taught that there was a divine equality of spirit at the base of all human lives, decided that there must be no inconsistency in his words and deeds, and so the final decision reached by him was, that the only passport required for entrance to Brook Farm must be earnestness of purpose and uprightness of life,



THE SCHOOL FLOURISHED FOR TWO YEARS.

and so the carpenter, shoemaker, and blacksmith came in at one gate, while the *littérateur* and philosopher went out at the other, and Emerson and his followers bemoaned "Ripley's fall."

The Industrial Period became inaugurated by the adoption of the best features of Fourierism. Its objectionable element was never endorsed at Brook Farm. The system provides for the performance of labor by means of grouping. Three or more persons combined for the same object made a group; a series consisted of three or more groups under one chief or head. These series were named, respectively, the Mechanical Series, the Farming Series, the Domestic Series. The chief of a group was elected weekly and the chief of a series monthly. Under the revised constitution any person wishing to become a member had to reside on the place, as an applicant, one month. If this term of probation proved satisfactory, he was made a 'candidate, in which capacity he served for another month, and if he continued to prove a desirable applicant, he was admitted as an associate. He was credited with every day's labor he performed; the laboring day in winter being eight hours long and in summer ten hours. All articles furnished were charged, and a full settlement made to every member once a year. As Horace Greeley was at this time at-

tracting much attention to the subject of social reform, through the columns of the *Tribune*, there was no dearth of applicants for admission to the Brook Farm Community, and the letters received at this time show a wide range in the character of those who were anxious to obtain admittance. Had Nathaniel Hawthorne remained during the Industrial Period, it is possible that he would have become an exponent of the Realistic school of fiction, as he certainly would have had at hand abundant material for character-drawing. There was the genial Thomas Blake, whose nautical figure secured him the title of "Admiral," and positive John Orvis, whose responsibilities were carried in such a weighty manner that he was dubbed "John Almighty." It would be almost impossible to conceive of this heterogeneous gathering of people without an Irishman, and he was there in the person of John Cheevers. He showed his Celtic loyalty by insisting that his tunic should be made of green cloth instead of blue. Although John made his entry into the community during the Transcendental Period, he was a hearty supporter of the levelling process, and used to refer to the members who had taken their departure at the beginning of the Industrial Period as "extinct volcanoes of Transcendental nonsense and humbuggery." All the accounts given by people who were members of the community at this time go to prove that the life there was a particularly happy one. As the men worked side by side in the field the questions of the day were freely discussed, and many a joke was cracked as they tried to rival each other in the speed and excellence of their work. Indoors the various groups of women in the Domestic Series performed their tasks with the same cheerful spirit. The Washing Group had the tedium of its toil relieved by the never-flagging encouragement of Mrs. Ripley, who entertained them as they worked without ever thinking that any work preferred by the others was too humble for her hands. The new-comer who was at first disposed to shy a little at some uncongenial task, soon caught the spirit of adaptation in the place, and before he realized it was working with a will. There was no danger of dulness being developed by all work and no play. The announcement at supper that there would be a dance in the evening was sure to be hailed with delight, and the work of transforming the dining room into a ball-room was performed with the greatest alacrity. The music was generally furnished by a solitary violinist brought from a neighboring town, but no full orchestra ever led the steps of a merrier party. Promptly at ten o'clock

the dancing ceased and the dining-room was again made ready for the morning meal. When we contrast this picture of simple, healthy life with the environment of the toiler in our crowded cities, where the saloon and low theatres are the only means of diversion, one cannot help regretting that this socialistic experiment should have been so short lived.



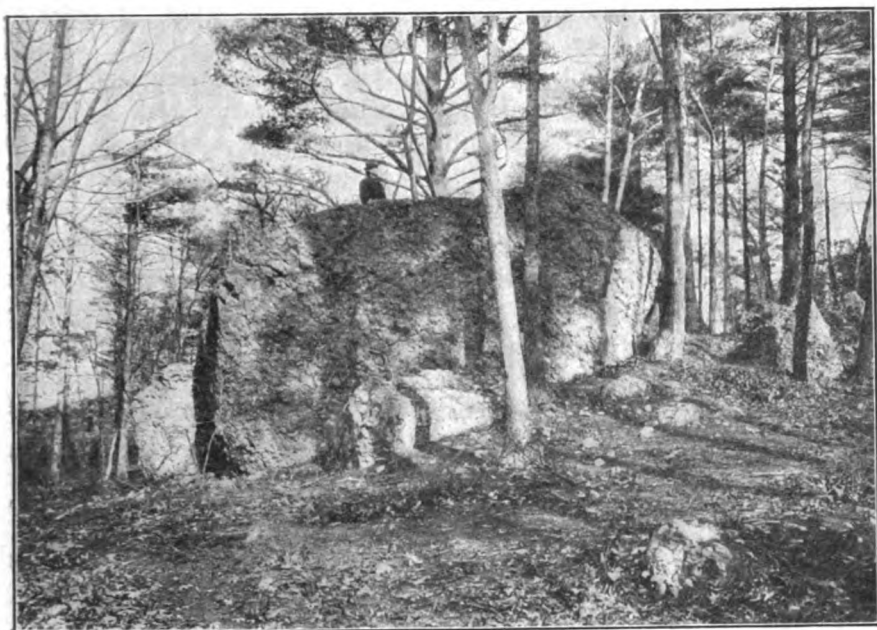
MARGARET FULLER COTTAGE TO-DAY.

Three years after the industrial feature was introduced the management was obliged to acknowledge that the new experiment had not realized their expectations from a financial stand-point. The principal reason assigned for this was, that the ground was not adapted for farming and had necessitated considerable outlay which the return from it did not justify. The school, which had been so flourishing during the first two years, suffered considerably by the introduction of the industrial feature. The one hope now left was to attract to it people who had capital to invest, but who could not be induced to join the community unless there could be more convenient quarters provided for the maintenance of the family life. To meet this need sufficient money was raised to begin a new building, which was to be arranged in suites, and every hope was entertained that on its completion a number of well-to-do

families would take up their residence at the Farm. The Phalanstery, as the new building was called, proved a veritable castle in Spain, for around it were woven bright dreams for the future prosperity of the association. The members, feeling that the financial cloud that had been hanging over them was about to be lifted, went about with light hearts, little dreaming how soon this castle was to fall. On the evening of March 2, 1846, while "The Hive" resounded with music and laughter, a fire broke out in the new building, which was at that time almost completed, and in a short time nothing was left of it but a heap of ruins. What made the catastrophe such a fatal one was the fact that the building was not insured, and, as the members looked in each others' faces the morning after the fire, they knew that Brook Farm was doomed.

If co-operative associations had been as common then as now it would have been a comparatively easy thing to have secured capital enough to rebuild the Phalanstery and thus enable them to start anew; but as this was an untried venture in new fields, like all departures from the conventional lines, it was looked at askance by many wise heads. The founders felt from the first that they were handicapped by want of capital, as they had among them no rich men; but they showed their belief in the cause they had espoused by venturing their all. Mr. Ripley expressed himself thus, in an article written about this time: "We have never professed to be able to represent the idea of association with the scanty resources at our command, nor would the discontinuance of our establishment, or of any of the partial attempts now in progress, in the slightest degree weaken our faith in the associative system, or our conviction that it will sooner or later be adopted, as the only form of society suited to the nature of man and in accordance with the Divine will." There is a strength of conviction in these lines that enables us to understand why George Ripley had been willing to abandon a life of comparative ease and comfort and assume responsibilities which entailed hours of anxiety and the loss of congenial friends. The disbandment of the community at Brook Farm left him a poor man; even his cherished books had to be sacrificed, and as he saw them depart to wipe out the account of one of the creditors he said: "I can now understand how a man would feel if he could attend his own funeral."

One by one the members of the little community bade a sorrowful farewell to the place to which they had become so much attached, and went back again to the struggle and strife



PULPIT ROCK.

amidst selfish ambition, which had never entered within the boundary of Brook Farm. The association had been in existence five years, and had during that time added three houses to the original farm-house, which they had also enlarged, and had improved a large tract of land. They had paid seventy-five per cent. of the cost. This does not bear evidence of such a gigantic financial failure as many people are led to suppose terminated the existence of the Brook Farm colony.

Mr. Ripley assumed the personal responsibility for a number of the debts, and set cheerfully to work to pay them off. He removed to New York and began writing for the *Tribune* at a very meagre salary. He also became a contributor for *Putnam's* and *Harper's New Monthly*. He was afterwards associated with Charles A. Dana in editing the *American Encyclopædia*. As a literary critic he had few equals, his work being free from that carping element of fault-finding that mars the work of many critics. He always looked for the good and generally succeeded in finding it. His noble wife walked bravely by his side for twelve years after they took up their residence in New York. She taught school for two years at Flatbush, N. Y., giving up her position as soon as her husband became well established in his literary career. In 1848 she entered the Catholic Church, and expressed her appreciation of the sense

of restfulness and the peace of mind that this step brought her by saying to her friends, "I have found my mother." Her husband respected her religious convictions, appreciated her devotion, and aided her in the works of charity with which her days were filled. It does not seem at all strange that the theory of the divine equality of the spirit, which Mr. Ripley endeavored to inculcate by word and deed into the residents at Brook Farm, should have eventually led so many of them toward the Catholic Church. It seems rather significant that Father Hecker, who was destined to become a spiritual guide for men, should have led the way, to be followed by Orestes Brownson, Mrs. Ripley, and later on by Buckley Hastings, who was the purchasing agent for the Farm, and George Newcome, the High-Churchman of the colony, who wrote a book called *Dolan*.*

When Father Hecker returned to America in 1851 he renewed his intercourse with his old friends of the Brook Farm days, and that the bond of friendship between him and the Ripleys strengthened with the years is very apparent from the affectionate manner in which he speaks of George Ripley in his diary. Mrs. Ripley died in 1861, after a somewhat protracted illness, and was brought to Cambridge, Mass., for burial. The little church in Purchase Street, Boston, over which Mr. Ripley had presided as a Unitarian minister, had been converted into a Catholic church, and here the burial services were performed, her husband sitting in the same pew that she had so often occupied while listening to his preaching twenty years before. It was allotted to Mr. Ripley to work on for a full score of years before he laid down his pen for the last time. He had said to Father Hecker one day, shortly after the latter's return to this country, "Can you do all that any Catholic priest can do?" On receiving an affirmative answer, he said: "Then I will send for you when I am drawing toward my end." He kept his promise, and did send for him during his last illness; but the message was not delivered, and when Father Hecker reached his bedside he was beyond the reach of his assistance. An immense concourse of distinguished men, representing different walks in life, attended his funeral, bearing testimony to the high place held by him in the community.

The most sanguine imagination could not have made a forecast of what was destined to be accomplished in the various fields of American literature by that small band of men who

* Hawthorne, although he shows a decided leaning toward the church in the *Mาร์ble Faun*, never seemed to get beyond the shadow of the sanctuary lamp; but his daughter became an ardent Catholic, and Mr. Ripley's niece also became a convert to Catholicism.

were identified with Brook Farm, in one way or another, during the brief period of its existence. Who could have foreseen, for instance, that during the fifty years that succeeded the disbandment of this community such a journal as the *New York Sun* could have its rise and assume such gigantic proportions under the editorship of Charles Dana? Who would have thought that George Ripley's versatile talent would have found such a happy outlet in the *American Encyclopædia*? From the Easy Chair of *Harper's* was to flow the dulcet tones of George W. Curtis, his sentences charming like the strains of an Æolian harp. The work of establishing an Apostolate of the Press for the dissemination of religious truths was to be accomplished through the zeal of Father Hecker, while Orestes Brownson, through the *Quarterly Review*, sent forth into the world of letters masterpieces of trenchant, vigorous prose, and Nathaniel Hawthorne made for himself the first place among American novelists. There were other minor lights, like Minot Pratt and John Dwight, whose contributions to literature seem very meagre in comparison; but all acknowledge alike the impetus to high thought and noble endeavor which was generated at Brook Farm.

On leaving this retrospect, what shall be our verdict on the experiment as we look at it through the distant perspective of fifty years? If we were to apply to it the material gauge by which things are largely measured to-day, we would declare that it was a failure because it did not pay; but if we are to regard it in the light of an effective object-lesson, which the present generation might study with profit, then it was far from being a failure. It illustrates very clearly the fact that the spiritual unrest of ardent souls is often calmed and satisfied within the haven of the Catholic Church, in a way that proves her a sure and safe anchorage for the most restless minds.

Half a century has given us great material prosperity, but with it have come gaunt spectres which have been enthroned as household gods. A high premium is now put on every form of selfishness; luxurious living is now threatening to efface entirely the virtues attendant upon simplicity in the home life, and the might of the dollar is pitted against the right of the individual. Thinking people see the necessity of administering an antidote, and so we are devising other methods of Settlement Work in all our large cities, which are nothing more nor less than the adaptation to our present conditions of the spirit that was nurtured at Brook Farm fifty years ago.

FOR EASTER DAY.

Give me an Easter-tide within my heart,
A resurrection from my tomb of sin.
O Christ! let Thy great light this morn come in,
And all the darkness of my night depart.
Now, at the April thrill, when violets start,
When Thy wide earth with new life would begin.
What better time for me Thy love to win,
To roll the stone back, finding where Thou art!

Let my great morning dawn at last for me,
And let me burst my sealed prison bars,
Forgetting all my tears and sin-wrought scars
On this white day of peace and jubilee.
And let ascension lilies hear the song
Of one who triumphed over sin and wrong!

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

"THEIR EYES WERE HELD."

BY EUGENIE UHLRICH.



DARKENING line of greenish gray marked the edge of the lake. It seemed to run into the blue of the April sky, with its fitting clouds.

The soft wind that broke the surface of the water sent the little waves lilting on the shore and back again. Their murmur had been very sweet to Margaret Oliver the first time she came here to the great metropolis of the West to listen and to see. She was then fresh from the long stretches and the coppery skies of the prairie. However, at that time she was not alone, nor was she the many other times that she came.

She turned away and looked up and down the Park. But everywhere she turned there was somehow the impress of Lummis. There on that bench they had sat down to rest one day. There by that tree he had stopped to point to a light effect. Here they had been when a sudden wind made him insist on putting on the jacket he would carry after her. She threw her jacket open now, for, although it was but the first week in April, there was a south-west wind creeping across the prairie back of the city and it was warm as June.

Lummis had given her her first lessons of the city—the confusing, rushing, terrifying city, into which she had come, and since her coming had been as out of place as a meadow lark on State Street.

A woman with a little child came along, and Margaret smiled at it and the little one came toddling toward her unhesitatingly. "She wants to come now," thought the girl bitterly, "but after awhile she would change her mind too, for I always miss the grace of things with everybody in the end."

Had she not given her own people the choice of the days of her youth and the fruit of her hands steadily, with open eyes, counting the years ahead and the years past, laughing at the things that most women hold dear? It is such a little distance between laughter and tears that they sometimes do duty for each other. And all the time her consolation was, "At least the children will love me," for their mother was not her mother. Sometimes, when she first came to the city, the

sight of a curly head brought the quick tears to her eyes. She wanted so much to take the wee thing in her arms. Lummis would marvel at these little gusts of emotion, but she never felt that she could tell him so that he would understand.

Yesterday she had come back to the city from a visit home, and this morning, but an hour ago, she had met Fred Moran. Beginning as usual by telling her how charming she was, how distinguished she was becoming, how well she looked—it would not have been exactly true to say beautiful of Margaret, and Fred's tact was fine—he incidentally told her some things about Lummis which, as she must hear them anyway, he thought would come easier from him. And then she had come out here to find a little quiet and the old time solace of the place. But all she could do was to sit there and make a brief against Fate and tear her nerves with emotion.

How had it grown and overcome her at last—that intolerable sense that she was giving Lummis her best and taking his leavings. For truly in itself it was a delight to her to do what she could for him, satisfying that passion of self-effacement which is the inner essence of a woman's deepest love.

Yet little by little she had begun to feel that he thought of his career, his future, his ambitions—and he was a man who could live up or down to them—and there she did not enter. What was she but just an incident, a bit of putty to fill in the uneven places for the brilliant writer. Even Moran, who was Lummis' friend, had urged her to quit what Lummis called collaborating with him.

But Lummis was so many-sided, there was so much that he could do with her brain and work joined to his, that it was like destroying the symmetry of his capabilities to leave him. And Margaret had that finely balanced sense which craves completion and loves harmony; and even had she not cared for the man, it would have been hard for her to give up working with him, for her individual ambition was not very keen and was easily lost in the satisfaction of the effect of their united work. And then, too, when she first came to the city his work had been her mainstay and had meant very much to her. So gratitude entered also into the bond to make it stronger, and make it hold even when it had come to mean the putting aside of better work.

Her chosen female mentor, Mrs. Ryerson, was vehement and insistent in her objections.

"There'll be a tragedy some day," said Mrs. Ryerson, "when you find that he is going to marry somebody else; and

of course he will. You know how he is courted and made much of by millionaire packers' daughters and so on. And if that is all he's after, you are out of his class anyway. You are losing yourself, my dear girl, in his work; and no woman can afford to do that for any man unless he sets aside a life income for her, or is going to marry her."

Margaret protested and steadfastly went her way.

Yet things heard constantly have their subconscious effects and Margaret had an inflammable temper, and one day some of them broke away in spite of herself.

"It is better for us to work apart," she had concluded her outburst.

"Yes?" said Lummis. "Well, if you think so, I cannot persuade you otherwise, I suppose. But what have you really to worry about here?"

"So far as I know," she retorted, "my family is long-lived. I should like to feel that I am getting a grip on things that would assure me of a reasonable future."

"For how long in advance do you want assurance from Providence?" he asked, just a trifle maliciously.

"Longer than I can get, doing as I have been doing."

"I think you have been doing very well."

"Really? It is always so easy to be complacent about the affairs of our friends."

He laughed, and then she turned on him. "Sometimes you make me very tired. I shall at least be glad when I do not have to depend on you any more in any way."

After she had said it she could have bitten her tongue. The limitations of her childhood seemed suddenly to have taken possession of her, and formed themselves into bitter, ugly words given the more fluency only by her later training.

He just looked at her in a boyish, hurt, wistful way that made her think of her little brother, and for a moment she could have cried out and begged him not to mind what she said. But she did not.

And so she went away feeling that somewhere she must learn the bitter lesson of getting along without him. And that lesson was going to be worse for her than for the ordinary woman, for in her both the woman and the artist rebelled.

After a few weeks, wondering each day that she was still successful even without him, she picked up her things and went home "on a visit," as she said. But deep down in her heart she admitted to herself that she was ready to take up life again in the squalid town, if it would only let her bury herself from

the great world, which takes so much and gives so little, and where women and their tears are so light in the scale. It had come over her compellingly with the warmer weather to go back to the prairie—the lush, warm earth, the sweep of the south-west wind, the call of the meadow lark, the windflowers on the rolling hills, and the fresh air blowing through her hair; the tinkle of the cow-bells across the wide river, swirling and hurling oceanwards its burden of ice from the North, and licking up the brittle earth in its greedy maw, and to the story-and-a-half house where they would soon plant the sweet-peas, and where Bubby was whittling whistles out of the maple twigs pliant with the fresh sap of spring.

The train drew into the little town very early, and Margaret, feeling the sweep of the wind, fragrant from miles and miles of brown earth and thawing water standing in deep sloughs, drew a long breath of delight. She was glad to be back after all, and as she took her little hand-bag and started to walk up in the direction of the house—for the one street-car line was not yet running—her heart beat with a great exaltation. She forgot how fast she was walking until she reached the top of the little roll of hill beyond which was the house. She stopped for breath and looked around at the river. It was a silver line in the west, but eastward streamers of red ran over it. The sky was lighting with a far, clean, pale-edged pink. Suddenly a rosy touch flamed on a distant and higher hill to which a bit of snow still clung, then from one to the other leaped the pink gleam, and the sun at last broke out straight ahead of her and flowed over the river and tinted the mists hanging over the low places. Below her lay the lonesome story and-a-half house, one of a scattered group still dull in outline against the pale west and the misty morning air. How they would all be astonished when she came? She had not been able to send them much money from Chicago, and they would be glad to have her with them again. To pay her board at home made it so much easier for them and for her.

Her step-mother had opened the door after long knocking, and stared at her, but said only "Well?"

"I thought you'd be surprised," said Margaret.

"I am," she said; "but I can't think what you're coming this time of the year for. 'Tisn't pleasant now. Are you sick?"

She looked at Margaret sharply, and the while took the girl's hand-bag.

"You can take the down-stairs bed-room"; and she led

the way. "Hannah had it, but she is teaching, you know, over in Woodbine. She'll be home for Easter though, and if you're going to stay over you can sleep together. I took your bed down. It was only in the way."

And the while she eyed Margaret's very neat boots and her trig gown with the unfriendly admiration of the obscurest corner of an obscure prairie town.

"Well, I've been thinking," said Margaret, "of seeing whether the *Daily Eagle* could not give me something again."

"*Eagle*?" exclaimed her step-mother. "Why what can you be thinking of? They would n't pay over ten dollars a week."

"Well, it would n't cost me so much for expenses here—"

"Huh!" said her step-mother. "I know you. You'll have the dressmakers wild trying to get a Chicago cut, and you'll have the front room all pulled up fixing it, and then you'll want to teach me new ways of cooking, and the Lord knows what not."

Margaret's head drooped. Her step-mother tried to turn it off with a laugh. "You do have a way like that, you know."

Then her brother, her dear Bubby, came down stairs rubbing his eyes.

"How are you getting along at school?" she asked after she had made him red with embarrassment by kissing him over and over again.

"He is n't going to school," said his mother.

Margaret's eyes opened.

"I did n't think it was worth while telling you. He got a chance to get in at Benson's, at the hotel, as elevator boy, around Christmas—"

"What?" And then Margaret looked down at the tips of her boots very hard and said no more—much to the relief of her step-mother, who had rather expected a little passage at arms about the matter. But Margaret was struggling with something much like a pang of conscience, made poignant by disappointment for Bubby.

Bubby, her beloved Bubby, growing up into a tall, lank hanger on of hotels, while she was in Chicago, "climbing"! "We are all climbers!" Lummis had said once, half jestingly, and she had resented the term and the snobism implied. But what had she to hold forth herself? If she had stayed with the *Eagle* she could have looked after Bubby and made a man of him, instead of wasting herself for the sake of Lummis.

The next morning she did not go to the *Eagle* office. It might be better to wait a day or two and see how things were. So

she started to plant the sweet-peas she loved as a relief to the successive emotions of the day before.

"They are too much trouble, along with the garden stuff," said her step-mother deprecatingly.

Later she found that the Jersey cow was sold and a scrub in its place. "We needed the money just then," explained her step-mother, and she looked sharply at Margaret's boots.

"Why did n't you write me," asked Margaret.

But her step mother turned away and did not answer.

Even Margaret's dog was dead.

Her father sat outside on warm days, a doddering old man. "Now why," he wept, "did you leave me? You know how things go to rack when there's none of *us* to look after them. The other children never were a bit like me anyway—just took after their mother."

Margaret said nothing, though somehow this selection of resemblance seemed rather recent, she never having heard of it before she went to the city. And who had helped her there if not Lummis? Ah, if it could but have remained impersonal! But then it could not have been as it was had it been impersonal.

Neither did she go down to the *Eagle* the next day. She went over to see her sister in Woodbine instead.

"I am so glad you are getting along, Sissy. I have hoped for it so long."

"I suppose you did. Well, I'm glad too, so I won't have to depend on you," said her sister. "You always seemed to feel that you were everything."

Margaret's face became white. It seemed to her she had been saying and thinking much the same, and perhaps as unfairly.

"Have I not always tried to do the best possible for you—the best I could, at least—and who can do more?"

"Maybe you did, but mamma says you always upheld papa?"

"Well, what should I have done?"

"She says that if it had n't been for you he would have done something sensible, instead of speculating around with this thing and that; or maybe he would have just died—"

Margaret rose to her feet: "What are you saying? Is he not your father too? Take care!"

The next evening she walked up and down in the white prairie moonlight with Bubby.

"Listen here, Madge," he said. "I would have liked to go to school. But I could n't make it unless you came back, and I thought you wouldn't like to come back to Platteville. Would you really? I only took that elevator job for awhile,

and where I'm going now to the foundry I've got a show anyway. Maybe I would n't have been a good civil engineer."

"God bless you, Bubby!" she said. "But I wish I had never left you"; and she hugged him.

"That's all right, Madge," he said, loosening her arms; "but you need n't say anything to mother about it."

And Madge saw the point once more.

But at least this much she had attained: the children had a fighting chance and she had had less.

The next morning she decided at last to go down to the *Eagle* office, even if only for the visit she would have to make for old time's sake. Coming up the road, or rather street—though it was not easy to tell where the road began and the street ended—she saw a low-wheeled vehicle, a cross between a buggy and a lady's phaeton.

She noted its feminine ease with a faint scorn for a second, and then started to turn into another street, for she knew the horse and the probable driver. But here he was even then, bowing and waving his hat. She stopped until he came up, quickening the lazy beast a little.

He held her hand close and looked at her with a turn of the eyes which he had found very effective. "I am so, so glad to see you"; and his eyes travelled down her gown.

She smiled a little. "It is pleasant to know that people are glad to see us."

"I am just on my way down town—early, as usual, you see!" He smiled at what was meant to be a joke on himself; but it had a double action, and she only remembered that it was 10:30 and that this was a small town.

"On your way down town too?" he went on. "This horse can pull two"—smiling again at this second witticism.

She shook her head. "I am going to make a call first."

"Too bad! Are you going to be in town some time? I'll run in some evening." She smiled again as the only thing possible, both polite and non-committal.

He glanced approvingly down her gown once more, and it struck her how little he would stop to talk to her if it did not appear so distinctly correct, at least to the conceptions of that little town.

He was about Lummis' age, and he was a handsome man. But the thick lids and coarse droop of the mouth under the mustache; and the 10:30 hours for beginning a supposed-to-be-rising young lawyer's day, and his complacent condescension as the feminine idol of the town, were almost pitiful to her

now, though there was a time when she herself was not untainted by the worship of this same idol. He was probably still looking for a suitable match in which the dollars would save him from taking any more trouble than he was now. She had a sudden feeling that she could forgive Lummis many things as set up against this man, and in a burst of gratitude for that feeling she held out her hand.

"Some evening when I am settled, perhaps"; and she smiled and he drove off looking not a little puzzled.

Having started along this particular street she walked until she came to a little house set back under big maple-trees. There was a bent old woman sitting on the porch in the spring sunlight, where the still bare and interlacing branches made queer, trembling patterns over her. As she saw the stranger coming she rose feebly, tall and powerful as she must have been once. Her blinding eyes peered forward, and she asked in a bronchitic whisper "Who is it?"

"Do you not know me, Mrs. Gleason?"

"No, I do not, child; but your voice"—she bent forward from the elevation of the porch and pushed the girl's hat back. "Ah, well, I know you now, child, and well I mind the first day I saw your mother. She was a good woman, a good woman to us all in the day of trouble or of sickness, and God bless you for being her daughter! I could never miss knowing you for her. It was in the big house your mother lived when I first saw her; and why ain't you married and living in a house of your own yourself?" she went on in her whisper, her hand still on the girl's forehead. "Don't ask too much of them—of the men. The best of them leaves you lots to bear with."

And Margaret went back to the house smiling happily for the first time since the morning she knocked at the door. "The best of them leaves you lots to bear with." She would go back and try again, at any cost to her pride and vanity. And she went back, and then—the tears began to roll down her cheeks now, and blur the lake and the sky and the sun. There did not seem possible this side of the grave a wilder pain than she had suffered when she met Fred. Moran that morning and he told her that Lummis was going to Europe with the commission for the State, to get ideas for the new hospital, and that he was going to be married to the niece of—well of somebody with millions and to spare.

Live as the air was with the glow of budding life, she herself seemed to have lived too long. What was success when

the plastic mind of those whom it would have helped had taken the mould of an alien touch? What was her art when she, a woman, had not praise nor love for the doing of it from the man she loved? What if she could write a rhythmic and balanced sentence when she had nothing left to say? Each new step had meant a new agony, and oh! it was too dear a price for a woman to pay. This was Good Friday—the day of our Lord's Passion; passion in the old sense of suffering! Well it might be that day for the darkness and misery in her own soul. She would find some place in the city, obscure and alone, and with the help of God after awhile, perhaps, she might find a way to be of use to the world, and Heaven might grant her peace again. She remembered a family she had visited, partly because the first time she came out there with Lummis they had wandered past the house and Lummis had stopped to talk to the children, and chucked them under the chin and called the little one a pretty baby. With the need of doing something for some one other than herself, she walked along the lake shore to the end of the Park and then followed on into a little cluster of foreigners. She liked them too because they were German, and it was the tongue her mother had spoken, which, as Lummis was wont to say, accounted for her sentiment.

She would give the children a little something for Easter. It is true she had but little money in her purse and Sunday was Easter. But what matter if she did wear her last summer's hat now? She would take good care not to go to church anywhere where Lummis would see her. The oldest girl, Rosie, ran out to meet her and threw her arms about Margaret's waist. Why had she been away so long? Their papa had been very sick, but the nice man whom Margaret had sent was making him well. Now Margaret remembered that Rosie's father had had something he called rheumatism, and that she herself had told Lummis so.

Was it charity, or a little bit to please her, to keep up some point of connection with her, that made him come all the way out here to take care of this poor man? Then she remembered, too, a random sheet she had snatched from the waste-basket one day for a memorandum. It proved to be a fragment of a letter from Lummis' brother thanking him for sending their mother a gift that the brother could not afford to send, and sending it yet in the brother's name.

Perhaps—but what did it matter now, and what help was it to think of or to know all these things now?

She talked with Rosie's mother at the kitchen door, and then came back and saw where the children were planting the seeds they had gathered from the morning-glory vines, for which she had given them the seeds the year before; saw where they were going to build the nests for the rabbit that brings the Easter eggs, and then finally started to leave. Against the steps of the tiny front porch Georgie, the youngest, had fallen asleep.

"Is it not a little cold for him to go to sleep here, Mrs. Koehler?" asked Margaret, and she stooped and picked up the limp, warm little form in her strong arms and raised the flushed cheek to her own, smiling involuntarily as she did so. Then her eyes turned suddenly to the street, and there was Lummis himself crossing towards the little house. The delight in her heart at sight of him flashed into her eyes for a moment in spite of herself, and then her face became cold, and she said stiffly "I am glad to see you. You are going to Europe, I hear. You are to be congratulated, indeed."

"Oh, not particularly," he said, looking at her keenly.

He seemed about to say something else, and Margaret, fearing it might be of his marriage, put Georgie into his mother's arms hastily and said "Good-by." For, indeed, just then she felt she could stand no more.

Rosie, on the plea of walking a piece with her, came after her. Couldn't Miss Oliver come out on Sunday and see their nests and the Easter eggs? Of course Rosie, at eight, knew who made the Easter eggs, but the little ones did not. And they had so much fun. They would make a nest for her too. And Margaret promised.

On Easter Sunday afternoon, balmy and pulsing with the life of spring as it was, Margaret yet felt infinitely thankful that she had even Rosie Koehler's invitation to help her to escape from the intolerable pain of being alone with herself for a little while. She went, and in deference to her little friends arrayed herself as best she could in last year's plumage.

When she came to the house Rosie ran to meet her, and led her round to the tiny garden; and there was Lummis talking to the younger children, and looking not too particularly astonished to see her. "They insisted that I must come, just for a minute; and, as they promised to build a nest for me, and no one else was doing as much, I came."

"That hat," he went on, "is most becoming. You look quite Easter-like—"

"Dear, innocent man," she thought, smiling even in her misery. "He thinks it is new."

They must break bread together and have an Easter egg this day, said Mrs. Koehler—if they would not despise a cup of her coffee. And then in the little sitting room, temporarily a dining-room, on a spotless white linen cloth that looked like a piece of ancient homespun brought over from Germany, she laid out sweetened bread, "Kaffee-Kuchen," and elderberry jelly, and brought them coffee; and Margaret smiled amiably at the children and her bustling goodness. Then Mrs. Koehler chased the children out. She talked but little English, but eyes can see in all languages, and she had an idea it would be well for those two to be alone.

"You are going to be married too," said Margaret at last, thinking how flat and stupid it sounded after all the time she had spent searching for a phrase.

"Well, yes, I hope so, some time," said Lummis rather ambiguously.

"Before you leave for Europe?"

"It would be well, perhaps," he said. "I have been very lonesome. Lately I find I do not work as well alone as I used to."

"And she—she is very congenial?"

"Who?" asked Lummis blankly.

"Freddy Moran told me that you were going to marry Miss Salsbury."

"I heard that too. I don't believe the lady wants me, even if I were a-wooing bent in that direction. There was a question of somebody else too, I believe—somebody more probable."

"Oh!" said Margaret, "people mix things so."

"Only the people, Margaret?" He closed his hand over hers, lying on the edge of the little table. "What do you think, Margaret?"

She drooped her head.

"Our eyes were held," he went on. "But now we have broken bread together and they are opened; is it not so, dear? Surely we have been walking so close to happiness we cannot let it vanish."

And when Mrs. Koehler opened the door again, Margaret's head was bent over her arms and Lummis was gently stroking her hair. So she shut the door.

"So," she murmured. "It yet vill be a fine Eastern for dem two."

THE PATHOLOGICAL AND THERAPEUTIC
VALUE OF MUSIC.

BY CARINA CAMPBELL EAGLESFIELD.



THE scientific application of music to the healing art is yet in its infancy and its practical use has thus far rested entirely at the discretion of the physician. No medical school gives instruction in music as applied to medicine, yet all physicians concede its influence and many make direct use of it. Reliable data have not yet been gathered in sufficient numbers to allow of the least dogmatism, and many reasons combine to make it probable that the science will remain empirical for some time to come.

When we reflect how difficult it is to apply music to disease, it is not strange that conservative practitioners have not attempted more. It requires on the physician's part an exact knowledge of the sensitiveness of the patient to musical sounds, besides some technical training as to the effect of different kinds of music and different keys upon the emotional nature. Whether we shall advance much further in uniting the two arts is a very interesting question, but it is likely to remain unsolved till the scientific spirit takes hold of it and collects reliable statistics of the practical working of the combined arts.

ALIENISTS ON THE MUSIC CURE.

Alienists have been curiously silent as to the effect of music upon the insane; they simply touch upon music as an important method of recreation, and the annual reports of insane asylums are equally reticent. Yet we know that music is used, and has been for many years, in asylums, and the attending physicians frequently report cases which have been greatly helped by its agency. Maudsley and other alienists dwell insistently upon the value of moral agencies in treating brain troubles, and lay great stress upon any employment or recreation which distracts the patient's mind and turns his thoughts into other and less harmful channels. But music is not often directly mentioned, though it naturally falls under the latter head, and is indeed included in the practical working out of

the theories of many superintendents of insane asylums. American physicians have undoubtedly held theories on this subject, but so meagre are the documents that one hails with delight any expression of opinion, and when that opinion is voiced by one of America's earliest physicians, we treasure it with respect. In this light we look upon an essay entitled "Music in Medicine," by Dr. Thomas Cadwallader, who was an ancestor of the famous Dr. Weir Mitchell's wife. This essay is now in the Philadelphia College of Physicians in MS., and is therefore not within reach of the public. It is one of the first American compilations, and so few Americans have written on the subject that it may be of interest to mention their names. E. A. Atlee wrote, in 1804, on "The Influence of Music in the Cure of Disease"; Mathews, in 1806, on "Is Music Curative?" and recently, in 1874, J. T. Whittaker on "Music as a Medicine." But we find the French far more eager to express their theories, and many famous French physicians have left works upon the subject. In 1817 Guillaume wrote on "Musical Therapeutics"; in 1803, Dessessartz on "The Curative Value of Music"; in 1819, Durand on same subject, and Robinat on "Musical Therapeutics" in 1835. In 1873 E. Columbat wrote on "The Influence of Music on the Public Health"; La Torre, in 1886, on "Music and Health"; but the famous Esquirol has left the most unequivocal statements of its value. He says: "Music acts most powerfully on the physical and moral nature, and I use it constantly in treating mental disease. It soothes and calms the patient's mind, and though it may not cure, is a most precious agent and ought not to be neglected." Esquirol, who was for years director of the famous asylum "Bicetre," put his theories into daily practice, and felt that much good was accomplished. Pinel, the equally celebrated French alienist, gives ample proof in his treatises of the value of music, but no other French physician has gone as far as Dr. Chomet, who spent twenty years experimenting with the effect of music on the animal and human organism, and in 1873 brought out the results of his observations in a book called "The Influence of Music." Like most enthusiasts, Chomet goes too far and attempts to prove his theories from what appear to us almost isolated cases. He seems to lay great stress also on the statements of the ancients, and cites them as proof of his own point of view. Statistics founded on the records of Greek and Roman medical practice are entirely too slight to be of practical value, and we regret that

Chomet allowed his devotion to his own theory to cloud his judgment. It is amusing when Dr. Chomet cites as a fact that "Penelope preserved her fidelity to her husband because of the gentle and chaste songs of the musician Phenius," though he ventures to doubt whether the same remedy would work as efficiently on the wives of to-day, and reflects sadly on the deterioration in morals and manners.

FRENCH PHYSICIANS.

The real value of Dr. Chomet's book lies in the theories which he advances, and the hints and suggestions he constantly makes, many of which have since his day been put into successful practice. He urgently advises the use of music for the insane, both as a curative agent and as a means of elevating the moral nature, and his observations on the quality and character of the music which should be used in different cases show broad technical knowledge of music, and an understanding of its practical application. Several of his cases have been recorded by the French Academy of Sciences.

There seems to be an intimate sympathy on the part of French medical men for music, and they have left on record many cases which to the English and American would appear extremely doubtful. We have the testimony of Dr. Dodart that a case of violent fever was cured by means of music, but how is, unfortunately, not told. Bourdois de la Mothe also prescribed music as a last resort in case of a fever which had been running seventeen days. "The harp was used, and for thirty minutes no change was noted. Then in ten minutes the breathing improved, pulse became full and regular, and an epistaxis to the amount of eight ounces occurred, after which the patient recovered speech." Dr. Fournier-Pescay, in an article written for the *Dictionary of Medical Science*, relates a number of "well authenticated cases which were benefited by the use of music," and mentions among his own cases the illness of his child, "who was relieved of constant pain and insomnia by the sound of flute music." We are reminded that Pliny is said to have recommended the flute as a remedy for sciatica.

DR. OSCAR JENNINGS.

It is quite remarkable that so musical a people as the Germans should have written less than the French on the therapeutic value of music, since the interdependence of music and

medicine is undoubtedly recognized by their philosophers and medical men. Music is the element in which the average German lives and breathes, and it enters into every phase of his existence, yet the cases which have been made available to the public are rare. The most reliable data seem to have been contributed by an English physician, Dr. Oscar Jennings, who in 1880 wrote at length on the therapeutic value of music, and to him we also owe the most careful compilation of the theories of earlier experimentalists. Dr. Jennings says that "the therapeutics of music have been much neglected. Concerts should be a standard treatment in all insane asylums, but, as usually conducted, they are considered part of the general hygienic and moral treatment, and differ entirely from the therapeutic selection of various kinds of melodies according to the particular conditions of the patients." He agrees with Dr. Chomet in believing that the character of the music is very important in directing and controlling the emotions of the mind, and his suggestions are extremely interesting. As far as I can discover, neither general practitioners nor alienists have paid attention to the specific character of the music which should be used, and to a musician this knowledge would appear imperative. The definite application of music to mental disorders would require far more knowledge of music than the physician usually possesses, and would necessarily open up a new field for special study. When, however, exact knowledge was acquired and the physician had learned from experience the effect of certain kinds of music upon specific diseases, the most diverse effects might be educed, as the occasion demanded. Some styles of music would then be found which tended to arouse and excite the patient, while others could be used to quiet and soothe, and the practical good would be vastly increased.

There have been many singular superstitions touching the curative value of music. Up to the end of the seventeenth century the Italians and other southern peoples held an unshaken belief in the employment of music as a remedy for the bite of the tarantula. It was long customary for bands of musicians to traverse Italy curing the bite of this deadly spider by means of dances, composed and executed for this special purpose. On the authority of Drs. Hecker and Fournier-Pescay we learn that various kinds of dances were used for the different varieties of the disease, each characterized by a special name. The MS. of these singular and interesting

dances is now in the library of the Sydenham Society, London, and a careful study of the score would doubtless throw much light on the subject. The rhythm of the dance called "Tarantella" is based on a study of these therapeutic dances, and the character is so fixed that one at once recognizes the "Tarantella" upon hearing the first wild measures.

Music has been used tentatively for so many ages that it is singular so deep-seated a belief in its power should have developed so few authenticated facts. It seems to have been taken for granted that music should occupy the first place in the Grecian system of education, and it did not occur to them to collect statistics on so self-evident a truth.

Many isolated cases are recorded of its efficacy in nervous and even organic disease, and Galen reports a case of the gout which was cured by the music of the flute. Theophrastus asserts that "diseases were either produced by music or mitigated thereby," which shows some inkling of the theories held to-day by Helmholtz, Jennings, and Chomet.

"THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY."

The Greeks and Romans made music one of the liberal sciences, and we all know how large a portion of time was devoted to musical instruction, all the learned professions having to pass the same course in music as professional musicians.

Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy* has preserved the fullest collection of opinions held by the ancients, and his quaint and delightful old book is a perfect treasure trove. It is astonishing how strongly the Greek philosophers and physicians felt on the subject. Jacchinus calls music "a most forcible medicine"; Jason Pretensis, "a most admirable thing that can so mollify the mind and stay those tempestuous affections of it." Lemnius says: "Music is a roaring-meg against melancholy, to rear and revive the languishing soul; affecting not only the ears, but the very arteries, the vital and animal spirits, it erects the mind and makes it nimble." Giraldus touches upon every value of music when he says: "Music cheers up the countenance, expels austerity, mitigates anger, and informs our manners." Could the recognition be more complete in our day? Cassiodorus in his *Epistles* says: "Music expels the greatest griefs, extenuates fear and furies, appeases cruelty, abateth heaviness, and to those who are watchful causeth quiet rest." Burton's own opinion is quite as strong. He says: "Besides that excellent power which music hath to

expel many other diseases, it is a sovereign remedy against despair and melancholy, and will drive away the Devil himself."

The singular theory of the existence of a musical fluid advanced by Dr. Chomet seems to have occurred to Scaliger years before, for he gives this curious and entertaining reason for the powerful influence which music exerts upon the body: "Music may affect us because the spirits about the heart take in the trembling and dancing air into the body, are moved together and stirred up with it, or else the mind, being harmonically arranged, is roused up at the tunes of music."

This incessant groping for the initial reason of the power of music shows how deeply men's minds have been concerned on the subject, and each hint, however inadequate, may some day be combined and utilized in solving the mystery.

AS AN AID TO DIGESTION.

The value of music as an aid to digestion seems always to have been appreciated. Epictetus calls "a table without music a manger"; More, in his *Utopia*, provides for music at every meal, and the Bible has many examples of the cheering and therapeutic value of sweet sounds. We read, "Wine and Music rejoice the heart." "The concert of musicians at a banquet is a carbuncle set in gold; and as a signet of an emerald well trimmed with gold, so is the melody of music in a pleasant banquet." The Bible has also references to the power which music has to quiet a troubled and diseased mind: "When Elisha was troubled by importunate kings he called for a minstrel, and when he played the hand of the Lord came upon him." And, "When the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, then David took a harp and played with his hand. So Saul was refreshed and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him." Music has been tried many times in pronounced madness since the time of Saul, and we recall that George III. of England was always deeply sensible in his fits of melancholy to the beautiful harmonies which were played and sung before him, and which always brought an atmosphere of temporary peace and rest to the poor distracted mind.

From the Bible to a modern German scientist is something of a leap, yet Professor Helmholtz ascribes the same powers to music as do the prophets of the Old Testament, and his treatise on "Sound Vibrations" exploits as many theories as the ancients themselves, only Helmholtz arrives at his conclusions by careful reasoning and experiment.

EXPERIMENTS OF LOWTH.

It is too soon to speak positively of the experiments of the American electrician, James Lowth, of Chicago; but a quotation from his recent utterances on the subject will give an idea of the possible scope of the work he has undertaken. He says: "I was led into an extensive study of the phenomena of emotions produced and excited in the brain by musical tones, and their transference by reflex action to the motor nerves and muscles. Following these studies came numerous experiments with instruments capable of heavily vibrating their frames, such as music-boxes, pianos, and pipe-organs. Through the stethoscope the frame and sounding-boards all vibrated in exact unison with the exciting tone, so that was settled upon as a basis. I selected the organ on account of its continuity of tone, and also for its positiveness of vibratory action.

"A cot constructed of thin wood in the form of a sounding-board or box is supported by light wooden rods fastened in the sides of a full set of organ pipes, the upper ends of the rods being led into the bottom of the cot, giving it a position favoring its resonance. The person taking treatment is extended full length on the cot, and a performer takes his place at the usual key-board. Selections are played to suit the patient; the effect is immensely exhilarating, something curious, like that produced by a hearty laugh.

"The tone vibrations act upon every fibre, fluid, and part of the body, as sound permeates and passes through every body interposed between its source and the ear that finally distinguishes it. Beneficial changes may be produced in the diseased brains of insane persons by subjecting them to this vibratonic action, as there is no doubt of its efficacy in bringing about cellular changes that will induce healthy conditions.

"All nervous troubles, such as paralysis, insomnia, neuralgia, sluggish circulation, etc., have been successfully treated thus far, and the field promises to enlarge itself."

We know of two notable instances of the soothing effects of music, in the cases of Gladstone and Herbert Spencer, the neuralgia of the latter having been greatly alleviated by musical sounds, and during Gladstone's severe paroxysms of pain he frequently called for his favorite hymns to be sung.

These instances in themselves might not mean much, but taken with many others form proof of the value of music in pathology. It is, however, to the superintendents of insane asy-

lums that we look for further development of the subject, and it is a most encouraging sign that music is so widely appreciated by them. The late Dr. Eames, superintendent of the Cork (Ireland) Asylum, strongly advocated music, and considered dancing so beneficial that his patients danced four times every week, and all insane musicians were urged to use their particular instruments. Dr. W. B. Fletcher, formerly superintendent of the Indiana Insane Asylum, in touching upon the requirements for teachers of the insane, says: "It is absolutely necessary that they understand music," and the present superintendent, Dr. Edenharter, uses music with great frequency.

EXPERIMENTS WITH THE ERGOGRAPH.

But the greatest step towards attaining definite results was reached when the New York State Institute of Pathology recognized the pathological value of music, which it has recently done. In connection with the State Lunacy Commission experiments are now being made to discover the influence of music in certain forms of insanity. A series of tests have been made with the ergograph, which is an instrument to be applied to the muscles of the hands and arms, to induce and measure fatigue. Until taken up by neurologists the ergograph has been used in the psychological study of school children. It consists of two clamps designed to hold the wrist and forearm firm, and a tubular contrivance to hold all but one finger straight. The free finger is then hooked into a small strap having a weight at the other end. In the experiment the subject is instructed to crook the finger as long as he can. The vitality is shown by the length of time the subject can continue the exercise, and the capacity for being taught is supposed to be indicated by the pupil.

And here comes in the influence of music, for it has been found by experimenting that music played during the tests has produced variations in the results which can be accounted for in no other way. For example, lively airs played on the harp seemed to invigorate the patient and enable him to keep up the exercise for a much longer time, but dreary melodies decreased the vitality and rendered the patient's arm almost powerless. The deductions reached by the physicians interested in the experiments were that musical rhythm increased the physical well-being of the patients and might be rendered a powerful means of curing them.

Among psychologists a theory of emotion has come to be generally accepted. Professor James, of Harvard, is the best known authority in this country; and in the old, Professor Lang, of Scotland, shares the honors with Professor Riverra, of the University of Munich. The latter has devoted much time to the invention and manufacture of certain curious musical contrivances which are intended to aid in the cure of nervous diseases. Professor Riverra is a well-known enemy to loud and discordant noises, and advocates the attempt to do entirely without them.

MARRIAGE OF MUSIC AND MEDICINE.

The therapeutic value of pleasant sounds is so well understood that to enlarge upon them is unnecessary. Nurses and physicians have long recognized the difference between the discordant noises of a large city and the soothing sounds which are heard in the country, and they can measure the effect of both on their patients' nerves.

The French seem to be ahead of all other nations with their experiments in the therapeutic value of music and they have tested the subject thoroughly in many hospitals. The eminent French psychologist, Louret, employs it in the treatment of the insane; Ribot, who is a professor in the College of France, uses music constantly in his practice, and the salutary effect of musical vibrations upon neuralgic and nervous troubles has been long known. Hospital superintendents in the great London hospitals have not been slow in following the lead of the French, and the London Temperance Hospital and those under the direction of Canon Herford and Dr. Blackburn have removed all doubt as to the benefit afforded to a certain class of patients by the right kind of music.

In the Jardin des Plantes of Paris experiments have been undertaken upon elephants, and it has been found that their vitality was materially affected by the character of the musical vibrations employed; but nothing definite has as yet been discovered in the treatment of animals by music. Dr. Gretry, who is an extreme advocate of the theories of Professors Lang and James, goes so far as to declare that the action of the pulse is affected by the changing rhythm of music, but the great nerve specialists of New York City do not entirely agree with him.

The "Mechanical Treatment of Injuries" is based upon the

effect of vibrations upon the human system and is largely practised in the various health resorts on the Continent. The idea of doctoring by means of mechanical appliances was first thought of by the great Swedish physician, Dr. Zander, about fifty years ago, and the results in a large number of cases have been astonishing. The cure is still in its infancy, but it is based upon scientific principles, and the most conservative physicians have long since ceased to sneer at it.

The ground has been broken, and it remains now for physicians to use music constantly yet judiciously in their practice, for experience alone will show how it can best be employed. We trust that the day is not far distant when a knowledge of musical therapeutics will be sought by every alienist and superintendent of the insane, and definite experiments be made in the new science.

The opportunity which the superintendent of an insane asylum has to test the subtle influence which emanates from the harmonious union of sounds is so unrivalled that the scientific study promises to be fruitful of grand results, and the marriage of medicine and music, the two noblest arts, will no longer be a dream of musical enthusiasts but a practical reality.





VIEW OF LIMA, PERU, FROM THE CATHEDRAL.

THE CITY OF THE KINGS.

BY M. MACMAHON.

IN our sister country, that great southern peninsula extending from the Isthmus of Panama to the antarctic circle, with its lofty peaks of perpetual snow, its dense forests, its broad rivers, lonely deserts and dunes of sand that creep relentlessly on as if endowed with life, lie many fair cities, but none that so appeals to the imagination, from the historical and legendary memories that cluster around it, as the charming city of Lima, Peru, "City of the Kings," as it was named by Pizarro. According to history, it was the 6th of January, 1535, Old Style, that the Spanish conqueror chose it as capital city of his dominions. That day was the festival of the Magi, the Wise Men who came from the East to adore the Saviour. In ancient chronicles they are called the Three Kings, hence the name of Pizarro's "Ciudad de los Reyes." Charles V. designed as arms of the city three golden crowns on a blue field, with a rayed star to indicate the Star of Bethlehem, which guided the Wise Men. The city lies upon both banks of the river Rimac, a tiny stream hardly two feet deep during

the dry season, but swelling to a torrent when the winter rains on the mountain flood its branches.

Leaving the gloomy little station at which we had arrived from Callao we took a carriage and were driven up the narrow street leading to Plaza de Armas. Passing on our way the flat-roofed houses, catching glimpses through half-opened gates of the inside gardens with their statues, fountains, and growing plants, we meet a young Peruvian, her beautiful dark face coquettishly framed by the lace mantilla they all wear so gracefully; her maid discreetly follows, wearing the "manto," or shawl like garment of the native women. We pass an Indian seated on a donkey trotting briskly to market, as the heavy baskets of early vegetables suspended from the blanket which forms her saddle, testify. Over her shoulder, from the folds of her "manto," peeps a tiny brown face; another, still thinner, fixes its strange, unchildlike gaze upon the passer-by from its place on its mother's breast. Chinese, negroes, half-breeds throng the streets, and donkeys are everywhere. Like the patient dog of Flanders, they form part of the national life. Poor beasts of burden, they plod along, bending beneath their heavy loads, often with sides bleeding and torn from the cruel sharp sticks of their still more cruel drivers. A scarcity of grass, trees, and field flowers is noticeable; but the brightly-painted houses, vivid blues, reds, yellows, and greens, give a touch of color to a landscape which would otherwise look barren and dreary. The houses are rarely more than one story high and have the same general form. A wide "balcon" is in the centre, screened by curtains during the heat of the day, with rooms opening on either side. In the "balcon" the family congregate to read, sew, or visit with their friends. It is gay with cut flowers and potted plants; its walls are often decorated with fantastic figures, nymphs, mermaids, impossible water or woodland scenes. The roofs are flat, with square openings to give light and ventilation; there are no chimneys, the seasons being too mild to need fires.

The households usually have many servants; labor is cheap and help is easily found—such as it is. It is not unusual for four races to live under the same roof. There is none of that formality so general in the lower class of Europe. The ceremonious use of the third person is disregarded, and the familiar thee and thou is employed regardless of age or social condition. The fruit-vender who bespeaks attention addresses the mistress of the household as "nina" (child), the beggar on the street

who pleads for a "limoscita" (little alms) may employ the same caressing title. A word for these beggars: it is the exception when they ask charity with any plea of necessity; they have replied to a question, or, seeing a stranger, have volunteered information, or they wish a souvenir of your meeting, or you remind them of some one they have known; any reason may be equally good. There seems little of that bitter poverty one



"THE CATHEDRAL IS A MOST INTERESTING PLACE."

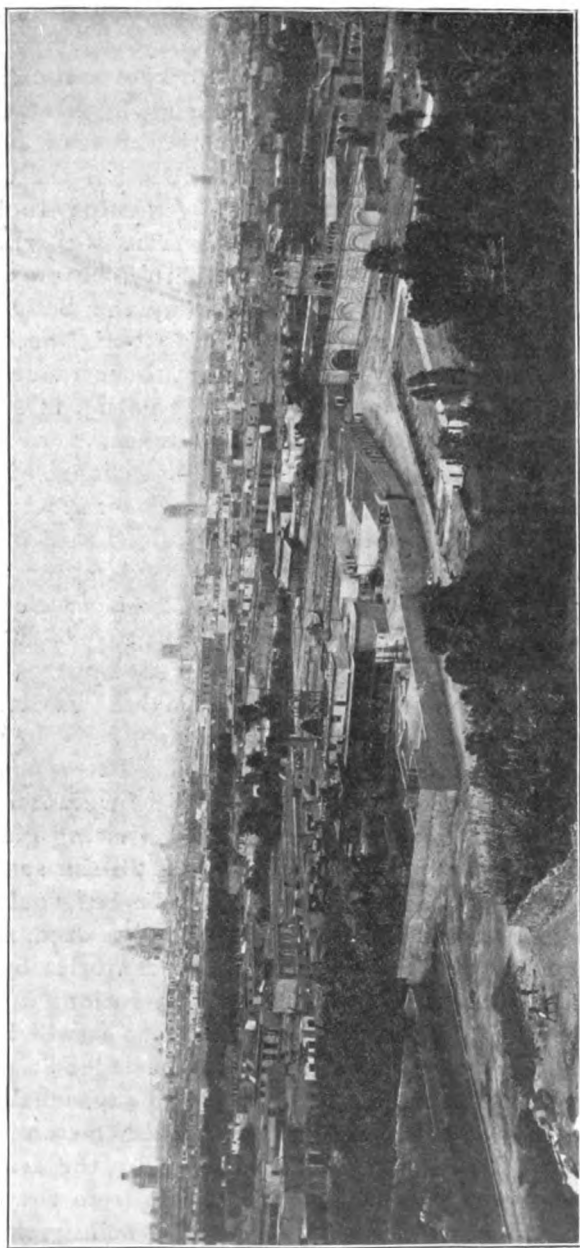
meets in our larger cities. Living is cheap and adobe houses are easily made.

One of the most interesting places to visit in Lima is the cathedral, standing on the Plaza de Armas, a stone structure with lofty towers and a broad façade. Its corner-stone was laid by Pizarro, twelve days after the city was founded. Its interior is simple but most beautiful; the decorations are in blue and gold. Pizarro is buried there. He lies upon the very spot where he and his handful of Spanish warriors met and conquered the mighty hosts of Athualpa. Looking at his tomb memory is busy recalling that tragedy which wrested from the "last of the Incas" his kingdom, with his life. And in fancy we see, down that narrow street facing the cathedral, sweep the cortège of the Indian king, his white-clad courtiers bearing

their monarch on his throne of gold, around which waves the brilliant plumage of rare tropical birds, as with all pomp and ceremony he comes to visit his "friend and brother," the Spanish Pizarro. From those wide gateways opening into the square—so closely resembling those doors of old, we almost expect to see the Spanish horseman spring forth at the given signal to carry death and desolation to the heart of Athualpa's people. A short distance from the cathedral is the church of San Francisco, where the funeral of Athualpa took place. And tradition tells how this solemn service was rudely disturbed by his widow, who, bursting into the church with cries and lamentations, attempted to bear away the body of their dead king that they might give him fitting burial according to their pagan rites and thus secure for him his entrance into the Palace of the Sun. The most beautiful painting in the Exposition gallery commemorates this circumstance.

Close by San Francisco and fronting the chapel of the Virgin of Miracles there is a house of special architecture which offers no point of resemblance to any other in Lima. Notwithstanding its wide courts, the house is damp and exhales a damp vapor. It has the appearance both of cloister and of feudal castle. That the house belonged to one of the conquerors, companions of Pizarro, is proved by the stairway, placed fronting the street door, because that was one of the prerogatives of the conquerors. To-day ten such houses with their stairways cannot be found in Lima. The stranger passing through the street of Milagro stops involuntarily in its doorway and casts upon the interior a scrutinizing glance, and a curious thing is that the people of Lima do the same. It is a house which speaks to the fancy. No one but would believe it had been the theatre of mysterious legends. And, moreover, the mysterious house has been known for centuries by a name calculated to excite the imagination. Generations in the past have called it "The house of Pilate," and so it will be named by those of the future. Why? This is the legend:

The house was built in 1590; that is to say, a half century after the foundation of Lima. A rich Spanish merchant named Esquirel owned the ground. It was built, by the architect of San Pablo, out of the brick and wood left from the construction of the church of San Francisco, so solidly that it has withstood the storms and earthquakes of centuries. After the death of Esquirel it passed into the hands of his descendants, and was leased by them to a body of Portuguese merchants.



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CITY OF THE KINGS.

The story goes that while in their possession on a certain Friday night in the winter of 1635, as the clock was near the stroke of twelve, a lad returning from a festive gathering passed by it. The porter had probably forgotten to lock the door, for the outer gate was open. The boy, seeing the lights in the upper rooms, hearing the noise and murmur of people,



A STREET VENDER.

and thinking to find there boon companions with whom to pass the rest of the night, climbed the stone stairway which, as I have already said, is one of the curiosities of the building. The intruder advanced through the corridors until he reached a window, behind whose lattice he placed himself. There he could at his ease examine a spacious room brilliantly lighted, whose walls were covered with a tapestry of black cloth.

Beneath a canopy he saw one of the most wealthy men of the city, the Portuguese Don M. Perez; about him were

grouped a hundred of his fellow-citizens. They were listening in attentive silence to a discourse delivered by Perez, the purport of which the boy could not understand.

In front of the canopy, between rows of lighted wax candles, was a beautiful life-size crucifix. When Perez had ceased speaking, one by one his guests arose from their seats, advanced toward the Christ and struck it with a rod—Perez, as did Pilate, authorizing by his unresisting presence this sacrilegious scene.

The horrified boy, not wishing to witness greater profanation, fled as best he might, to tell what he had seen. The indignant people caused Perez and his companions to be put to death, and the house has since been called "The house of Pilate."

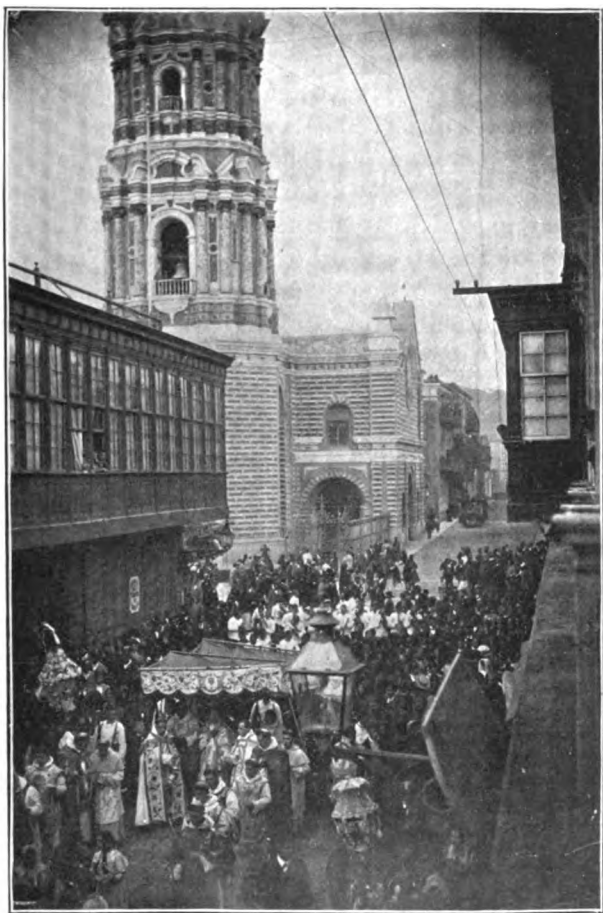
If interesting, there is a certain savagery about the Peruvian traditions; they are still under the spell of the nations from whom they sprang, and this mark of a primitive race rests even to-day upon the people. Yet there is poetry in some of their quaint beliefs. We were much interested in the Indian maid who served one of our party, and were anxious that she should accompany us on our return voyage home. We promised to show her wonderful and beautiful countries, to make her rich gifts, and that her life would be happy and free from care if she would come with us. "Ah no," she said in her soft Spanish and with a shake of her pretty head; "I would have no rest, for the soul in sleep must retrace and gather up the steps passed over by the body, and it can have no peace as long as one is left unclaimed."

Walking through the streets of Lima one often sees houses upon which are painted large black crosses, and, entering, one would find crape draped over pictures and other of the house furnishings. This indicates that death has entered here during the year. In the funeral notices—large square cards sent to the friends of the family—not only is the name of the deceased given, but the genealogy as well, going back three or four generations.

In a quiet street in Lima, far from the busy stir of city life, is a modest little church. No rich and titled throngs crowd its portals when on Sunday morning the call of the bell summonses to divine worship, but the poor, the lowly, the unknown find before its altars peace and consolation.

Yet once a year this tranquil retirement is broken; then its doors are opened for the entrance of the proudest digni-

tar-ies of the state, the chanting of white-robed priests is heard mingled with the silvery voices of children, and a people assemble to do honor to the holy woman whose name it bears and who rests beneath its shadow. It is the church of St. Rose of Lima, venerated as patron throughout the country. Upon the site where now it stands was once her father's palace. It was here the beautiful little Rose first opened her eyes to the light, in its



PROCESSION ON THE FEAST DAY OF ST. ROSE OF LIMA.

wide courts she played, here she planted her little garden of bitter herbs which formed a part of her daily food, for from her earliest childhood she delighted in self-denial and acts of mortification. Much is told of her piety: how once her mother having placed on her head a garland of flowers, she secretly put in a thorn, which pricked her so deeply that in the evening it was with difficulty removed; how again, when her beauty was praised, she disfigured her face and hands by rubbing over them the juice of the Indian pepper. She was called by the poor of Lima "our little Sister." So closely did she enter into their lives that the Indians have a tradition that she was a member of one of their tribes. This history refutes. The little Rose was born of wealthy and

noble parents, and her early years were passed in occupations usual to her rank. She early exhibited dislike for the vanity of the world and great charity for the poor—something unusual in her day, when the distinction of class was most rigorously observed. A tiny room is still shown which was her oratory and workshop; in it she fashioned the garments for her “sisters.” Near by is the well from which she drew water in which to bathe the unkempt and often diseased children of the street, who thronged to her doors, believing that in the touch of her hand lay miraculous power. The great religious ceremony of the year is the feast day of the saint—the 30th of August. On that day her relics are borne in solemn procession through the streets of her native city. The white-robed choir boys lead; the bishop richly vested, followed by the canons, priests, and monks, and the president, with the chief dignitaries of state in their official robes, wend their way from the church. The streets are thronged. The soldiers, drawn up in line, present arms as the procession passes, streamers float in the breeze, bands make music; suspended from one side of the street to the other are ropes of color, on which are hung dolls representing angels and carrying in their hands baskets of flowers; these dolls, by a touch from some one in charge, empty their baskets before the procession until the streets look like a carpet. Along the way altars are erected and Benediction is given; clouds of incense fill the air as the bishop blesses his people. The music, the streets gay with flags, the houses festooned with flowers and green branches, the balconies with their blue, crimson, yellow, and gold decorations, the kneeling multitude, make a picture not soon to be forgotten, and speak eloquently of the faith that can raise such a spectacle to the living God and His Saint.

Another impressive procession is in honor of San Pedro. On his feast day the statue of the saint is taken from the church with solemn ceremonies, and amid the odor of incense, the perfume of flowers, the musical chanting of hymns, it is carried to the border of the sea; there it is placed in a boat and rowed out into the ocean. Here prayers are offered that the saint may intercede with God to make fruitful the products of the sea. A fisherman then puts a net in the statue's hand; should it fill with fish it is believed that the harvest of the coming year will be abundant.

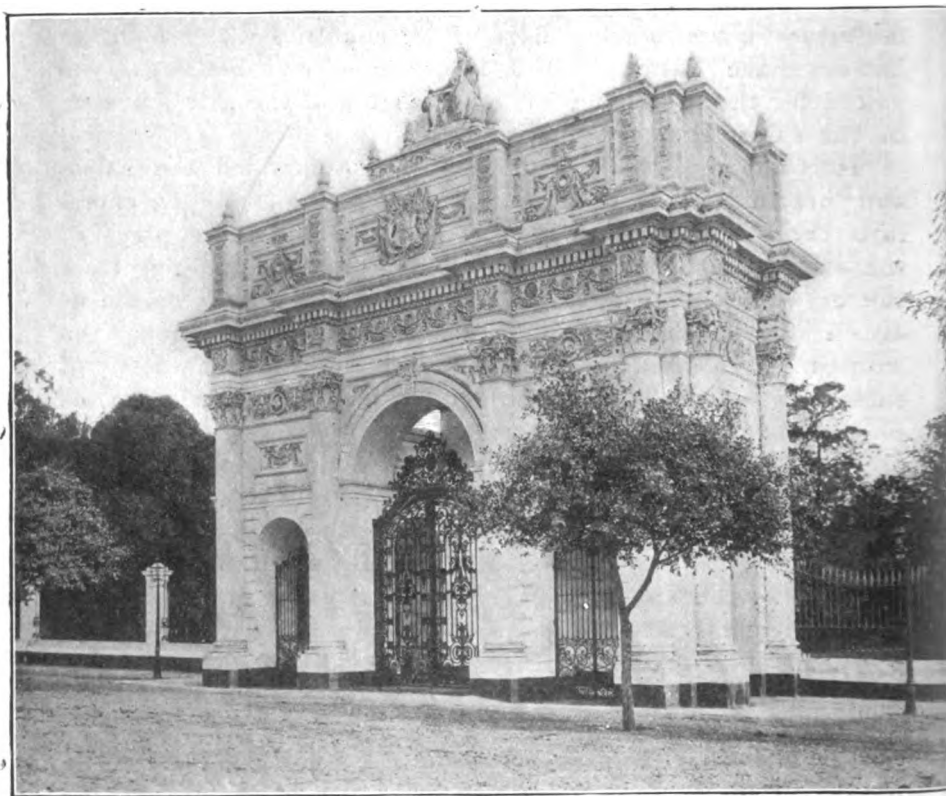
To place the sea under the special protection of Heaven is the pious custom along the coast of Peru. In fishing hamlets,

under the altars of the churches are niches in which are miniature boats bearing flags of all countries with which the natives have dealings. And Heaven's special blessing is invoked for the protection of the harbor and the safe guidance of the ships.

It is apparent that Catholicity has so moulded the habits and practices of the people that the spirit of religion enters into their daily avocations. So it is that the feast days of the saints become the festivals of the country. Judging from the crowded churches on Sundays and feast days, the Peruvians are a devout nation. This sentiment, especially among the women, shows itself in the often semi-religious character of their dress—the close resemblance which the blue, brown, or purple garments bear to the religious orders with which they are for a time associated, either as a fulfilment of some vow or as an act of recognition for some favor accorded by Heaven. The last days of Holy Week are observed with great solemnity. From Holy Thursday until Holy Saturday the bells are silent, not only in the churches but in the city as well. All traffic stops, street-cars and tramways cease to run, even the whistles and bells of the steam cars are silent; all persons appearing upon the streets are dressed in black, and Lima is a city of mourning and prayer.

Many of the churches are beautiful, although their mode of decorating is distinctively foreign. Their statues of the Blessed Virgin and the saints are dressed in black or purple garments of silk or velvet, and look like Spanish dowagers of centuries ago. The crucifix is often crowned with real thorns.

Political conditions in Peru are as unstable as the earth on which it rests; upheavals are frequent. While the republican form of government exists, the president being chosen for a term of four years, each change of administration is the signal for revolt, which sometimes assumes the gravity of civil war. Such was the case when Pierola came into office five years ago. His opponent was General Caceres. Their rivalry had been of several years' duration. General Caceres had distinguished himself in the war between Chili and Peru, and at the close of that war had been elected president. According to the law of Peru no president can hold office for two consecutive terms. At the expiration of his four years' term Caceres, assisted by the army and executive party, caused Bermudez to be placed in the presidential chair. He hoped thereby to re-



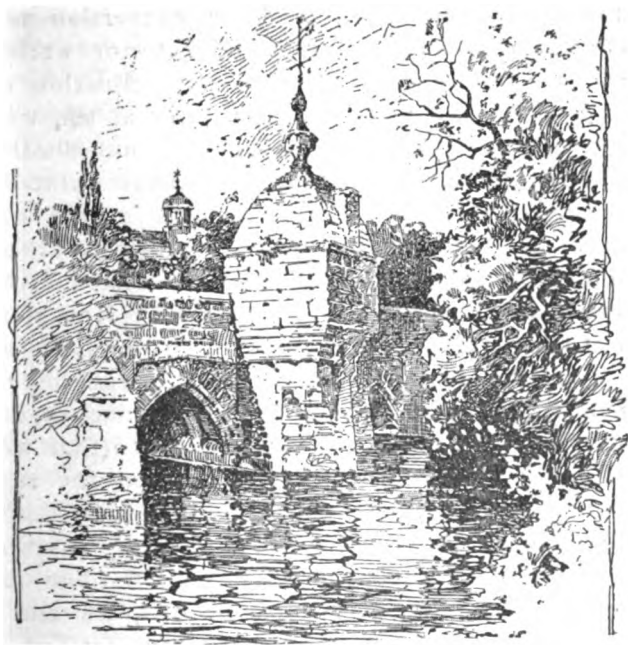
ENTRANCE TO THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS.

tain for himself the power and the succession at the end of Bermudez's term.

This step was violently opposed by the people, who supported Pierola. Under pretext that Pierola was exciting rebellion, he was seized and thrown into prison. His party, left without a leader, was easily defeated. Pierola afterwards escaped and took refuge in Panama. Bermudez died before the expiration of his term of office, and Caceres seized the reins of government. Lima was largely Cacerist, while the coast towns and mountain districts were for Pierola. The "Mountainards," as they were called, were the best material in Peru and devoted to Pierola. He inspired their confidence by his abilities; he had drilled them, and shared their privations and dangers. The Cacerists, greatly needing money, levied taxes, and upon the people's refusal to pay, the wealthy citizens of Lima were imprisoned. One night Pierola, favored by a fog, entered

with his troops into the city and occupied the church towers and other commanding points. Then for days the streets of Lima were the scene of fierce fighting. The Pierolists were prepared to burn with petroleum or level by dynamite all obstacles in their way. Many soldiers deserted from Caceres' ranks, until he was obliged to press unwilling peons into his service. At last an armistice was declared, and the diplomatic corps interposed to prevent needless carnage and destruction, —and the pestilence, the putrefying bodies of men and horses threatened to bring this upon the city. This corps requested, for peaceful measures, that Pierola and Caceres retire from the city until an election could take place. This Pierola did; but Caceres, finding the feeling so intense against him, took refuge on a French man-of-war and has never since returned to his native city. Pierola was chosen president, and entered Lima amid the acclamations of the people.

Lima abounds in traditions; hardly a spot of interest or importance but has its history, sometimes sad, often terrible, rarely gay. The shadow of a past full of crime and bloodshed rests still upon it.



THE HUMAN SIDE OF A SAINT.

BY FATHER CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C.



FEW doctrines are so discouraging to earnest souls as the theory, more often implied than expressed, that sanctity is a sudden transformation of life and character; that once the Holy Ghost begins to operate in a soul the whole man is quickly changed, the will becoming at once strong to avoid evil and to do good, self-love and the delight in the good things of earth rapidly turning to disgust and self-effacement, whilst the soul plunges unhesitatingly into the paths of divine love and religious abandonment. This mischievous error, for such it is, has been propagated in many of the devotional "Lives" of the Saints, where the saint is represented as suddenly converted, and as at once entering into the highest regions of sanctity.

In these so-called "Lives" there is generally an absolute division between the period before the saint's conversion and the period that follows. After conversion the saint is not only not frivolous nor self-indulgent nor worldly, but one is led to imagine that there is no inclination even to frivolity or worldliness or self-indulgence, or at the very most that such inclinations, if at all present, are unhesitatingly repressed. Never again does the hot-tempered saint lose his temper; never again does the saint who loved the glitter of jewels cast a loving thought towards the rings or necklace that she put aside in the moment of "conversion"; all such tastes or inclinations are for ever repressed. Henceforth the saint walks towards heaven without ever casting back a regretful glance upon the forsaken earth. Is it surprising that the ordinary mortal finds but little stimulus or encouragement in such a doctrine? He knows by sad experience that with him there is generally a tiresome struggle between the resolution and the accomplishment; a slow process of honest desires and halting resolutions and baffled weakness, of attempts and defeats, before the final victory. The victory when it comes has none of the glamour of swiftness or of quick and mighty resolution. The recollection of frequent reverses tempers the exultation of success. Is such a victory, the ordinary mortal

asks, worth fighting for? Is it not, perhaps, itself a delusion? The saints—those recognized heroes of the perfect Christian life—were always so swift to conquer. Is not the halting, slow development of our purpose a sign that we are attempting what is above our strength, and that God is not with us?

DISTORTED BIOGRAPHIES.

Those unfortunate saints! What a heap of discouragement their "Lives" are answerable for! Yet we have happily sufficient proof that the saints themselves are not to blame, but only their biographers, and not all their biographers even, but more generally the modern biographer who writes "to edify." The mental attitude of some of these biographers it is not always easy to grasp. Sometimes it is clear that they have no mental attitude at all; they are simply story-tellers of the most incompetent type. On the other hand, some of them set out to write up the history of a saint according to an *a priori* theory of what the saint ought to be; and they produce a most lamentable caricature of the real saint. In how many of these biographies do we find a painted doll, when we sought a living creature! How often, too, we find a theory instead of a history!

Fortunately a new era seems to have begun in religious biography, and the saints have again a better chance of being understood. The spirit of modern criticism, which in many ways seemed determined to oust the saint's biography from the students' book-shelf, if not also from the sanctum of the devout, has in fact given it a new lease of life full of promise and inspiration. The critic has driven the biographer back upon original sources and unearthed for him primitive records, and now we are enabled to see not a few of the saints as they really appeared to their contemporaries. And how refreshing it is to get back to these primitive "legends" and contemporary documents!

Here we find, indeed, living human saints—men and women with the warm blood of life flowing in their veins, even though their faces be pale and their bodies attenuated. The paleness and attenuation come of long inward struggle, of a thirst for life and a striving to attain to some noble ideal. It is not the pale passivity of a statue, nor the attenuation of one who sees life through a Puritan's formula. Most encouraging of all to the ordinary wayfarer is the discovery that the experiences of the saint are something like our own.

HUMAN PROCESSES.

They may be, these saints, of more heroic build than ourselves, more mighty in resolution and swifter in accomplishment, but they go through the human processes—they know the bitterness of sacrifice and of faltering resolution, they feel the humiliation of failure in petty moral purposes even after they have taken the first grand step of “conversion.” Nay, more, the final fulfilment of their purposes seems oftentimes forced upon them as much by external circumstances as by their own will, though of course it is a triumph of the will in such cases to accept the logic of circumstances. Francis of Assisi, sublimest of saints, might have gone on indefinitely seeking “Highest Poverty” without realizing his ambition, had not his father, Pietro Bernardone, in his impatience, forced him to choose between the profession of a wealthy tradesman and absolute renunciation of his inheritance. In that supreme moment Francis chose absolute poverty for his portion on earth. Yet, humanly speaking, it was the father’s intolerance which forced the issue, and knowing what we know of Francis, we may reasonably doubt whether he otherwise would have had the courage thus far to set at naught his father’s prejudices. It is recorded how he shrank from facing his father’s anger in an earlier instance. This shrinking sensitiveness remained with him all his life, and was manifested even in his last years in his dealings with certain refractory friars.

BLESSED ANGELA OF FOLIGNO.

But for simple slowness and hesitation even after “conversion” the Blessed Angela of Foligno, whose confessions have several times appeared in an English dress, and have lately been in part again translated by Mr. Algar Thorold* (*Catholic Mysticism*. London: Kegan Paul), is a notable example. Franciscans regard her as one of their noblest saints. She was a worthy disciple of the Seraph of Assisi. This makes the slowness of her spiritual development the more remarkable.

* These confessions of the Blessed Angela are part of the book of her “Visions and Instructions.” They were written down at her dictation by her confessor, Friar Arnaldo. The complete text of this book has been done into English and is published by the Art and Book Company, London. For the ordinary reader, however, Mr. Algar Thorold’s selections from the book will probably be better appreciated. He gives the chapters relating to her conversion. It should be added that Mr. Thorold prefaces his translation with a very thoughtful treatise on the nature of Catholic mysticism.

Born in A. D. 1248 at Foligno, in the beautiful valley of Spoleto, at that time freshly redolent with the spiritual atmosphere of the great Franciscan movement, Angela at first seemed the incarnation of that very spirit of worldliness against which that movement was directed. Her youth was spent in luxurious gaiety. Married at an early age, the marriage vow put but little restraint upon her guilty pleasures. But the grace of God touched her soul and she began to reflect upon her sins and their eternal consequences.

HER FIRST CONVERSION.

Terrified at the thought of hell, she resolved to go to confession, but from very shame shrank from doing so. Unconfessed as she was, she, however, received Holy Communion more than once. A strange beginning of a conversion, surely! Yet in God's mercy it was a true beginning. The first seed of remorse was sown, and Angela, in great trouble of soul, conscious of the weakness that caused her to conceal her sins, prayed earnestly to St. Francis, whose fame was then fresh in Umbria, to come to her aid and lead her to a confessor who would understand the state of her soul. "So that very night an old man appeared to her and said: Sister, hadst thou asked me sooner I would the sooner have heard thy prayer; as it is, what thou hast asked is done." The next morning, whilst she was on her way to the Church of St. Francis, she found preaching in the Church of St. Felician "a friar who was a true chaplain of Christ," and when the sermon was over she made to him a complete confession of her sins and received absolution. Angela in relating this event adds: "In this confession, however, I felt no love; only bitterness, shame, and grief." It was some time—two years, in fact—before she received any great consolation from her conversion. With her it was truly a case of "going forth weeping" from her gay worldliness.

As we have seen, it was the thought of eternal punishment which first made her pull up in her career of sinful pleasure. After her confession she began to reflect on the goodness of God, who "had drawn me from hell"; and this reflection on God's goodness intensified in her the consciousness of her own defects, so that she began to condemn herself all the more, and was filled with greater sorrow. These preliminary stages of development in her conversion were attained slowly and by effort. The recollection of her own difficulty made her ever afterwards compassionate towards

"those souls that move slowly and with grief, going to God wearily and making but slight advance. "As for me," she writes, "I know that I delayed at each step and wept, not having the grace to advance at the time; although it was a certain consolation to me to weep at each step: truly a bitter consolation."

HER PROGRESS TO GOD.

Her next step in spiritual advancement came with the perception that in offending God she also offended against all creatures. This new light filled her with great remorse and trouble of soul; and she began to invoke the Blessed Virgin and all the saints that they would intercede for her and beg the merciful Lord to have mercy upon her. "And I begged all creatures, all of whom I saw myself to have offended (inasmuch as I had offended their Creator), not to accuse me before God. And it seemed to me that all creatures had pity on me, as did also all the saints; and then the grace was given me of praying with a great fire of love more abundantly than I had ever been wont to."

After this she had a vision of the Cross with our Divine Lord hanging thereon dead for our sins. Far from deriving spiritual consolation therefrom, "this vision and contemplation were as yet insipid to me, and I conceived a great grief by means of them." At this time she did not seem to realize that an intimate connection existed between her sins and the death of Christ. So far she wept for sin because of the eternal misery it would bring upon her. But the time came when she recognized that by her sins she had crucified our Lord, and then the Cross gained a deep meaning to her. This knowledge of the Cross, and her own share of crucifying her Saviour by her sin, led her to the resolution of stripping herself of all earthly things and offering her whole self to him by way of reparation.

"Then it was, too, that with trembling I promised to observe perpetual chastity, . . . and I implored him to give me the grace of observing this promise, for I feared to promise these things even whilst the fire of love urged me so that I could not do otherwise." Poor Angela! advancing even at this stage of her conversion in fear and trembling. She had indeed gone far now, "urged on by the fire of love." Having made the promise to strip herself of all vanities, she proceeded to put it into execution, still being urged on against her natural

timidity. She began to give up friends and relations, good clothes and delicate foods, "and also head-dresses."

PROCESS OF DISENTANGLEMENT.

"But as yet," she writes, and the page seems an echo of a piteous cry of the heart, "this was a cause of shame and suffering to me, because I did not feel much the love of God, and I was living with my husband, so that it was little to me when I heard or sustained any injury: I suffered, however, as patiently as I could." These latter words are worth noticing; so also is the fact that her family seem not to have been altogether pleased with her conversion—at least not at this stage. However, her husband and sons all died before long, and she was freed from family cares. Then she increased her penances, and was accorded many singular favors by God. But when she resolved to embrace holy poverty, after the example of St. Francis, she was again tormented by doubts and hesitations. At one time she would want to renounce her property forthwith, lest she should die before accomplishing her purpose; then a reaction would set in and she would fear lest, if she carried out her purpose, she might die of hunger and cold. Worst doubt of all was whether poverty might not expose her to moral danger, since she was yet young. At length, however, "by God's mercy, my heart was enlightened, and with this illumination there came to me such fixity of purpose that I did not then think, nor do I think, that I can ever lose it for all eternity, and I disposed and determined myself that if it were necessary for me to die of hunger or nakedness or shame, if that pleased or could please God, I would in no way, on account of these possibilities, give up my purpose."

So, after much prayer, Angela made a bold bid for her soul's salvation and cut herself off from all attachments that might impede her spiritual progress. Still, even now she was by no means freed from temptations. Nay, by what seems a law in the development of sanctity, temptations increased in painful intensity. Not only was she tempted to return to the sins of her former life, but new temptations came to her. At the same time, however, she began to understand the deeper truths of God, and the fire of Divine Love began to burn more and more brightly in her heart. "O God," she exclaimed at this time, "even if I am to be damned for my sins, yet will I love thee always!"—an impossible supposition to a theologian, yet in the very strength of the paradox revealing the

final triumph of grace in the soul of the weak, faltering Angela.

I make bold to say that there is more edification in this artless record of a saint's long struggle with her natural weakness in the presence of a divine call to a more perfect life, than in nine-tenths of the biographies written to glorify the saints and to humble the patient reader. Our hearts go out to one who, whatever her glorious place may be in heaven now, knew in her earthly life the sorrow of frequent failure and the humiliation of timidity in the striving to follow the Master's call; who wept not only over her sins but because of the very pain of sacrifice. And in our sympathy with her in her alternating efforts and failures before attaining the final triumph, and in the pain of her new birth, we find encouragement and inspiration in our own spiritual life, with its consciousness of the weakness of the flesh even when the spirit is most willing.

The confessions of saints like St. Augustine or the Blessed Angela show us of what truly human material the Kingdom of Christ is formed. There will be found men and women of all imaginable varieties of character and tones of thought; men as widely apart as St. Jerome and St. John of the Cross, or St. Columbanus and St. Francis de Sales; but always you will find in them the ring of true humanity: for God's delight is to be with the children of men. Any presentment of their histories that deprives them of their essential humanity is a false presentment. Let us always remember that the saints of God were of our own human race, and we shall oftentimes find in their histories the key to the problems which disturb our own souls.

Sussex, England.





POVERTY'S CHILD.

BY ALBERT REYNAUD.

I.



WRETCHED hut set in a lonely vale ;
Stretched on a rough-made cot, a woman pale.
Beside her lies a new-born babe, asleep
After its first life cry and its first peep
At the cold world to which 'twas ushering,
Weak, naked, helpless, wanting everything.

No gratulation will with friendly voice
Greet the happ'ning ; nor Heritage rejoice .
An heir hath come, and with swelled pride proclaim
Ancestral pomp perpetuate in a name.
Naught save a ray of sunshine straying thro'
The patch'd pane overhead, but bringing too,
Adown its golden smile from far above,
The blessing to new life of light and love—
While Earth forgets, Heaven's remembrances
Where'er man's hand and heart leave entrances. . . .
And tears are welling in the Mother's eyes,
Dimmed by the day's strained anxieties.
Her gaze falls softly at him by her side. . . .
Alone she loves him. In the whole world wide
Naught has he else, naught has she else, than this :

Her mother-love. With the first mother-kiss
Was spent all wealth she owned upon earth's sod—
Save only faith in God.

Sleep, Mother, rest thy anxious eyes;
Angels are singing lullabies.
More than thou lovest, loveth One
Whose love made light and life and love.
More than we can here, He above
Hath care and keeping of thy Son.
Sleep, Mother, rest thy anxious eyes;
Angels are singing lullabies.
More than we love here, they love there;
More than we dream is Heaven near.
As dear as proudest monarch's heir
To Him thy helpless babe is dear
Within whose palm the whole world lies! . . .
Angels are singing lullabies;
Sleep, Mother, close thy weary eyes.

II.

Straying upon the scene a stranger came.
Wealth cradled him, and he was proud of name.
Living in pleasance, just so idling he
Perchance fell on this woodland mystery.
If pressed for his beliefs, he would have said
'Twas time to have some—well, when he was dead.
Meanwhile? Agnosticism suited well.
Who knows? Here now. Hereafter, who can tell?
Survival of the fittest was his creed;
His ethics: have a fill of all you need.
But something calls for more, a tenderer rule
To fit the wise man, also fit the fool.
Altruism call it. Why? 'Tis hard to say;
Conscience in some name still must have its way.
Haply o'ershadowed there, let Science nod:
But Charity smacks dogma and spells God.

Sleep, Mother, rest thy anxious eyes;
Angels are singing lullabies.
More than thou lovest, loveth One
Whose love made light and life and love.
More than we can here, He above
Hath care and keeping of thy Son.



Angels are singing lullabies ;
Sleep, Mother, rest thy anxious eyes.

III.

The stranger gazed, and gathered at a glance
Of dire Poverty all the sad mischance.
The pallid Mother, sleeping child beside,
Want with vacant stare stalking at their side,
And Loneliness like sent'nel at the door
Lest Sympathy might soothe one sorrow more.

Oh! Altruism, gaudy of garb and hue,
In the glare what a splendid creature you.
'Mid plauding eyes performing as you do
Great shining deeds, yea, deeds of mercy too.
But for the silence little loved of men,
Soul secrets, heart sores, never known till when

The last great trumpet all assembles us—
 From thy embraces, Lord, deliver us!
 Alone for humble deed to sore or sin
 Nun Charity is hallowed to come in,
 And sounding our distresses in God's light
 Pour there God's love, not only man's delight.

Sleep, Mother, rest thy anxious eyes;
 Angels are singing lullabies.
 More than we love here, they love there;
 More than we dream is Heaven near,
 As dear as proudest monarch's heir.
 To Him thy helpless babe is dear
 Within whose palm the whole world lies. . . .
 Angels are singing lullabies;
 Sleep, Mother, rest thy weary eyes.

IV.

God bless the heart, sweet partner of the brain;
 Where one might err, oft safety in the twain;
 Welded by good will in a happy whole
 To make that wondrous unity, the soul.
 The stranger's heart had melted at the sight,
 Unconsciously God's witness of such plight.
 Science would urge 'twas none of his affair,
 And Comfort asked what business had he there.
 If evolution made that child unfit
 To struggle on, then 'twas the end of it.
 If Mother's heart broke in the process too,
 On the same principle, just right. Why rue?
 Why interfere with pure material laws,
 And interpose 'gainst Nature a purposed cause.
 But there's a ghost which Science cannot lay:
 Conscience will still hold heart and brain at bay.

The ray of sunshine quivered as it sped,
 Casting a halo on the Mother's head. . . .

Angels are singing lullabies;
 Sleep, Mother, rest thy weary eyes.

V.

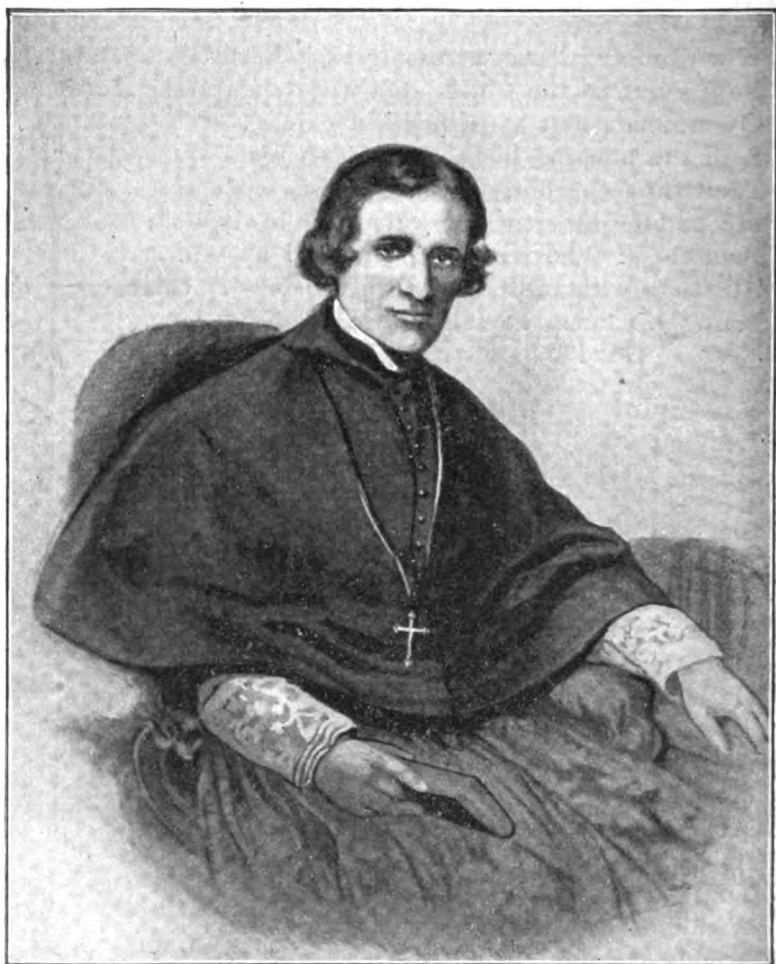
To the poor Mother speaks the Stranger now,
 And so with softened accents asks he how
 Perchance he may minister to her needs.

Her drooping hand, caressing as it heeds,
Points but to the Child. Oh, the tenderness
Of mother's first as of her last caress!
And the blessing in it. Unbidden tears
Well thro' the flinty walls which Science rears.
He bends now gently towards her lowly bed,
And then: Who watches over you? he said.
Startling with faith the whispered answer came
As on his knees he fell before the Name:
God!

The ray of sunshine quivering as it sped,
Leaving a halo on the Mother's head,
Lit up a tear that trickled to the sod. . . .

Sleep, Mother, rest thy faith-lit eyes;
Angels are singing lullabies.
More than thou lovest, loveth One
Whose love made light and life and love.
More than we can here, He above
Hath care and keeping of thy Son.
Sleep, Mother, rest thy love-lit eyes;
Angels are singing lullabies.
More than we love here, they love there;
More than we dream is Heaven near.
As dear as proudest monarch's heir
To Him thy helpless babe is dear
Within whose palm the whole world lies! . . .
Angels are singing lullabies;
Sleep, Mother, close thy weary eyes.





BISHOP BARAGA, THE APOSTLE OF THE CHIPPEWAS.

BY REV. WALTER ELLIOTT, C.S.P.



AMONG the various nationalities contributing to the holiness of the church in America are the Bohemians, who have given us the venerable John Nepomuc Neumann, a member of the Redemptorist Order, and Bishop of Philadelphia. His process of canonization has been already begun, and, doubtless, will end in placing him on our altars. Frederic Baraga, a very saintly Indian missionary, was the gift of a race kindred to the

Bohemians, the Southern Slavonians. He is the subject of an interesting biography, full of appreciation, abounding in the highest kind of edification.*

The author of this volume believes that Bishop Baraga is a fit subject for canonization. However calmly and judiciously one may read the book, he cannot help but agree with this estimate.

Frederic Baraga was born in 1796 of wealthy parents at Kleindorf, diocese of Laibach, Carniola, a province of the Austrian Empire. His birth-day was appropriate, the feast of Sts. Peter and Paul, June 29. His education was thoroughly good and every way Christian. He being the only male child and therefore the heir-at-law of his parents, they and every one else never doubted that he would inherit his family estate, which was a large one. But God alone was to be this bright young man's only inheritance—God and immortal souls.

Having made a very successful course of studies at Laibach, including a complete course in music, painting, and modern languages, Frederic at the age of nineteen went to the University of Vienna to study law. This was in 1816, and he spent five years in the Austrian capital, as innocent in morals as he was brilliant in scholastic pursuits.

Baraga's fate was settled in Vienna by his acquaintance with Blessed Clement Hofbauer. This celebrated man of God, who may be called the second founder of the Redemptorist Order, became our young student's spiritual director. Thus placed under a saint's guidance the sensitive soul of Baraga soon chose for his career the sanctuary rather than the forum. But he finished his university course before entering the diocesan seminary at Laibach. He was ordained priest in 1823. He immediately deeded over his family property to his sister, refusing to accept even a trifling annuity. Having spent a year after ordination in further theological studies, he took his place in the noble work of the diocesan priesthood as assistant in a busy parish.

From the very beginning he was devoured with zeal for souls. The worth of human souls and the meaning of Christ's redemption of them was known by this young priest with a vividness peculiar to those exceptional spirits destined to be missionary saints. From the outset his labors for the salvation of souls were heroic. When his anxious sister protested that

* *Life and Labors of Right Rev. Frederic Baraga, First Bishop of Marquette, Mich.* To which are added short sketches of the lives and labors of other Indian missionaries of the North-west. By P. Chrysostomus Verwyst, O.F.M. Milwaukee, Wis.: M. H. Wiltzius & Co.

he was hurting his health, he replied in words which tell the motive of his whole life: "God's harvest-field is immeasurable; the grain is high and ripe. The servant whom the Master has called to work in the harvest-field, should not stand by and look on idly whilst the wild birds are devouring the ripe grain. No, this I cannot do; it was not given to me to act thus, even if I should have to give up my life right here" (p. 88).

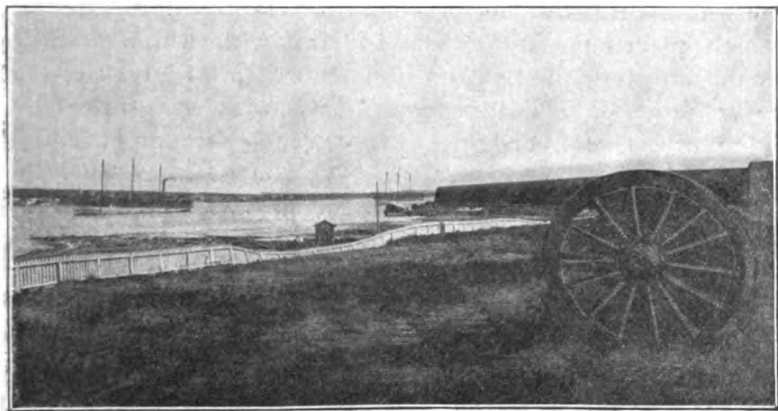
A volume might be written describing his conversion of hardened sinners, his really entire devotedness in serving the sick and the poor, his zeal for hearing confessions, his incessant preaching and instructing. Though but assistant priest, he soon transformed the parish. As early as 1829 he compiled and published a prayer-book for popular use, considered by good judges the best in that particular Slavonian dialect. "As to Baraga's personal wants in those days," says his biographer, "they were few and easily supplied. His meals were extremely frugal; he seldom ate meat, and then but little; he never drank wine. He generally slept on hard boards, and had very little furniture in his room. He gave all he had to the poor and for the beautifying of the house of God" (p. 93).

In November, 1829, he revealed to his bishop a longing which he had cherished in secret for some years. He asked leave to go as a missionary to the North American Indians. To his unspeakable joy his good bishop granted his request. He at once wrote to Bishop Edward Fenwick, first Bishop of Cincinnati, for admission into his diocese, which embraced at that time most of the North-west above the Ohio and east of the Mississippi. Baraga was the first Indian missionary assisted by the Leopoldine Society, just then established at Vienna.

The incidents of his long protracted journey through Europe, across the Atlantic, and into his final field of labor are interesting in the extreme, but our space will not allow us to dwell on them. It is curious that his first convert in America was a poor, desolate negro, whom he instructed and baptized in his last illness. While waiting at Cincinnati for the opening of the spring of 1831, he put to good use his fine linguistic acquirements, hearing confessions and giving instructions in English, German, Italian, and French.

Bishop Fenwick was a member of the Dominican Order, and a prelate of truly apostolic zeal. He at once saw the treasure he had gained in young Baraga. He determined to go with him to the Indian tribes of the Upper Lakes and personally instal him in his ministry.

The vastness and the variety of the missionary field in America came near making of Baraga an apostle of the non-Catholic whites. His biographer quotes from one of his letters home, telling of his journey through Ohio. "In the afternoon I preached in a Protestant church. There are many Germans here of all sects. It appeared to me very singular to preach in a Protestant church and before a Protestant congregation.



THE COUNTRY OF THE CHIPPEWAS.

Besides, the sermon was preached in my secular clothes, without surplice or stole. Alas! it is really a misery the way religion fares in this country. In addition to the many sects that are found here, there are everywhere a great number of atheists. They are neither baptized, nor have they any kind of faith or religion. There are many good-natured people to be found among them who have grown up in this sad state solely through neglect on the part of their parents and through want of priests. And now they remain in their infidelity because they know nothing better. Many of these unhappy creatures might easily be gained for God and the church, if there were but more priests to preach the Gospel to them. *I intended to ask my bishop for permission to let me always travel around in the country to seek such lost souls, and stay with each one until he should be thoroughly instructed, baptized, and strengthened in his holy faith; and then go on further.* How many souls might I not gain for God! When in Cincinnati I deliberated about this matter with Very Rev. Vicar-General Reese, but he told me it would be more useful and better for me to go to the wild Indians; that the prospects there were

brighter still. Hence in this regard all I can do is to pray God to soon send several laborers into this abandoned part of His vineyard, that so many immortal souls redeemed with His precious Blood may not perish" (p. 112). This heartfelt prayer is now being answered by the institution of bands of diocesan missionaries to non-Catholics, of which Apostolate Baraga thus almost became the pioneer.

On the 28th of May, 1831, Baraga arrived among the Indians at Arbre Croche, Michigan. "Happy day," he wrote, "which placed me among the Indians, with whom I will now remain uninterruptedly to the last breath of my life, if such be the most holy will of God." His wish was gratified. He spent, priest and bishop, thirty-seven years on the Indian missions.

The country of the Upper Lakes was at that period a veritable wilderness, vast portions of it being vacant even of roving bands of Indians, for these lived for the most part along the shores of Lakes Michigan, Huron, and Superior. It was among the Ottawa tribe, famous nearly a hundred years before for their great chief, Pontiac, that Baraga began his missions. He instructed and baptized seventy-two pagan Indians inside of the first two months, besides re-establishing the faith in the hearts and lives of a multitude of half Christianized savages, all his communications with his people being as yet through an interpreter. Baraga had, of course, begun to learn their language. Although without any written or printed help, he made good progress, and meanwhile began composing an Ottawa dictionary and grammar. The next year he printed an Ottawa prayer book.

After more than two years of most fruitful labors at Arbre Croche, he moved some two hundred miles south to the banks of Grand River. But the United States government soon engaged in the deportation of the Ottawa tribe to the Indian Territory. Meanwhile, however, the zealous missionary set up his cross, built a chapel, and made many converts from paganism. But paganism was a less deadly enemy than drunkenness. Baraga's total-abstinence-pledge, taken in his poor cabin, listening to the howls of a mob of drunken savages, is an incident of his experience at Grand River.

His letters during this period to his sister Amalia (for whom he ever cherished a beautiful affection), as well as his reports to the Leopoldine Society, are spiritual reading of the most inspiring kind. Fortunately much of this correspondence



OVERLOOKING LAKE SUPERIOR.

is extant, and our author makes excellent use of it. When we read these outpourings of a sensitive nature, its alternations of ecstatic joy and unspeakable grief, we are at a loss to know how heart of man could stand the strain. Such a one is apt to concentrate the merit of many years into a brief space, and, *consummatus in brevi*, to go to his reward before the usual time. But Baraga's heart was at once very tender and long enduring.

There is evidence that he was compelled to leave Grand River by the United States officials and certain land speculators, against whose schemes of land-grabbing he resolutely set his face. These enemies of the poor savages were aided by the traders, whose traffic in liquor Baraga never ceased to antagonize. It is a comfort to know that the governor of the Territory of Michigan, Stevens T. Mason, though not a Catholic, was in favor of the Catholic missionary in this mainly secret plotting. At any rate the Indians were soon to go West, and Baraga, obtaining a priest in his place in 1835, took his departure. He went to Lake Superior.

And now Father Baraga had reached the scene of his greater Apostolate. For over thirty years he labored among the Indians of Lake Superior almost exclusively. For nineteen years he was the Indians' priest and the remainder of the time their bishop, always their tender father, devoted to them absolutely, worshipped by them with more than the love of children for their parents.

When he arrived at La Pointe, on the shores of Lake Superior, he had three dollars left over from the expenses of his journey, and this little sum was, of course, soon gone. He spent the long, semi-arctic winter of that bleak climate (1835-6) literally penniless. This concerned him rather on account of his people than of himself. "That I have no money at all," he wrote, "is also very hard, for I would gladly clothe, at least a little, the poor Indian children, who even now run about half naked in winter, but I cannot give them a stitch of clothing" (p. 181). As late as June 7, 1836, there were blocks of ice floating along the lake shore: think of the many such winters this noble-hearted man was to spend upon these shores.

He instantly set to work at learning the Chippewa language, and had a prayer-book in that difficult dialect ready for printing in September. This was the beginning of his philological work in the Chippewa tongue, on which he became and yet remains easily the best authority. That month he left for Europe to beg for his missions and get his Indian printing done, returning the following year. He found generous patrons among his friends and countrymen in Austria, and was enabled to build a modest residence and to finish his church at La Pointe, situated more than three hundred miles west of the Sault Ste. Marie. This remained his headquarters for several years. From that as his starting point he ranged over the whole region, establishing missions, little by little building churches, gradually installing priests, some of them his own countrymen whom the Holy Spirit had led into this wilderness by the inspiration of Baraga's example. He finally won the whole Chippewa tribe to Jesus Christ and His Church.

This had formerly been a prominent Indian "nation," though not, as a rule, hostile to the whites. The Chippewas had beaten the famous and formidable Dakotas in many pitched battles and expelled them from what is now the State of Wisconsin; and even a great war party of the invincible Iroquois, who had ventured to invade the Lake Superior country, had been almost annihilated by the Chippewas. But the warlike glory of the tribe had long since departed. They were no longer the awful savages whom the Jesuit Fathers of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century had known and loved and evangelized, and for whom, in some cases, they had offered up their lives. The Chippewas were now a broken spirited, poverty stricken, half starved race, scattered in small bands along the shores of Lake Superior, dependent

upon the government of the United States for a scanty dole of provisions and clothing, eking out by fishing and hunting a miserable existence.

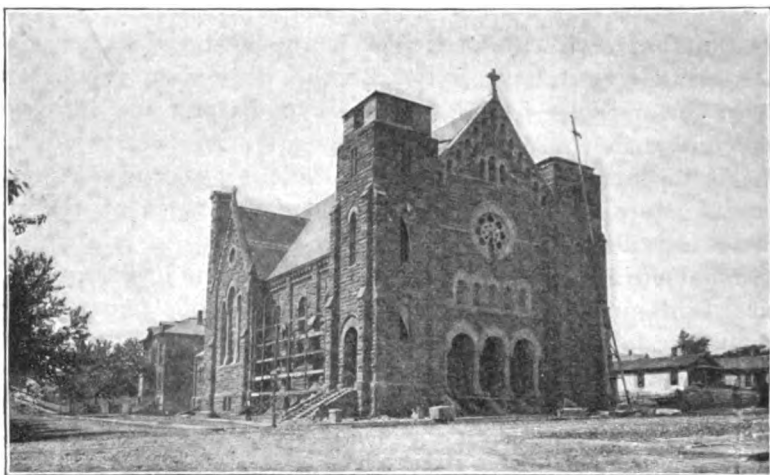
But Baraga loved them with an almost fierce intensity. He hurried from one squalid village to another, instructing, baptizing, comforting, and finally collecting together and housing these outcasts and almost outlaws of the human race. He thus not only saved a multitude of souls, but providentially preserved this poor people from extinction. For in the early fifties the copper mines, and a little later the iron mines, of that region filled it with a population of whites. The usual result would have followed—the dispersion and destruction of the natives—but that, thanks to Baraga and his fellow missionaries, they were found in a position to keep what little was left to them of their primitive belongings and what their watchful spiritual father had provided for them of the rudiments of civilization.

So passed his years of hardship and toil and victory. And what of his interior life? Father Jacker, his vicar-general, said in his funeral sermon that, "From four to five in the morning, or sometimes from three till five, you would find him kneeling, wrapt in his cloak, in sweet conversation with his Lord, and this under any and all circumstances. We have seen him giving the first hour to God in the dark forest and on the shores of lakes, amidst the roaring storms as well as in his private chapel, or in some hidden corner of the crowded stopping places while on his journeys. We have had occasion to observe how he persisted in following this rule even when he had been travelling the whole preceding day under great hardships, by water and by land; sometimes when he had not been able to go to rest till after midnight" (p. 197). Nor was this practice of prayer abridged after he was made bishop, in 1853, but rather he then gave more time to prayer, as the providence of God had laden him with more responsibility and deepened his sorrows by many more grievous trials and disappointments. In fact, during all his missionary career his soul was quite commonly united to the Spirit of God in that state of recollection which is the best kind of prayer.

But our space is exhausted. With unfeigned earnestness we beg the reader to peruse this book, containing as it does the history of one of the most glorious servants of God ever vouchsafed to our church and country. The author is himself a distinguished Indian missionary, a member of the seraphic

order of St. Francis. His narrative is all the more interesting from that fact, as well as from the artless grace with which he tells of the achievements of Frederic Baraga and his predecessors and successors in the Indian missions of the Lake Superior country. We conclude with the following summary of Bishop Baraga's personal and characteristic traits, mostly drawn from the concluding pages of this life.

Baraga was gifted with extraordinary natural talents, had a



THE CATHEDRAL AT MARQUETTE.

clear, logical mind, a remarkable memory, and great love for linguistic studies. He was pure-minded and innocent from childhood, and Father Chrysostomus does not hesitate to affirm that he died with his baptismal veil unspotted. He never knew what it was to be idle or lukewarm in his Master's service. He was simply consumed with zeal for souls from the first day of his ordination. As an Indian missionary he was second to none in the long line of heroes who have labored for God among that most hopelessly ruined of all the fallen races of mankind. As a bishop he was a marvel of pastoral devotedness. For many years his diocese was not only the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, but also a great part of the Lower Peninsula, Northern Wisconsin, Eastern Minnesota, and parts of Canada. Every year he visited almost every one of the missionary stations of this vast and dismal region. And in his incessant journeys as priest or bishop he often suffered untold hardships, and bore miseries of every description, being

several times in imminent danger of death. Nor did he flinch at the deadly cold of that climate, often travelling many weary miles on snow-shoes, packing on his back his personal baggage and all the articles necessary for the Holy Sacrifice, sleeping under the open sky or in some wretched Indian wigwam. Meanwhile his abstinence was simply miraculous. He would travel all day, paddling in a canoe from dawn to dark, or sliding painfully along on snow-shoes through the trackless forest, and first and last have for his daily nourishment but a little bread and crackers, cheese, and tea. For the last twenty-odd years of his life he never ate flesh meat. As to wine and all alcoholic drinks he was a total abstainer of the strictest kind, practising that virtue rigidly, and preaching and enforcing it among his Indians universally.

His humility was that of the saints, proved by many an act of humble conformity to and patient acquiescence in the manners of the rudest and coarsest of human beings. But zeal for souls was, as we should expect in a missionary, his characteristic trait. Love of the immortal souls of the Indians was the passion of his life. He was so eager to reach them the sooner and save them the more quickly, that he grudged the hours of daylight to his breviary while travelling his dreadful journeys, and recited his office by the light of the camp-fire before and after the day's toilsome progress.

In personal appearance Baraga bore a striking resemblance to the great Fénelon. He was grave and dignified, refined in manners, a model of a cultivated Christian; but ever kindly and sympathetic in demeanor. Father Jacker told the writer of this article that when the saintly bishop lay in his coffin he was wonderfully beautiful, an air of holiness pervading his form and countenance. Several miraculous occurrences have been granted by God to attest his servant's heroic virtue. We have no doubt that those who are officially concerned with this highly important matter will soon take the necessary measures towards instituting the processes for his canonization.*

* The reader is referred to a series of articles on Bishop Baraga by R. R. Elliott, which appeared in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* for January, April, and July, 1896, July, 1897, and January, 1898.

A JESUIT WRITER ON CONVERSIONS.

BY REV. JOSEPH MCSORLEY, C.S.P.



IN the new volume entitled *L'Iniquité Religieuse** thoughtful readers will find many interesting pages. Its author, Father Bremond, is a priest of the Society of Jesus, already favorably known in France through his contributions to *L'Univers* and the *Études*. Most of the contents of the present book originally appeared in the latter magazine, which is fortunate enough to be edited by Father Bremond. There is one characteristic of this writer that must certainly have been noticed by all persons familiar with the various articles published over his signature. This is his peculiar interest in the religious history of the English-speaking world, and his rather astonishing familiarity with our literature, for it is clear that he follows with care the movements of contemporary thought, studies current writings sympathetically and thoroughly, and brings to bear on the living religious issues of England and America the light afforded by a calm and generous philosophy. What a blessing it would be had he a vast army of rivals and imitators!

Seven essays and an Epilogue make up the present volume. The author studies such characters as Sydney Smith, Wiseman, Pusey, Ward, Newman, and Manning. A long chapter is devoted to the picture of English Catholicity presented in a recent Catholic novel. Only one Frenchman—M. Brunetière—is made the subject of a study, and evidently he is introduced on account of his resemblance to a certain English type.

In depth of thought and general worth the essays are far from uniform, yet, on the whole, the book may well be called remarkable. Its philosophy is diluted sufficiently to be attractive even to the unprofessional reader, and its presentation of theses is so skilful and unobtrusive that they are apt to be accepted quite unconsciously. Our honest opinion of the volume is that it is a work of considerable value. For this reason we shall devote a few pages to a description of it, trusting

* *L'Iniquité Religieuse: Aube et Lendemain de Conversion.* Par Henri Bremond, S.J.

that our readers will overlook the inadequacy of our summary, in recognition of the favor of an introduction to Father Bremond.

AN ADMIRER OF NEWMAN.

In the preface the author tells us that early in life he came under the influence of Newman, whose biographer and exponent he then hoped to become. Though this project has perforce been relinquished, another dream has been realized, namely, the hope expressed in the preface to the present volume, that on every page of it readers would discover the impress of the mind and heart of Newman. Since one of the essays is practically a vindication of Newman, to it we direct attention at the outset.

The chapter mentioned takes the form of a review of the well known book in which M. de Pressensé attempted to magnify Cardinal Manning at the expense of "the infallible Oratorian." Father Bremond declares his conviction that "it is quite possible to take up the gauntlet for Newman without derogating from the respect due to the second Archbishop of Westminster." He proceeds, then, to the accomplishment of this labor of love, and his concluding assertion is, that "when at last history comes to pronounce upon the respective merits of the two great cardinals, the judgment will not be unfavorable to Newman." He is indignant that M. de Pressensé should have dared to contrast Manning and Newman as men "one of whom had become a thorough Catholic while the other remained at heart a Protestant." He invites this short-sighted critic to enter the Oratory at Birmingham, and to ascertain if Newman is really one of those "who blush to practise Roman devotions." Several well-authenticated instances of Newman's perfect soundness in this regard are presented as "constituting a proof stronger than the vague suspicion entertained by Manning." Coming to Monsignor Talbot's statement in his letter to Cardinal Manning, Father Bremond is horrified at the following phrase: "Newman is the most dangerous man in England." "Such a sentence," writes Father Bremond, "I have not the courage to translate"; and he leaves in its native English "this enormity of the well-meaning but short-sighted Talbot." With deepest sympathy he then recalls the suspicion which followed Newman until the day when Leo XIII. ascended the Papal throne. "Imagine a man thus passionately attached to the Roman Church (and which of us has

sacrificed more for her than Newman did?), and experiencing during more than twenty years this cruel distrust from those for whom he has abandoned everything. At Rome he is not trusted, and he realizes that to some extent they doubt the purity of his faith. May we not well say he is suspected, when we see the discouraging persistency with which everything begun by him is interrupted? By the wish of Pius IX. he engages to found the Catholic University of Dublin; by the wish of the Synod of Oscott he commences a translation of the Bible; by the wish of Cardinal Wiseman he reluctantly accepts the editorship of *The Rambler*; by the wish of Monseigneur Ullathorne he purchases land at Oxford for the erection of an Oratory there: in each of these undertakings he is interrupted and disowned. How, then, can we blame him for the very frank and very chilling reception with which he met the various attempts at reconciliation?"

INTELLECTUALLY A NEWMANITE.

But the evidence of Father Bremond's regard for Cardinal Newman is not confined to these manifestations of personal sympathy. Intellectually, too, he is a Newmanite. The philosophy of *The Grammar of Assent* meets with this foreign disciple's keen appreciation. We learn this chiefly in the chapter devoted to M. Brunetière, who is identified as one of the school of Newman. This chapter, we must not forget, was written in 1897; and its frank expression of sympathy with M. Brunetière gains considerable significance from the fact that, at that time, the latter was looked upon by some as a religious dilettante who would never find his way into the church. We cannot but presume that his recent conversion is in a certain degree to be credited to the encouragement and assistance he received at the hands of men like Father Bremond, bold enough to consider it desirable that unbelievers should be led into the church, even by a path not yet old enough to be called *Via Traditionalis*. Father Bremond, at least, is not an *Apologiste malgré lui*.

The publications which afforded Father Bremond this particular opportunity of displaying his breadth of view and his tolerant spirit were M. Brunetière's volume, *Science et Religion*, and his preface to the French translation of Mr. Balfour's *Foundations of Belief*. These writings contained an exposition of the nature and motives of faith. In them M. Brunetière affirmed that the really efficient causes of believing were to

be found in great part in the moral rather than in the intellectual order. "The classical arguments of philosophers," he declared, "would never convince me had I not already discovered God through moral proofs." Again: "Without a heart that feels God one will never be led to him by argument." And again: "If I wanted to know how an honest man should act in a difficult situation, or whether a God exists, I would far rather trust my heart than my reason." These citations may serve to show the tendency of M. Brunetière's teaching. As formulated by him it was indeed open to suspicion on the score of orthodoxy; and many hastened to declare that it could not be tolerated. Father Bremond, however, with a boldness worthy of his great master, assumed a different attitude. Instead of a studiously hostile criticism, he published an attempt to explain M. Brunetière's statements in a sense easily reconcilable with Catholic doctrine. He cited the Gospel, St. Augustine, St. Gregory, Massillon, Pascal, Kleutgen, Newman, Ward, Ollé-Laprune, as witnessing to the perfect orthodoxy of those statements when rightly understood; for Father Bremond—obedient son of St. Ignatius—considers it a duty to study a man's meaning rather than his words, and to try to interpret obscure passages in a good, not in an evil sense, even though the writer may happen to be a man a little bit unlike the common run of men. In other words, Father Bremond has cultivated to good purpose the not very ordinary and not sufficiently valued ability to *scent out traces of orthodoxy*.

The essay we are now considering contains long citations from Newman's *University Sermons*, *The Grammar of Assent*, and Ward's *Philosophy of Theism*. They serve not only to complete the demonstration of the author's thesis, but also to show his synthetic cast of mind. After reading this chapter, one is no longer at a loss to know why the title-page of the book bears the same motto as that chosen for *The Grammar of Assent*: *Non in dialectica complacuit Deo saluum facere populum suum*; and in addition, Pascal's sentence: *Tu ne me chercherais pas si tu ne m'avais pas trouvé*. It is as if the author were to say: Reason and faith, the natural and the supernatural, are not two separate, independent, and unrelated orders, but they are two great realities woven into harmony in the human soul. The history of conversions, remarks Father Bremond, "often illustrates in a remarkable way the possibility of getting along very well with very little logic, and thus,

at first sight, seems to give ground to the theory of Pascal and M. Brunetière."

All this indicates that apologists should lay great stress on the fact of the Divine Immanence. God is within every soul that he has created. In a special way he is in the souls of all the just, whether within or without the visible church. Human aspirations, affections, and longings are voices crying out to God, fingers pointing the way to him. The truth that Father Bremond's words recall is, then, that same principle of religious philosophy which has been long so familiar to us through the writings of Father Hecker; for at bottom *The Grammar of Assent* proves to be the philosophy of an Apologetic based on the Aspirations of Nature and indicating in God the one satisfying answer to the everlasting Questions of the Soul.

THE IDEAL CONTROVERSIAL TEMPERAMENT.

We turn now to the consideration of what might be called the ideal controversial temperament. The preceding paragraphs permit us to forecast Father Bremond's views on this very important point. He believes in being tolerant and sympathetic to the uttermost limit, and in always cherishing the charity that thinketh no evil. He does not hesitate to recognize in Pusey an instance of one who came to the threshold of the church, and yet in perfect good faith remained outside until death. He speaks of "*sa longue et sainte vie*," and refers to him as "*ce saint anglicain*." He even goes to some trouble to explain how it may happen that a man of Pusey's character will remain in heresy all his life, "with never the slightest cloud to darken his imperturbable serenity."

Another indication of Father Bremond's bearing toward those not of this fold is to be seen in his approval of the kindly policy of Newman with regard to his acquaintances who were either altogether outside the church or else tainted with Liberalism. At considerable risk, and with the certainty of incurring serious censure from the narrow-minded, Newman consistently pursued a friendly course of conduct toward these—with what results of souls saved, God alone can tell. Father Bremond makes it evident enough that he is not among those who discover in such patient charity the evidence of weak faith. Beautiful words are those that close the sketch of Wiseman: "Did he not follow the only model possible for those controversialists who wish not to conquer the intellect,

but to win the heart, the divine and yet thoroughly human method of Him who sat down by Jacob's well to listen to the Samaritan woman, and who rejected not the timid Pharisee visiting him by night? Has there been found since Christ a more efficacious method, or rather has not the secret ever been to love, to seek, to await, to excuse the wanderer, and at last to welcome with trustful tenderness the prodigal and the convert?"

There is another passage in which Father Bremond lets us perceive his dislike of "the almost Pharisaical rigor" with which some endeavor to instil pure Catholicity into new converts. It occurs in the description of an incident contained in that charming book by Mrs. Wilfrid Ward, *One Poor Scruple*. Janet's good cousin, Helen, has seized upon the neo-convert, and is proceeding to instruct her in Catholic doctrine. In quick succession Janet is warned that to read *Adam Bede* is a mortal sin, that morning meditation must necessarily be made before Mass and never after breakfast, that she is still unaware how many indulgences she will be able to gain if she does things in the right way, and finally, that it is a very inadvisable measure to choose as director an ex-Protestant like Father Newman, who cannot possibly be quite up to the mark. Father Bremond, if we may judge from his tone, has little respect for such drastic methods; evidently he would prefer to imitate nature's method of gradual growth; to leave much to time and grace; to place accidentals and minors in the second place, never elevating them above essentials. For all this is the course of conduct approved by those sanest of minds with whom he himself is in such perfect sympathy.

A DEFENCE OF THE ANTI-RIGORISTIC POLICY.

And now for another point worthy of notice: Father Bremond's explanation and defence of the anti-rigoristic policy of the church. Here he quotes at length from Father Tyrrell's luminous exposition of the principles that justify a seemingly excessive patience with the weak-willed sinner. "The great majority," says the latter writer, "are not religious in the ordinary sense of the word; but while the Protestant heaven seems to include no place for these, the Catholic Church, like a tender and prudent mother, accommodates herself to them, being solicitous for the salvation of all, even though all are not in sympathy with her own lofty spiritual ideals." It is with a kindly interest, therefore, that Father Bremond follows

the movements of the fickle Madge, Mrs. Ward's personification of a frivolous Catholic. "O petite Madge," he writes, "let those cast the first stone at you who have never desired, and even vaguely expected, that a thing at the moment impossible and forbidden might, in some way or other, become at some future day possible and lawful." So he rejoices when, after many days of wavering, Madge finally yields to grace and almost reluctantly dismisses the divorced man whose hand she had been about to accept. "Thus, indeed, are many of us saved," is Father Bremond's comment. "For, alas! at certain moments, all of us, refined or otherwise, are of the crowd, and we have to be influenced either by hope or fear."

AN OPPONENT OF PAGAN NOTIONS.

We are warned, however, that solicitude for the salvation of the foolish and the weak can never justify a compromise with their gross and pagan notions. The writer goes on to indicate how this principle has been lost sight of by some persons "*dans notre propre pays*." "Had Madge been a Parisian of 1899 she would have had a very simple method of cutting the Gordian knot. It would have sufficed for her to make a novena to some popular saint, and she could then have had good hopes of seeing the obstacle disappear in short order—that is, of seeing the wife of her suitor die." The reader would be apt to miss the significance of this apparently cynical remark, did the writer not make his meaning unmistakably clear by citing an instance of superstition that points his criticism admirably. Here it is: "A poor nun, harassed and persecuted by her curé, addresses herself to St. Joseph, begging him to procure for the good man an advantageous change of position which will deliver her from an insupportable tyranny. The affair was difficult, the curé not being exactly the kind of man about whom different parishes would dispute. The good St. Joseph goes about it in a different way: along comes a fine bronchitis (*une belle bronchite*); the curé, after receiving the last rites of the church, piously departs to the other world, . . . and the poor little nun, while reciting her beads for him, takes care to say at the end of each Gloria Patri: 'Thanks, O my good St. Joseph.'"

This account, Father Bremond gives us to understand, is taken from the pages of "a religious bulletin." "Leaving insinuations aside, we may at least consider it is a good thing to know that such paragraphs as the above are actually printed.

Fortunately, the ecclesiastical authorities have finally taken alarm at these abuses, and a writer in the *Semaine religieuse* of Paris has formally condemned them."

Our author takes this occasion to mention that "though it is undoubtedly lawful to pray for temporal favors, still there is a perfectly pagan way of making these prayers": and, after a quotation from Père Grou on the subject, he concludes by saying: "In spite of everything, however, there will always be people bent upon confusing in the most distressing way the interests of earth and those of heaven."

THE PROGRESS OF THE INNER SPIRIT OF RELIGION.

Finally, in the Epilogue, the author recalls to mind the necessity of measuring the progress of the church less by external achievements than by the advance of personal love of Jesus Christ in the hearts of men. He regrets that no one has yet undertaken to write upon the progress of the church in the nineteenth century from this point of view. For our age has progressed. More than ever before, Christ is reigning now in the souls of men. *Christus vivit*. "Absolutely no one is loved to-day as Jesus Christ. Without forgetting God, we go straight to what is most human in him, to what is least removed from us; and the devotion of our day has developed a familiarity with the person of our Saviour greater than that known to the ages that have preceded us; in a word, the nineteenth century has been the century of devotion to the Sacred Heart. Even outside the church this is apparent, for we find this devotion to the human heart of God among the Protestants of Germany and England, we find it spread abroad by the sermons of ministers who, perhaps, have never heard of the revelations of Blessed Margaret Mary. Unfortunately, thus far, only the external history of devotion to the Sacred Heart has been written: we have yet to be taught how deeply it has influenced our age, how it has modified the relation of the soul to God, what part it has played in the evolution of prayer, and how it has given a more intimate, a tenderer character to contemporary Christianity. When that study is begun, alongside of real fruits of progress we will discover certain abuses, and it must be shown that these are not the natural outgrowth of the new devotion." That such a study would be profitable is clear, for our best proofs of the growing love of Christ are to be found not in "the prettiness or the fervor of hymns," not in "the jumbling together of religious symbols," not in

"the sentimental declamation of pious books," but rather in the multitude of those who, as Lacordaire puts it, "are penetrated with Jesus Christ to the very marrow of their bones."

In general, thinks our author, too little recognition is given to the fact of Christ's implicit presence and action in the world. "A volume could be written upon this subject, showing the almost unconscious love of souls for Christ." The thought is one that has been touched upon by both Pascal and Newman, and developed by Father Tyrrell in a passage here quoted: "Lord, when saw we thee hungry, and fed thee? The just seem to have been as unconscious as the unjust of the identification of Christ and the needy. If they had seen Christ in the person of the poor, they would not ask, 'When saw we thee?' It is as much a revelation to them as it was to Saul when he heard the words: 'Why persecutest thou me? . . . I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest.' They acted from what some would contemptuously call 'natural motives' of kindness and sympathy; even as Abraham when he 'entertained angels unawares,' and not as angels. Do we forget that natural kindness is a God-given instinct; that it is God within us crying out to us, and to whom we may either hearken or turn a deaf ear? Perhaps our best and purest acts are those we do most directly, most instinctively, with least self-consciousness and self-praise. Whence comes this devil's doctrine which gives us a God of nature and a God of grace at enmity with one another? Many millions who have never heard the name of Christ will hear: 'I was hungry, and you fed me'; and they will say: 'Who art thou, Lord?' and he will say, 'I am Jesus.' " *

This extract from Father Tyrrell is followed by another of the same tenor from Père Gratry, and then our author makes his comment: "These are beautiful words, and, without a doubt, there is more reality in this sort of poetry than in an over-pessimistic view of the religious history of the world."

Here we leave Father Bremond. If our comments have been few, it is because to the intelligent his own words are the best possible recommendation. We no doubt express a very general wish when we say, let other books follow the present one, and let thousands learn of the author. He is a disciple of Newman, and he expresses ideas clearly and pleasantly. What reader will require more?

* *Nova et Vetera*, by George Tyrrell, S.J., p. 162.

PAPAL INDEPENDENCE AND ITALY'S PROSPERITY.

BY A. D'ARISTA.



RENEWAL of the bread riots in Calabria, and a deeper abyss of confusion in the politics and finance of the country, are the latest significant development in the history of the unhappy land, which seems under a ban since the day when the successor of Peter and secular ruler of Rome was placed in a condition of virtual imprisonment. If there is a lesson in events and a philosophy in history, then it would seem that the hour is nigh when the untenable character of the Pope's present position and the urgency and inevitableness of a change therein must be recognized and encompassed.

The hopeless political muddle in Italy is shown in the recent fall of the Saracco ministry, a ministry of moderation against which all parties in the Italian parliament turned their hand because, like its predecessors, it failed to accomplish the impossible: to bring order out of the existing chaos. And then, when the ministry was voted out of office, it was suddenly realized that there was no single statesman, in either Senate or Chamber, possessing sufficient influence and authority to justify the King in calling on him with confidence and entrusting him with the task of forming a new ministry.

AFTER ZANARDELLI THE DELUGE.

The best of a bad job was made and Signor Zanardelli was chosen as premier, the nominee being an old man, popularly talked of as a brilliant jurist, a person of evil moral repute, a virulent and implacable hater of the Papacy, a radical of radicals, and consequently a practical enemy of the House of Savoy. But there was no one else to form a ministry. And Zanardelli chose as his right-hand man Signor Giolitti, who, when prime minister himself, had been besmudged by the Banca Romana scandal, who is frankly and bitterly hostile to the Vatican, and who was despised by the late King Humbert and is not likely to be differently estimated by the present King.

This estimable pair heralded their coming by a bold bid for popularity as reformers, in announcing that they would see

that the proceeds of the sale of certain military lands, a matter of some five million dollars, should be applied to the treasury instead of to military equipment. But even the permanent government newspapers can see no hope in the new cabinet, for the *Italie* queries doubtfully whether it will be able "to overcome the probable difficulties which the problem of its existence will call forth," and the *Popolo Romano* says that with a similar cabinet a policy of bold reform would be impossible.

Crispi once said that the last ministry of the House of Savoy would be headed by Zanardelli, a sarcasm probably, but a phrase which Italians are now recalling and commenting, for after Zanardelli it is not easy to see anything but the metaphorical deluge. The Marquis di Rudini, the only remaining Italian statesman who is uncompromised in the matter of cabinet-forming, has absolutely and for all time refused to again interfere in such matters, and is now negotiating for the position of ambassador abroad.

ACUTE SOCIAL DIFFICULTIES.

Meantime bread riots have broken out in Calabria, and over three thousand iron-workers on strike have been parading the streets of Naples, their demonstration being irrepressible by police or military authority, because the public is with them and knows too well that their grievance—endless and immeasurable toil without the remuneration of a living wage—is pathetic and heart-rending.

Bread riots, by the way, is a euphemism with the Italian governing authorities for anything in the nature of a popular revolt; and the Italian government has a way of keeping martinet watch over journalists and correspondents in Italy, so that, in a moment of crisis, no full or accurate description of passing events, whether cabled or mailed, shall be sent abroad. So it is that the history of the "bread riots," which a couple of years ago started in Calabria, and after smouldering awhile spread like wild-fire from the Straits of Messina to the Alps, and which in any other country would have been called a serious insurrection, has still to be written.

How the then government dealt with those riots must be a fair index of the action that the new ministry will take should the present incipient revolt in Calabria show the old symptoms and continue to spread.

To begin with, Marquis di Rudini's cabinet was utterly unprepared for the revolt. It tried to stem the torrent by

removing the tax on imported grain. But this as a remedy was of no value. The economical condition of the country was so bad that the tax in itself was already a matter of indifference. The people had no money to buy bread no matter how low the price.

But the removal of the tax was worse than ineffectual. It was considered as an admission that an injustice was heretofore being committed, and it was taken as an act of weakness. The rioting, consequently, became more accentuated. Many of the toll-offices throughout the country were looted, and the grain stores were invaded and sacked.

Then the prefect of Naples placed loaded cannon in all public squares and in the chief streets of that city, and the rumor of this act of energy momentarily quelled the disturbance throughout the land.

But once more the act of the authorities had only defeated its own purpose. Howls of derision and rage now went up from the populace. "We ask for bread and they prepare for us cannon-balls. Let us avenge ourselves!" And the movement went northward, and martial law had to be applied in Naples, Leghorn, and Florence, and to the provinces of which these cities were the centre.

A REVOLUTION IN MILAN.

Finally the evil spread to Milan, and here it took on a new aspect. Hitherto the revolt might in reality be characterized as a bread riot, but in Lombardy it assumed the nature of a revolution. The populace in Milan were not in need of bread. The city is wealthy and prosperous, and the poor well looked after. But this very prosperity involves a drain and a check on this big industrial city. Milan, which is rich, has to pay the taxes for the remainder of the poverty-stricken peninsula. Long the Milanese protested against this, but now they resolved to act.

They had previously been organizing themselves in thorough democratic form, and it was no secret that they had gained the conviction that the fall of the Italian monarchy and the establishment of a republic was for their city the only hope of a redress for the grievances which its very activity and prosperity entailed.

The revolt in Milan was no petty riot. It was a veritable insurrection. And as such it was put down. For days cannon boomed in the streets, the barricades which the people had

raised were stormed by the cavalry, and from the roofs of the houses military sharp-shooters picked off the rioters below, and with them numbers of citizens whom necessity obliged to be abroad. Hundreds were thus shot dead in the thoroughfares, and then the uprising subsided.

But hunger, as the people said, is not appeased by cannon-balls, and popular discontent is rarely quieted by the rifle and the bayonet. And hunger and discontent in Italy have only continued to endure.

FORCED EMIGRATION.

A census which has just been taken shows an even astonishing result. Where the population was generally estimated at about 31,000,000, 35,000,000 proves to be the actual figure, an increase since the last census, twenty years ago, of 7,000,000, or 25 per cent. But with the increase in population there has been anything but a proportionate increase in economic resources. This fact is clearly evinced in the importance now attached to the emigration question in Italy. Twenty-five years ago, in the first blush of a newly-united kingdom's semblance of juvenile vigor and promise, serious efforts were made to discourage intending emigrants from leaving their own country. To-day, on the other hand, there is a bill before the Italian Senate to practically encourage it and to facilitate it, and to protect the emigrant against the wiles of his natural enemy, the unscrupulous agent.

In the last twenty years Italy has lost 5,000,000 of its population by emigration. But despite this depletion it was admitted by the recent government that there are still millions too many mouths to feed.

The present significant movement around Ravenna shows that some remedy must be applied and applied urgently. But here precisely the difficulty begins. On the former occasion the Marquis di Rudini relinquished office and gave place to a soldier as prime minister. General Pelloux was regarded as a man capable of inaugurating radical reforms, being accustomed to command and obey, and, unlike the majority of civilian statesmen, not hampered by party intrigue or by petty ambitions. The military premier even went so far as to affirm that if the nation's weal demanded it he was ready to propose that militarism should be swept bag and baggage from the land.

GENERAL PELLOUX ET AL.

The problems which he had to attack were those which

confront his successor to-day. The army is much too large for the exigencies and resources of the country. General Pelloux's remedy was to allow the soldiers who were quartered in the farming districts to help in tilling the soil in the spring and in the autumn. But this was only a trifle and ineffectual. Trifling and ineffectual also were his measures for dealing with the other burdens of the nation. The grievous system of tolls still exists. The individual cities still have a relatively free hand in the imposition of these entrance duties, and abuses in the matter are growing daily more serious. In the City of Rome, for instance, such commodities as salt, sugar, wine, oil, and coffee are actually doubled in cost by merely entering the city, and fish, flesh, wood, candles, and kerosene are also woe-fully affected by the tolls.

Ever present also is the agricultural dead-lock, caused by the oppressive taxation of the soil even when it is not actually producing. General Pelloux desired to lay the axe to the root of this, the evil which causes so much of the land to lie fallow—the taxation, say of vineyards, to their full productive extent from the very first day they are tilled, although in reality they do not begin to produce until three years after planting.

But the public-spirited minister was thwarted by the demands of the depleted and all-devouring treasury for more money. He was thwarted also in his project to economize on the civil service and provide labor for the disoccupied—the repairing of roads, the building of bridges, the construction of light railways, and the like. So the soldier in bitter disappointment laid down the reins of power, and shortly after him, and seemingly with a view to exhaust any and every expedient and experiment in the matter of government, a sailor was called to the head of affairs.

Admiral Canevaro, as premier, tried in his own way to tackle the immense problems of his native land, but it was the labor of Sisyphus once more, and the sailor gave way to a senator and a cabinet of parliamentarians. Recently Senator Saracco has been thrown from office, on the rather futile pretext that a member of his ministry had introduced a bill against anarchists. As a matter of fact the Parliament was tired of him, realizing that he was incompetent to heal the nation's terrible sores.

And now the radical and anti-clerical Zanardelli has put his shoulder under the burden, and the question going around

is, What will he do? Well, he will do nothing—that is, nothing more than his predecessors—or he will bring on the revolution.

MILITARISM THE DANGER.

It is suggested, for instance, that he break away from the Triple Alliance with Germany and Austria and secure a non-military and commercial alliance with France. This indeed would be a radical solution of the problem, for militarism is the canker that is gnawing at Italy's vitals, and militarism is a consequence of the Triple Alliance.

But then what would be the result of Italy's putting away her rifles and cannon and sending her soldiers back to civilian life? It would mean a subsidence from the rank of a first-class power, a sinking down to the rating level of Spain and Greece. It would call forth such a shriek of anguish from the people who for all those years had in vain suffered and sacrificed so much to keep up the pomp and glory of arms; and the throne of King Victor Emmanuel of the House of Savoy, which is erected on those arms and which is emblematic of the nation's armament, would be shaken to its base and irretrievably overturned.

For therein lies the dilemma. Militarism is sapping the nation's strength, and yet that militarism cannot be interfered with without the risk of pulling down the throne. It requires but little reflection, however, and but little knowledge of national economics, to realize that, where the alternative is national bankruptcy and beggary, the mere upholding of the gaudy bauble of monarchical supremacy will not long have much force with an entire people.

And the establishment of a republican form of government is what is speedily predicted should the present bread riots take the course of those of a couple of years ago and ever get as far as Milan, and there, as before, assume the nature of a revolution. Milan is the headquarters of Italian republicanism. The ferocious feeling aroused by the wholesale shooting down of its citizens during the last troubles has spurred its dissentients to a thorough organization of their forces; and the most flourishing city of Italy is now unquestionably in a mood to at any moment shake off the monarchical yoke.

THE WAY OUT.

The same solution is also believed to be what the clerical

forces—the forces, namely, of Italian Catholics who are staunch adherents of the Papacy and in all things guided by the Vatican—regard as most practical. The return of the Holy Father to his temporal independence is by all Catholics regarded as a matter of necessity, but in Italy it is acutely felt that the necessity is of particular urgency.

During the thirty years that have elapsed since the royal sceptre was forcibly snatched from the hands of Pope Pius IX. by the generals of Victor Emmanuel II., anarchists of the worst dye, as well as militant socialists, professional atheists, and other refractory characters, have established their headquarters in Rome. They have rendered the governing of the city of such extreme difficulty that a temporal monarch, who is at the same time the head of the church, would find some difficulty in coping with the local insubordination. This, it is rumored in ecclesiastical circles in Rome, seems also to be the sentiment of Leo XIII. himself, and he does not probably desire to have the former Papal States given back to him for his supreme dominance. The confederation of states, or cantons, after the manner of the Swiss and American republics, which many influential members of the clerical party advocate for Italy, would seem to furnish a solution for the problem of Papal independence, inasmuch as over that canton, or subdivision, which had Rome as its capital, the Pope might dominate, not necessarily in the function of president or governor, but as an extra-legislative and extra-administrative power, dominating with a species of hierarchical precedence all other powers in the state, yet possessing absolute independence.

As matters stand the Pope's position is untenable and is growing daily worse. To his claim for independence, for the liberty which he does not possess when in the same city with himself there is another potentate who claims supreme sway, and claims to regard the Pope as one of his subjects, heed must soon be given. And if the procuring of that independence should be accomplished coincidently with the relieving of the unhappy nation of Italy from the heavy chain that binds her to poverty and misery, then truly should Catholic Christendom marvel and rejoice in the merciful dispensations of Divine Providence.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PAIN.

BY REV. WARD HUNT JOHNSON, C.S.P.



IF one were to try to teach a child what gravitation was, simply using words to do it and appealing to his reason, one would find it, probably, impossible to make him understand. One could explain at length about an all-compelling force in the centre of the earth which draws everything to itself; but this would make little impression on the child. However, give the child a ball; let him throw it into the air. He is not surprised that it comes down; he does not expect it to do anything else. Now you can make him understand what gravitation is.

Now, we are all children in so far as the thing within our experience is the thing we really know. If God is to teach us, his children, of himself, he must do it adequately through our experience. Of course the external world tells us of God; we can know of his existence from our reason; we can learn something of his character. But to know him at all well—at all as he really is, necessitates some more immediate appeal—an appeal to our experience. God must find some common ground between himself and creatures on which he can meet them; something appreciable by the universal experience of mankind.

But what is there that all men feel, and how can this experience be common to themselves and God? Taking the first question, as to the common experience of mankind, we can find one thing which we are sure all have a personal knowledge of, and this common experience is the sensation of pain. Pain is universal. It begins, in some form, with man's earliest years; it lasts all through his life. Of pleasure and joy we are not sure; we cannot tell whether our neighbor feels them as we do, or feels them at all; but pain we know he must suffer. Indeed we recognize it so much as the very badge of humanity that men or women who say they have not suffered are strange, uninteresting; we feel they lack something which belongs to the race. On the other hand, one who we know has suffered deeply, to him our hearts go out;

we feel for him a respect; he has been initiated; he knows the secret.

PAIN IS THE PROCESS OF READJUSTMENT.

We turn then and ask the question: "What is Pain?" Of course we all know what it is concretely—it is discomfort more or less acute; but in the abstract how can we define it? Perhaps this will do as a definition. Pain, let us say, is the feeling produced in creatures by lack of adjustment, either within themselves, or between themselves and the world. Obviously this lack of adjustment may concern the body or the soul. If the body, then pain arises because the organism is not in accord with itself or its environment; some foreign element is introduced which has disturbed the balance, and nature instinctively is trying to get rid of it or, that being impossible, trying to make the best of it; in either case trying to form a new adjustment.

The same is the case with man's soul. To be in perfect condition there must be an entire accord between the soul and its environment, which is God, in whom it lives and moves and has its being. Now, many things hinder that perfect agreement, yet the instinctive effort of the soul is always toward it. The soul is trying continually to be in union with God. However, since it is under the power of the will, it can do no more than struggle ineffectively unless the will supports its endeavor.

Now, it is to be noticed that pain in this sense comprises two elements. First, there is the condition here and now of the creature; second, there is the condition to which it would attain, which it is fitted naturally to attain—the ideal—and the lack of which, and the effort to gain which, make up the phenomenon that we call pain. Take the case of the soul. The soul being once set toward God, it does not stay still, nor can it. Life must go on in a series of changes unless it becomes extinct altogether—a series of gradual changes in our relations to God, and each of these changes means a readjustment, and this, as I have said, means pain. Here are the two elements—the Real and the Ideal. God, as it were, addresses the soul: "You are *this*; this is your present state. *Here* is the state you must gain; try and do it." Then he shows some evil to be removed, or he puts before the soul some trial, some affliction, some bodily ache in enduring which the soul must needs re-

adjust itself to God—its knowledge to a fuller knowledge of him, its submission to a deeper submission, its trust to a blinder and more perfect trust. To gain these things the soul must make an effort, and the effort is pain. The old resting-place must be left, a new and better conception of God must be formed, a newer conception made of its own powers and deserts, and by these efforts the soul grows. But the work does not stop there. When this stage is gained God again addresses the soul; again he puts before it a new and different—a higher ideal, and the process of readjustment begins over again. It is possible for the soul to refuse the new ideal, to refuse the pain of readjustment, to rest where it is in stolid selfishness. What then? Why, the soul is no more at ease than before. The ideal has been seen, and there is the instinctive yearning after the higher, the instinctive longing to be in accord with its environment, and, though the will may forbid the effort, the very balking of that instinct—since the instinct is of nature—brings a keener pang than would any suffering caused by readjustment to the newer relations opened to its sight.

A BOND BETWEEN GOD AND MAN.

If there is to be any common ground, any place of meeting for man and God, it must be in this: the oneness and community of pain. Yet pain is impossible to the divine nature, and for this reason: pain, as we said, arises from the lack of adjustment between the thing here and now and that which should be; it is the strife between the real and the ideal. But in the divine nature that which is is that which should be; there the ideal is realized. So you see that in God there can be no such conflict as vexes us. But it is possible for God to assume a created nature subject to pain in order to reach his creatures on their own ground, and thus to find a common meeting-place. And he did so; he was made man. He took a nature which while perfect in itself was, as the very condition of its being human nature, one to which the possibility of suffering was inevitably attached. In order now to understand how pain, this bond between the incarnate God and our race, affects our relations to Christ and his to us, we must consider something as to the consequences or results of pain.

THE RESULTS OF PAIN.

The first result concerns the individual himself; it is simple.

It is, in a word, the desire to get rid of discomfort by making the necessary readjustment. This is the constant tendency of the body; this, too, is the tendency of the soul when not prevented by human will. Take bodily pain as an example. Some foreign element has penetrated into the organism and disturbed the nice balance of parts. Pain is felt and nature at once begins the expulsion of the foreign thing, or if that be impossible, she tries to make the best of it; in either case there is an effort at readjustment. Then the man who suffers brings his will to bear on the matter; he does what he can to aid himself. If that fails, he turns to outside help. This turning, we can think, is the second consequence of pain. The man goes to a physician and lays the case before him. Then the physician, if his knowledge is extensive enough, prescribes the remedy. He is willing to help the patient because he knows; he understands the trouble either in theory or from his own experience; and this ready sympathy would seem to be almost as much an instinctive consequence of pain in another as the sufferer's appeal to outside aid when his own means of help are at an end. As the third result man turns to God; he recognizes him as the great helper, the reality of which the physician is but the shadow, for God has perfect knowledge of the evil to be gotten rid of and also perfect power to aid the body's efforts.

The same three results, I believe, follow from pain in the soul. There is the effort to expel the evil—the sin—which hinders oneness with God, or there is an effort to meet new conditions, and these may both be aided or not by man's will. There is the same turning for aid to one outside who knows, and there is the same turning to God. But it often happens that men do not know what is the matter; they seek ease for pain in wrong ways. They believe discomfort will cease only when the morbid appetite is gratified, and so through ignorance or through an evil will they prolong the unhealthy state and never turn to God at all.

VICARIOUS SUFFERING.

Let us come back now to the relations between man and God consequent on the fact that the latter has become able to suffer pain, and so reach a meeting-place with creatures. It became the Father, St. Paul says* (I am paraphrasing the Greek), in bringing many sons to glory to constitute his Son

* Heb. ii. 10.

their leader by means of suffering—to initiate him, as it were, into his office in this way. So the Son, enduring that pain which is the badge of humanity, is not ashamed to call men his brethren. Leaving apart our Lord's physical suffering, how was it that he could have pain of soul? In him derangement could not be caused by sin, nor was there any place for a loftier ideal of goodness—what was it, then? Our Lord was not simply a man, he is The Man—the representative of all others, and so he suffers not for himself but for his brethren. He sees in them the lack of adjustment between human nature and God. He beholds men tossed about and diseased by a thousand inspirations of good—"the good that proves too high, the heroic for earth too hard"; he beholds their souls choked and stifled with the foreign element of sin, paralyzed in their efforts to expel it. The man and misery which men feel he knows; he bears it all as man, yet not as an individual man but—if I can use such an expression—as personified human nature; he gathers into himself the woe of all men and of every age.

Because he is God he understands to the full the concord which should exist between men's souls and the divine nature what the adjustment between the ideal and the real means. On the other hand, he understands how much this lack of consonance implies—that is, he appreciates the infinite evil of sin.

From this perfect knowledge comes sympathy; knowing, experimentally, all there is of woe, he can be touched by the feeling of our infirmities, he can feel for each man of us individually, since in them he sees the travail of his own soul's sorrow shown.

There is likewise another ground for his sympathy. He feels our pain; but he knows also the difficulty of submission, of adjustment of our wills to the divine. Nothing, of course, could increase our Lord's trust or perfect his submission, and yet experience was able to add a something which these would not otherwise possess. It was able to make that submission and that trust such as only belongs to one who has himself endured. Therefore is it written,* that through obedience he learned submission, though he were the Son, and it was, if we may say so, a hard lesson for his human nature, gained only "by a strong cry and tears," by the "offering up of prayers and supplications." Yet having learned it, he thoroughly

* Heb. v. 8.

understands the bitterness of men's struggle. As God he could know that this was hard; as man he knows *how* hard.

HOW CHRIST CAN SUFFER PAIN.

Such is the measure of Christ's sufferings. His pain, in its way, results as pain always does. First he seeks to alleviate it—to effect the adjustment which should exist between men and God, since his pain arises from their sin.

He turns to others; he asks for men's pity, he asks men to help him by lessening that mass of human sin which rends his heart. And then he turns to God, and as the Mediator for the race begs from the Father of all grace for his brethren that the great adjustment between heaven and earth may come.

Thus is Christ brought near to us. And we—how are we related to Christ by this common pain? We know what pain is; and we see him suffering in the agony of that physical woe which at least we can understand something of, in that deeper spiritual woe among the olive-trees of Gethsemani which we may reverently guess. Our hearts are drawn to him in his suffering. We know that in every pain of our own he has suffered too, as he says: "Behold and see if there is any sorrow like to my sorrow."

Again we recognize his pain as not for himself but for others; if he for men can feel such sorrow, then should we feel for them too; if human woe is able to wring these tears from the eyes of God, how much more should our brethren's sorrows be our own? Then we begin to feel that pain is no selfish thing, but the great bond which makes all men one, which binds the race to God.

Finally, in beholding our suffering Lord we see what the love of God should be. It is for God, to effect our readjustment with him, that Christ so suffers. If, then, the co-equal Son can so endure for the Father's glory, how much more should we—mere creatures,—how much more, willingly, should we suffer in this mystery of pain that all God's will may be fulfilled in us, and for his sake, if not for our own, we should bring about conformity between ourselves and him. Behold our Lord: he is our Peace; he makes us one with God, and so eases human pain; he does it for love's sake. Ah, truly greater love has no man than this, to lay down his life for his friends—to lay down his life that God may receive due praise!



1. Dix: *Christopher Ferringham*; 2. Steele: *Hosts of the Lord*; 3. Burgeis: *Goops*; 4. Rayner: *Visiting the Sin*; 5. Crane: *Wailomville Stories*; 6. Egan; Waggaman; Mulholland; Spalding, S. A. C.: "Catholic Stories"; 7. Williams: *Nineteenth Century Science*; 8. Loeb: *Physiology*; 9. Ferguson: *Democracy*; 10. Strong: *Social Betterment*; 11. Ferri: *Socialism*; 12. Gardiner: *Jonathan Edwards*; 13. Mortimer: *Eucharistic Sacrifice*; 14. Guibert-Whitmarsh: *In the Beginning*; 15. McVey: *Christian Doctrine*; 16. Rolfus-Girardey: *Creed Explained*; 17. Fontaine: *Infiltrations Protestantes*; 18. Belanger: *Les Religieux*; 19. Middleton: *Philippine Bibliography*; 20. Jubilee Instructions; 21. Proctor: *Dominican Saints*; 22. Lepitre: *St. Antoine de Padoue*; 23. Sabatier: *Légende des Trois Compagnons*; 24. Cherance-O'Connor: *St. Francis of Assisi*; 25. Caxton-Ellis: *Golden Legend*; 26. Taylor-Gollancz: *Holy Living*; 27. Guerra-Van der Donck: *The Confessor*; 28. Baring-Gould: *Virgin Saints*; 29. Ledos: *Sainte Gertrude*.

1.—If *The Making of Christopher Ferringham** does not circulate famously, then the public will miss a rare treat. True, it is not exactly the proper kind of a volume for the shelves of the Boston Public Library, nor will readers who think *Treasure Island* too wild a tale find this story to their liking. Nevertheless the book has a wealth of incident, a dramatic vividness, a strong and continued hold upon the reader's interest, that are certainly remarkable. The writer has conceived her characters well, and she keeps to her first conception with surprising fidelity.

Many times where every one but an artist would soften and tone down details that seem unpardonably harsh she, without hesitation, fills in conformably to her original design, leaving us to admire the results of her keen perception and firm touch. The author's previous work evinced marked ability to deal with Colonial days and characters; this book may be said to secure her fame. Despite all its crowded succession of wild carnivals and hair-breadth 'scapes, its generous measure of pistol-shots,

* *The Making of Christopher Ferringham*. By Beulah Marie Dix. New York: The Macmillan Company.

sword-wounds, broken heads, and sudden deaths, its multitude of swashbucklers, privateers and pirates; despite even an occasional sentence perilously near to vulgarity—still it will serve both to interest and instruct. Many a reader far older than the author will turn page after page with hasty fingers all unconscious that midnight is passed and the small hours are hurrying by while “the Kestrel” is working, and lying, and fighting, and swearing his way through the long chapters that precede his attainment of final respectability.

Certainly Miss Dix has “arrived.” Should she, however, care to correct what seems to us to mar her work, she must be a trifle less ready to quote coarse language, and to repeat at short intervals words like “sensed,” “tense,” “shotten.”

2.—Another recent writer pictures the shifting sands upon which English supremacy in India is built, and reminds us that the great mutiny of '57 is still borne constantly in mind. The *Vaisakh* festival, the annual pilgrimage of the natives to bathe in the Sacred Pool of Immortality, whose source is far in the distant mountains, the Cradle of the Gods, suggests the title.* These poor creatures—sacrificing comfort and even life to attain the boon of immortality; the practical British officer, the Nonconformist missionary, and particularly the keen and universally beloved Catholic priest—all are recognized as the Hosts of the Lord, striving, each in his own way, to realize that dream of absolute perfection which has haunted mankind since the beginning. Mrs. Steele manifests a most commendable desire to discern and sympathize with the good in all religions, but let us hope that she is more familiar with the Indian than she is with the Catholic religion, and that her readers in Hindustan will be better pleased with her presentation of themselves than we have been with her portrait of things Catholic. Her “Jesuit” is a dream,—yea, verily a nightmare.

“Scenes” are evidently not Mrs. Steele’s *forte*, though they do afford the reader some incidental amusement. It would be cruel to deprive any one of this choice bit: “Then, with a sort of suffocating rush to heart and brain, came the knowledge that his clasp was answered by that small hand—so small, so clinging, so trustful, so dear, so absolutely dear—so dear! so very dear!!”

A paragraph about the authoress that has appeared in *The*

* *The Hosts of the Lord*. By Flora Anna Steele. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Bookman will bear repetition. At a lecture before a woman's club she told an anecdote of an incident that had happened at one of her previous lectures. Her brother wished to hear the address and asked the policeman at the door if men were admitted to the building. "No, sir," was the response; "the ladies as is meeting there ain't the sort as wishes to have anythink to do with men."

3.—Mr. Gelett Burgess and the Frederick A. Stokes Company have succeeded in doing a very enviable thing. They have, in their different capacities as author and publisher, given us *Goops, and How to be Them*,* and we, in behalf of the public, are grateful. Mr. Burgess's "Goops" are so well known that generalization is not necessary; sufficient, then, to say that the special mission of this collection of "Goops" is to show children what they will undoubtedly degenerate into if they permit their manners to be run away with by their juvenile instincts. The rhymes and drawings are inimitably their originator's, and exceedingly humorous as well as useful. Mr. Burgess has taught in a clever way the psychological principle, underlying the moral ones in good or evil conduct, the same which Mr. Howells recently expounded in solemn editorial fashion from his throne in the "Easy Chair" of *Harper's Magazine*. Howells teaches to the grown-ups the same lesson that Burgess tries to inculcate in the juvenile mind in his stories about the "Goops." "There is something very strange in the effect of a man's manners upon his character. A man may say what he does not think, but by and by, if he keeps on saying a thing long enough, he begins to think what he says; and then he begins to be what he thinks. His manners, if they are bad or null, end in vitiating his morals. He cannot behave rudely without ultimately becoming at heart a savage." Such a reflection ought to be serious enough in import to the rude and vulgar-mannered to make them fear the consequences of their conduct for purely selfish reasons, if they are not able to rise to the obligations of courtesy and gentle ways in virtue of those strictly Christian motives which should be at the root of all human conduct.

4.—It is well that the author of *Visiting the Sin*† warns us in a preface that the incidents found in these 450 pages are

* *Goops, and How to be Them*. By Gelett Burgess. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

† *Visiting the Sin*. By Emma Rayner. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

not the product of a "free flight of fancy." We have never before read a book teeming with such wild scenes as those that fill the present volume. They could have no other possible excuse for existence than that of showing the character of tales told by the old residents of the mountain-districts of Kentucky and Tennessee.

5.—Perhaps, with the exception of James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field, no one has ever more graphically, humorously, and withal more tenderly depicted the quaking fears, small intrigues, and miniature tragedies of childhood than Stephen Crane has done in the *Whilomville* stories.* The volume is composed of thirteen short stories, each separate and distinct in itself, yet each dealing with the same set of characters—and desperate characters at that. Using this material the author has placed before the reader the whole panorama of childhood with a humor that is irresistible. Stephen Crane well knew when and where to throw on his scenes words that gave forth spurts of sulphurous green and blue lights, as in *The Red Badge of Courage*, and with equal skill he has turned upon his scenes of child-life in *Whilomville* the bright search-light of humor, showing up clearly, but with a wonderful tenderness, all the little foibles and rogueries of childhood.

Throughout the stories one feels that the author has seen not only the humorous side of these childish adventures, but the romantic and tragic as well; and who shall say that any experience in later life can equal in intensity or terror either the romance or tragedy of childhood? This book, perhaps, more than any of his other works, shows the wonderful dramatic instinct of its lamented young author. The youthful actor who could enact Jimmie Trescott "showing off" before the little girl in the red hood would immortalize himself, as Jimmie is surely immortalized in literature.

Peter Newell, in his illustrations accompanying the stories, has fully caught the spirit of the text, and has added greatly to the value of the book.

6.—A group of new stories† will be welcomed by Catholic librarians and all others whose duty it is to select wholesome literature for the children. It must be said that of late the

* *Whilomville Stories*. By Stephen Crane. New York: Harper Bros.

† *The Page of James the Fifth of Scotland*. Translated from the French by S. A. C. *Nam Nobody*. By Mary T. Waggaman. *Dimpling's Success*. By Clara Mulholland. *The Cave by the Beech Fork*. By Rev. H. S. Spalding, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.—*The Watson Girls*. By Maurice Francis Egan. Philadelphia: Kilner & Co.

list of books eligible for the young has grown noticeably, a number of writers having directed their efforts very successfully toward supplying the lack we used to complain of so frequently.

7.—In popularizing science great care must be taken that scientific conceptions are accurately represented. Dr. Williams's new book,* though worthy of praise, is not wholly free from blame on the score of inaccuracy. Nineteenth century science presents a very extensive field; and it seems scarcely possible that a volume of some four hundred and fifty pages can possess that accuracy of description to which the popular mind is entitled. It must be owned, however, that Dr. Williams has succeeded considerably better than antecedently we should have expected. The most interesting points in the history of nineteenth century science are touched upon and the development of various scientific doctrines is outlined. These outlines are not always full, and the reader must understand that he cannot obtain from this book even a fairly accurate knowledge of the history of science in the century just closed.

It would take a broad mind indeed to write the story of each science from the specialist's point of view. The author therefore, perforce, writes as one outside the esoteric circle looking on a great many achievements with an amateur's eye for the marvellous. His outline of the history of chemistry especially must be judged as inadequate. He tells us almost nothing of the development of qualitative and quantitative analysis, and, strange to say, passes over in silence the great part played by chemistry in the development of nineteenth century industries. This chapter of his work is little more than a sketch of the theories of modern chemistry on the construction of matter. And, further, it is not always accurate. The writer seems to have acted on the theory that every new and startling idea met at first with opposition. He applies this principle at least once too often. "It is certain enough," he writes, "that Dalton's contemporaries were at first little impressed with the novel atomic theory" (p. 255). Let us contrast this statement with that of a standard authority on the history of chemistry, Mayer: "The reception which Dalton's atomic doctrine found among chemists was almost wholly favorable, although there were not wanting a few to depreciate the new theory, and

* *The Story of Nineteenth Century Science.* By Henry Smith Williams. New York : Harper & Brothers.

even to ascribe the merit of originating it to others" (*Hist. Chemistry*, English translation, p. 182). And, to mention a lesser point, we venture to suggest that Dr. Williams should not speak of "the molecule of ammonium" (p. 271).

The chapter on the century's progress in biology seems to be little more than a condensation of a portion of the well-known work, *From the Greeks to Darwin*, by Dr. Osborne, of Columbia. The chapter in question is really a history of the theories of evolution during the nineteenth century—not an outline of the progress of biology; and it should bear a name indicative of its character.

Probably the best part of the book consists of the two chapters on physical science, with perhaps the one on medicine. But the account of the discovery of the law of conservation of energy is imperfect. Leaving aside the discussion about the relative merits of Mayer and Joule, at least we may say that the author has given too much credit to the German physician, for it is certainly an error to state that Mayer was the first one who ever dreamed of the great principle under consideration. The notion of the indestructibility of matter and energy was firmly rooted in scholastic philosophy, and found expression in the writings of St. Thomas. Modern science has at most given experimental demonstration to the theory.

To sum up, we would say that Dr. Williams's book is a most interestingly written story, but an incomplete and somewhat inaccurate history.

8.—The purpose of Professor Loeb's recent contribution * to the Science Series is, as he tells us in the preface, to serve as a short introduction to the comparative physiology of the brain and the central nervous system. It contains the results of experiments carried on by himself and others on vertebrates, and—which has been hitherto more uncommon in physiological experimental work—on invertebrates, together with his interpretations of these results and criticisms and appreciations of the interpretations of others. His psychological views are our chief interest here.

In his psychology there is no room for such conceptions as soul, will, consciousness, etc.; in fact, the author's opinion is that these notions serve mainly to obstruct scientific study of

* *Comparative Physiology of the Brain and Comparative Psychology*. By Jacques Loeb, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

the physiology of the brain. His theory is that association explains all psychic phenomena. What explains association? The answer, implied if not stated in as many words, is, the material organism. But how? This is a question yet unanswered by the author. Something else is needed, and this something we know is the soul.

Professor Loeb graciously concedes that the mistake of metaphysicians is not that they devote themselves to fundamental problems, but that their methods are wrong, and that they substitute a play on words for explanation by way of facts. To say that metaphysics is a mere play on words is to betray ignorance of metaphysics and its methods: an ignorance fully borne out by the absurd statement that the author's criterion "puts an end to the metaphysical ideas that all matter, and hence the whole animal kingdom, possesses consciousness."

The author makes an ungenerous and unscientific reference to Father E. Wasman, S.J., whose pamphlet raised the question—often raised before—as to the intelligence of animals. Indeed, many times in the course of the work the author is guilty of similar flings, displaying in the course of the book an animus unworthy of his position.

Professor Loeb's book is the result of much thought and labor, but it is builded upon materialistic principles—principles destructive of morality and totally out of harmony with man's nature and desires.

9.—As spokesman of the Zeitgeist Mr. Ferguson formulates the principles of the coming world-wide democracy which is to realize the dream of a Parliament of Man, a federation of the world. The present state of the world, if superficially considered, does not point towards any immediate appearance of this millennium; "to-day the world is in the bond of law," but "to-morrow the gospel of Liberty shall be everywhere proclaimed." Mr. Ferguson's "to-morrow" is very expansive. It may, he tells us,* take thousands of years to establish the new Democracy. The extent of time postulated for the realization of Mr. Ferguson's prophecies deprives us of the hope of seeing their accuracy justified by verification; and as he does not offer any demonstrations of their value, we are constrained to accept them solely on his authority. But the fear-

* *The Religion of Democracy.* By Charles Ferguson. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

lessness with which he scans the future and the confidence which he evinces in his own forecasts are well calculated to inspire the reader with faith. The style has the true prophetic cast. The language is strong, bold, original, abounding in striking metaphors and novel turns of phrase, which strongly recall Carlyle. The thought is profound, vague, frequently disconnected, and not seldom made very difficult to follow by the presence of many antinomies. But this presence of apparent contradictions must be accepted as showing a correspondence with the eternal verities; for Mr. Ferguson says that at the heart of life there are primal and irreconcilable contradictions, and deep truths can be expressed only in paradox.

10.—If a man be an enthusiast on the subject of philanthropy, shallow in religion, strongly influenced by prejudice, and a superficial observer, then he is in danger of writing a volume like Dr. Strong's latest production.* The author is not declamatory or vulgar—this much must be said in his favor; but he is partial. He gives some interesting information and displays a commendable love of social improvement. However, he should not imagine that all the universe revolves around the single inspiration which is guiding him; nor should he suppose that the striking events he happens to see are the most striking that occur.

11.—The appearance of a new translation of Ferri's work † is due to the effort which Socialism has made so often to attach itself to the philosophy of evolution. The latter seems to give promise of a lasting success which Socialism is anxious to share. As the pros and cons of the question have been extensively discussed, and the substance of the volume consists largely of prophecy and generalities, it is hardly necessary to take up the main thesis in a review. The translation shows defective knowledge of the English idiom, while the volume itself is poorly made up.

12.—On Friday, June 22, 1900, a memorial tablet to Jonathan Edwards was unveiled in the 'First Church of Christ, Northampton, Mass. The addresses delivered on that occasion are

* *Religious Movements for Social Betterment*. By Josiah Strong. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company.

† *Socialism and Modern Science*. By Enrico Ferri. Translated by R. Rives La Monte. New York: International Library Publication Company.

now published in book form,* together with a study on "The Early Idealism of Edwards" by the editor of the collection. A better list of subjects than those here presented could not have been selected, but unfortunately they are treated in a way that fails to give anything like an adequate appreciation of this great character—one of America's foremost Protestant philosophers and theologians. If we except a few very pointed criticisms of the work and teaching of Edwards, the general tone of the essays is, despite an editorial disclaimer, too eulogistic to have any great critical value. In the subjects of the second and third papers, viz., "The Influence of Edwards on the Spiritual Life of New England" and "The Significance of Edwards To-day," there is abundant opportunity for a real contribution to the understanding of Edwards's true position in the history and theology of New England. It is to be regretted that this opportunity was missed.

13.—*The Eucharistic Sacrifice*† is a study of the various theories which have been proposed to explain in what precisely the sacrificial character of the Mass consists, and what is its relation to the Sacrifice of the Cross. The author, who is an Anglican clergyman, states that his purpose is primarily eirenic. He wishes to unite all the religious beliefs which recognize the teaching of the church as authoritatively establishing the doctrine that the Holy Eucharist is a true sacrifice. A secondary purpose is to furnish an argument against Leo XIII.'s decision upon the invalidity of Anglican orders. The work shows a wide knowledge of theological literature, and we notice with gratitude the great pains taken to consult the reader's convenience by use of excellent indices, summaries, marginal notes, appendices, and similar devices.

The author adduces the definitions of sacrifice, and the theories as to the essence of the Mass, offered by the Fathers, and by mediæval and modern Catholic theologians. This section gives evidence of much careful and intelligent study of Catholic sources. He also discusses the views of various Anglican authorities, and treats at considerable length of what he calls the "modern" theory advocated by Mr. Brightman, which theory he condemns as derogatory to the

* *Jonathan Edwards: A Retrospect*. Edited by H. Norman Gardiner. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† *The Eucharistic Sacrifice*. An Historical and Theological Investigation of the Sacrificial Conception of the Holy Eucharist in the Christian Church. By the Rev. Alfred G. Mortimer, D.D. New York : Longmans, Green & Co.

Sacrifice of the Cross. The view defended by the author is no doubt the belief of a considerable number of individual Anglicans, and probably is the one which would be formulated by the Anglican Church, if that church possessed the power of officially laying down a decision. It is a view which, generally speaking, is in harmony with sound Catholic teaching. One of the most interesting features of Dr. Mortimer's book is to be found in the printed correspondence on this matter conducted between himself and several Catholic theologians, notably Dr. Schanz and M. Lepin, S.S.

Dr. Mortimer, however, seems to labor under a certain misapprehension as to the bearing of the point he is discussing, for he says: "We need an accurate knowledge of the history of the sacrificial conception of the Eucharist in the church in order to meet the arguments brought against our Orders on the ground that in our liturgy and ordinal the sacrificial character of the Eucharist (and therefore of the priesthood) is not sufficiently understood." His main attempt to meet these arguments seems to be his producing "forty-two Anglican divines who teach the Catholic view." Such inadequate evidence is not likely to bring about a reversal of the verdict against Anglican Orders given by the Papal Commission. In the first place, it proves nothing as to "liturgy and ordinal," and, in the second place, what little weight it really has is more than counterbalanced by the British Coronation Oath and the Thirty-first Article of the Church of England, to mention only the first and most obvious arguments.

14.—We have before us the English translation* of a book written by a Sulpician, formerly professor of the natural sciences at the Seminary of Issy, and now superior of the Seminary of the *Institut Catholique* of Paris. It is destined for the use of ecclesiastical students and other readers interested in such questions as Cosmogony, Origin of Life, Origin of Species, Origin of Man, Antiquity of Man, etc. The writer makes no pretence of great depth; his desire is merely to expose certain scientific data, knowledge of which is indispensable to a correct interpretation of the Scripture texts relating to the questions indicated.

The book answers its purpose most admirably. At the outset the author imposes upon himself a triple obligation:

* *In the Beginning (Les Origines)*. By J. Guibert, S.S. Translated from the French by G. S. Whitmarsh. New York: Benziger Brothers.

1st, Honestly to explain systems; 2d, To assert with firmness what is well established; 3d, To leave open the questions which have not yet received a solution. And—a thing so unusual as to be worthy of notice and commendation—he actually *adheres* to these rules. A calm, disinterested, courteous style is sustained throughout. The writer is able not only calmly to contemplate but even fairly to appreciate the opposite sides of a question, and if his pages bring no addition to the existing store of scientific truth, they meet a far more imperative need, first in telling us what is known, and again, in giving unequivocal expression to the grave difficulties surrounding the interpretation of various texts of Scripture. This readiness to recognize difficulties and this patience in awaiting their solution will come as a pleasant relief to the pupil acquainted with teachers who employ the “Shut-Eyes-And-Open-Mouth” method. The author’s modesty, too, is in refreshing contrast with the characteristics of various writers on similar subjects.

The translator’s English is capable of considerable improvement in the matter of idiom, yet on the whole is clear. The style is popular, and many of the bibliographical indications refer to books recent and to a great extent easily obtainable, though the majority, of course, are in French. We have commended the author’s sympathetic and impersonal method. It must be said, however, that sometimes this is not in evidence; as, for instance, in the foot-note on page 22, which substantially reads as follows: “Father Hummelauer has declared that his system of interpreting Genesis is the only true one. But the systems he rejects have champions as worthy as himself and reasons which do not yield to his. ‘Revelationism’ is his system, that much is certain; but is it not possible there are other legitimate systems too?” Such language is really equivalent to accusing the good Father Hummelauer of narrowness and dogmatism.

15.—The third part of the *Exposition of Christian Doctrine** treats of Grace, Prayer, the Sacraments, and the Liturgy. When we say that it is fully equal to its predecessors for accuracy, clearness, and theological method, those who are familiar with the two preceding volumes will understand that we are paying it a high compliment. The entire work admirably serves the purpose for which the author intends it, that is, to provide reli-

* *Exposition of Christian Doctrine*. By a Seminary Professor. Part III.: Worship. Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey.

gious communities with a full and systematic summary of Catholic doctrine. We know of no English manual better suited for the educated layman who is desirous, as every Catholic should, of possessing such a thorough knowledge of Catholic belief and practice as will enable him, when the occasion arises, to intelligently explain and successfully defend the faith that is in him. The paper, press-work, and binding of the book are worthy of the contents.

16.—A short and cheap, yet methodical and comprehensive, manual of Catholic doctrine, suitable for family use, would be a very useful book. Many intelligent Catholics when called upon by circumstances are frequently at a loss to give a reasonable exposition of the faith which is in them, and of the scriptural basis upon which that faith rests. The two works in English which admirably cover the ground, Father Clarke's and Wilhelm and Scannell's, are too extensive and too dear to be at the service of everybody. The recently published adaptation* of Dr. Rolfus' explanation of the Apostles' Creed will serve to meet the want, at least partially. It is a very compact, accurate epitome of the church's theology on the great fundamental doctrines. The articles on God, Jesus Christ, and the Church are full and systematic. Where the matter calls for it judicious citations from the Holy Scriptures and the Fathers are plentifully introduced.

We notice that in the proof of God's existence, drawn from the universal belief of men, the author, complying with a time-honored tradition, has brought forward those well-worn quotations from Plutarch and Cicero. Their testimony on the point is of no more value than that of Strabo on the geography of Africa. Yet because it has been the fashion to quote these two worthies in the past, Catholic apologists blindly continue to give them a place, to the exclusion of the available testimony of modern authorities based on an immensely more extensive and accurate knowledge. The press-work of the book is good, but the illustrations are paltry and unworthy of the author's work, which they serve rather to disfigure than embellish.

17.—The unsophisticated will gather from Father Fontaine's book† that heresy is playing havoc with his countrymen on

* *Illustrated Explanation of the Creed.* Adapted from the original of H. Rolfus, D.D. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Les Infiltrations Protestantes et le Clergé Français.* By J. Fontaine, S.J. Paris: Victor Retaux.

account of the forgetfulness of Catholic principles by such men as Loisy, Lagrange, and their *confrères*—scholars who have regenerated ecclesiastical learning in France. The cautious reader, however, will be apt to suspect that the present volume is a less accurate representation of actually prevailing conditions than of the author's state of mind.

18.—Writing in defence of the religious communities of France apropos of the Associations Bill, Father Belanger* handles some very live questions in a very lively manner, *e. g.*: "The Three Vows," "The Fabulous Wealth of the Congregations," "Are the Congregations Rebels?" "Are the Congregations hostile to the Republic?" "The Jesuits," etc. By the triple argument of fact, logic, and scathing irony the author clears the congregations of a number of false but widely accepted charges. From the first page to the last the reader will perceive that the writer is smarting under persecution, calumny, and unjust oppression.

19.—Some months ago, at the request of the Polybiblion Club of Philadelphia, the Rev. Dr. Middleton, O.S.A., prepared a paper† on the literature of the Philippine Islands. This paper has been published by the trustees of the Free Library of Philadelphia. Dr. Middleton's study, which is not a systematic or comprehensive bibliography, but rather a series of notes, dealing with the extent, character, and most important works of the literature which is extant, in Spanish and in native dialects, will prove a valuable help to those who wish to devote themselves to an investigation of the history, ethnology, antiquities, and linguistics of the Philippine people. It serves, too, incidentally to draw attention to the zeal, industry, and talent which from the earliest period of Spanish domination Catholic missionaries have displayed for the promotion of civilization and education among the Malayasian people whom they have converted.

20.—A very useful publication‡ is a pamphlet published by Herder explaining everything connected with the Jubilee and its recent extension to this country. It is published in

* *Les Méconnus, Ce que sont les Religieux, Ce qu'ils font, A quoi ils servent.* By R. P. A. Belanger, S.J. Paris: Victor Lecoffre.

† *Some Notes on the Bibliography of the Philippines.* By Rev. Thomas Cooke Middleton, D.D., O.S.A. Bulletin of the Free Library of Philadelphia, No. 4.

‡ *The Jubilee.* St. Louis: B. Herder.—Das grosse Jubiläum. Same.

both English and German, contains the Papal Instructions and Prayers, and bears the imprimatur of the Archbishop of St. Louis.

21.—We find this book* delightful. As an object-lesson it is impressive beyond measure. For here are gathered together the lives of more than a hundred saints or "beati," all of them members of one order within the church—the venerable Order of Preachers. But the lessons of such a monument as this are not for Dominicans alone. It will help any Catholic, and indeed any non-Catholic, to understand something of what is meant by the "sanctity of the church in her members." We feel that if she had no more saints than those mentioned in the volume before us she might well lay claim to the note of sanctity; but when we remember that all these, numerous and great as they are, represent the life-giving power of the sanctity of the church in its effects on *one* religious order alone, the lesson is really startling.

So much for the book as a suggestion. In itself it is no less interesting and edifying. The biographies are short, but scarcely ever have we seen any more satisfactory. The style in which they are written is excellent—curt, concise, clear-cut. We have read a great many of the lives and have found not one uninteresting. Not the least important part of the book is the thoughtful introduction by Father Proctor, provincial of the English Dominicans. He says many beautiful and striking things on which we should be pleased to comment if space permitted. As it is, we must content ourselves with a thorough-going recommendation of the book, and the expression of the hope that it will be widely read. The publishers, for their part, have given the volume a beautiful and durable dress.

22.—We have received, direct from the French publishers, the latest issue† in the series of "The Saints"—the biography of one who is venerated to-day with a peculiarly deep and universal devotion. The many modern Lives of the Saint of Padua, with rare exceptions, have confined themselves to copying more or less accurately the same incidents out of the same authorities. M. Lepitre's work is of quite a different character. It is the result of scientific and conscientious labor that evidently has demanded of the author a generous expenditure

* *Short Lives of the Dominican Saints.* By a Sister of the Congregation of St. Catherine of Sienna (Stone). Edited by Very Rev. Father Proctor. New York: Benziger Bros.

† *St. Antoine de Padoue.* Par M. l'Abbé Albert Lepitre. Paris: Librairie Victor Lecoffre.

of time and patience, the subject being one not rich in original documents. On the whole the work partakes of a strictly academic character to a greater extent than any of its predecessors in the series. It is rather to be studied than to be read in leisure moments. The author is in no haste to accept eulogistic or wonderful narratives about the saint, and when he does accept a miraculous incident—such as the mule's adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, or the fishes' attention to a sermon—the reader is ready to regard them as credible to any honest mind. The book is well stocked with notes and its statements backed by the best of authorities.

23.—Although fault has been found with Paul Sabatier's work by the very men from whom one would look for gratitude, nevertheless he keeps on in his critical investigations into Franciscan documents. His latest publication* is a brochure to prove that the Life of the Three Companions antedates Thomas of Celano's biography of St. Francis. He certainly seems to prove his point by his comparison of the two books, the first being by far the simpler and containing the germs of the wonders so magnificently developed by the later writer.

The second part of M. Sabatier's thesis is directed against the Bollandists, maintaining his contention against them, for, while those savants have accepted some of his conclusions, others they have rejected. Who can decide when such doctors disagree?

24.—Father de Chérancé's new presentation† of the life of the Seraphic patriarch having been widely popular in the original, seems to be winning equal favor from English readers. This alone serves to show that the book deserves the generous commendations bestowed upon it by the authorities. The work is written in a very devotional strain, dwelling rather upon the mystical side of St. Francis than on his historical importance.

25.—With the publication of the seventh volume the "Temple Classics" edition‡ of *The Golden Legend* is concluded. We have already commended to our readers' attention this very

* *De l'Authenticité de la Légende de Saint François dite des Trois Compagnons.* Par Paul Sabatier. Paris.

† *Saint Francis of Assisi.* By Rev. Leopold de Chérancé, O.S.F.C. Translated by R. F. O'Connor. (Third edition.) New York: Benziger Bros.

‡ *The Golden Legend; or, Lives of the Saints, as Englished by William Caxton.* Edited by F. S. Ellis. Vol. VII. New York: The Macmillan Company.

attractive presentation of a world-famous book. Mr. Ellis's editing has been carefully done, and the result leaves little to be desired. The Life of St. Erasmus—which does not occur in the first edition of *The Golden Legend*—has been reproduced here from the text of Wynken de Worde. A general index concludes the volume. The pictorial frontispieces in the series—the one in this final volume represents St. Brandon and Judas Iscariot—do great credit to Emily S. Ford, from whose drawings they were taken.

26.—Succeeding to *The Golden Legend* comes the "Temple Classics" edition of Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living*.* Those who, like Newman, have learned to cherish the writings of the erudite and pious Anglican bishop will be gratified to see the book prepared for wide circulation in this novel and beautiful form.

27.—There is room on the shelves of many a priest for a book like Canon Guerra's.† If its instructions are taken to heart, the young presbyter will find his "ministry of reconciliation" all that he dreamed it to be in the fervor of his earliest aspirations. The principles here laid down are not different, indeed, from those exposed in manuals known to all, but the form is so plain, the directions are so indisputably wise, and the writer's balance is so true, that there is perhaps a considerable benefit to be gained by all who carefully read this short volume. It certainly should help the neo-confessarius in his attempts to learn the golden mean between rigor and carelessness, coldness and sentimentalism.

28.—The latest work‡ from the pen of Mr. Baring-Gould resembles most of his former writings in virtues and in defects. The virtues, it must be admitted, are not a few—a great deal of historical and archæological knowledge, the ability of introducing it in a simple and interesting way, and a peculiarly vivid and expressive style. The defects are more important. Mr. Gould is badly bothered with a thesis—and that thesis an objectionable one. It is this: all marvels and miracles should be eliminated from the lives of the saints. Mr. Gould does not state it in so many words, but it runs all through, or

* *The Rule and Exercises of Holy Living*. By Jeremy Taylor. Two vols. Edited by Israel Gollancz.

† *The Confessor after the Heart of Jesus*. Considerations proposed to Priests. From the Italian of Canon A. Guerra, by Rev. C. Van der Donckt. St. Louis: B. Herder.

‡ *Virgin Saints and Martyrs*. By S. Baring-Gould. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

rather it sticks out everywhere from his pages, and in some cases utterly spoils the effect of what might otherwise be very fascinating little biographies. We are willing to have omitted from the histories of the saints all that is demonstrably mythical, but we object to having a man start out with the *a priori* judgment that every miracle is a myth, and to eliminate from his pages even those that are historically indubitable. This the author of the book in question does persistently, with a show sometimes of reason, sometimes of pure theorizing and guess-work.

Another fault, which will tend to prevent Catholics from enjoying the book, is Mr. Gould's utter inability to understand the contemplative life or those who have led it. His remarks, for instance, on the fruitlessness of the life of St. Teresa are positively unreasonable.

29.—A biography of St. Gertrude* is an extremely difficult work to accomplish with success. This saint's history is entirely a soul-history, broken by scarcely a single episode of external action. Entering the cloister at the age of seven, she lived and died a mystic and contemplative. Even in the little world of her convent-home at Helfta she was conspicuous only for her holiness, as she never held an office of any kind in her community. Now, so entirely spiritual a life, one so undefined by action and so scantily recorded in what we call achievement, requires in its historian the rarest of abilities. It requires a deep understanding of something more than sanctity, or perhaps it would be better expressed, sanctity in its loftiest and subtlest phases; of that astonishing life so purely of the spirit as to seem absolved from every least trace of sense and imagination, that life which the contemplative saints pre-eminently disclose to us. It requires a decided and pronounced and emphatic sympathy with that life in preference to other and different conceptions of saintliness. It requires beyond this an equally intelligent and loyal devotion to that spirituality which is in so many ways unique and by so many misunderstood and distrusted—the spirituality of the contemplative saints. The historian of a seraph in the flesh, as St. Gertrude was, has need of all these gifts, for his pen, having no incidents and no facts, at least none visible to human ken, to narrate, must seek to put into articulate expression the *Excelsa Dei* that are Heaven's intercourse with a few elect. It

* *Vie de Sainte Gertrude*. Par Gabriel Ledos. Paris: Victor Lecoffre.

would be far too much to say that M. Ledos has realized so difficult an ideal. Still he has achieved a good work and a large measure of success. If his acquaintance with the mystical life is not first-hand, if sometimes his dealing with lofty spiritual experiences seems an attempt at too great an undertaking, on the other hand he clothes his beautiful subject with genuine human interest, and in a great part of his work portrays her so vividly and tenderly that we look through his pages to the old home of Cistercian nuns and catch glimpses of the holy virgin standing in the choir-stall and receiving revelations from the Most High. Perhaps we could expect no more from the biography of one like Gertrude. Certainly for even so much ought we to be grateful. For to know a soul so marvellous, so winning, so much a child, so inexpressibly sanctified that, as one of her sister nuns charmingly said, her fit place even in her life-time was in the reliquaries on the altar, for this we owe a great deal of gratitude to him who has given us the acquaintance, and we ought not to stint our expression of it.

Our advice to readers of this life would be to read M. Ledos up to the chapter entitled "Gertrude the Mystic." Then it would be best, in our judgment, to close the book—for in the remainder the author is hardly abreast with his task—and take up St. Gertrude's own writings. Lecoivre has published these in a French version; they are easily procured, and they alone are able to tell a story of awful sanctity and intimacy with God rarely matched for eloquence, for simplicity, for marvellousness, even in the divine annals of the saints. Only, let us add, we should read this on bended knees.

As a concluding remark we cannot refrain from registering our protest against the author's position in making the timeliness of St. Gertrude's life to consist in the fact that she is a precursor in devotion to the Sacred Heart. Certainly this is a reason why we should know her better; her influence in giving voice to that love for Jesus Christ which has taken the form of worship of and consecration to His Divine Heart, and in that form wrought so many miracles of grace. But to place all, or nearly all, the appositeness of St. Gertrude's life in this is, we think, a profound mistake. The pertinence to our times of the lives of contemplatives lies in their challenge to an age of matter and of machines, in behalf of the indestructible spirit. It lies in their "witness to august things" before sordid motives and a blasphemous philosophy. It lies in their

keen inspiration and exquisite consolation for souls that long for high altitudes, but are blinded with the smoke of the valley or tortured with the doubts of the schools. This is the *actualité* which M. Ledos, unfortunately, has not seen to be possessed by the angelic career he narrates. A challenge to stammering academies, a defiance to the gold-lust of men, the laying of the hand of healing on souls whom God has made sensitive to the spiritual, an apology for the instinct of worship, and a demonstration of the divine—this is the lesson of the mystics, and to what age is it so necessary as to ours? And in the face of this supreme significance, how feeble and far-off a view it is which would make the life of one of the highest of mystics interesting to this generation chiefly because she is an accessory in the development of a special devotion!

THE WORLD'S GREAT CLASSICS.*

Perhaps no more difficult task could be set before any committee of judges than to decide which are the world's great classics. Of course there have been some productions of human genius concerning which the judgment of the world has rendered it unnecessary to appeal to any other tribunal. These are conceded by every one to be the great masterpieces of the human intellect. They have very often been like the blooming of the century plant—the best flowering of an age. The reading and thinking public can no more forget these than they can ignore the great monuments of history.

It is not a little significant of this age of books that there should be a demand for the production of these masterpieces in the convenient and uniform style that the Colonial Press presents them to us. We presume it is the promiscuous appearance of books of all kinds good and bad alike, without any regard for character and the methods of production, that has awakened in the public the desire to possess the great classics in a befitting dress. The time was when the facile reader could devour all that the printing-presses could produce. Books were a valuable commodity then, and carried with them

* *The World's Great Classics*. Library Committee: Timothy Dwight, D.D., LL.D., Richard Henry Stoddard, Arthur Richmond Marsh, A.B., Paul Van Dyke, D.D., Albert Ellery Bergh. Illustrated with nearly two hundred Photogravures, Etchings, Colored Plates, and full-page portraits of great authors. Clarence Cook, Art Editor; Julian Hawthorne, Literary Editor. 40 vols. New York: The Colonial Press. 1899.

the treasures of thought. Men read slowly and assimilated what they read. This happy period of a few books that were well thumbed, and of many men of deep learning and profound wisdom, has gone by, and we have fallen on the days when the cylinders must be kept revolving, and anything that consists of sentences grammatically strung together must be sent forth in book form. The wiser folks do not touch a book till it has lived a year. If it has survived through that period it is accounted to have in it something worth reading. On this same principle the books that have lived through many years are the ones that should be read, and then read again.

The forty *de luxe* volumes which contain the world's great classics have been gathered in a spirit of broad wisdom. They comprise ten volumes of Oriental classics, literature and drama, ten volumes of classic orations and essays, ten volumes of the best treatises on political and philosophical questions, and then ten volumes of the great historical works. On the advisory committee we note the names of Frederick R. Coudert and Maurice Francis Egan, and among the essays are selections from Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland. We note this in order to show the comprehensive nature of the selections.

The art features of these volumes make them "a thing of beauty." The fac-simile reproduction of the specimens of early printing and engraving, and of mediæval book illuminations, gives one all the pleasure of a visit to some of the world's famed museums where are hoarded up the precious treasures of the past, while the portraits of the great scholars of the world are an education in themselves to those who may read character in the lineaments of the face.

LIBRARY TABLET

North American Review (March): Defending the Pope's claim to "civil principedom," Archbishop Ireland declares that once the Catholic idea of the Christian Church is admitted, the demand for the independence of the Holy See will be admitted, even by Protestants, to be the only logical one.

The Biblical World (March): The best article in the issue is Exegesis as an Historical Study, by Professor Benjamin W. Bacon. The author sets forth the position that study of the contents of the Scriptures must be made with reference to the times and the persons; that only thus is seen the beauty of God's gradual revelation of himself to man. In this view human reason has a real and important place as being the vehicle for the manifestation of divine truth. The article will repay careful study. There is also a well illustrated article on Ephesus by Professor W. M. Ramsey, which gives a clear description of one of the most important of biblical localities.

Nineteenth Century and After (Feb.): Herbert Paul criticises in a confused and incapable way Bishop Hedley's explanation of Indulgences given in the January number apropos of L. C. Moraint's recent blunder.

The Tablet (16 Feb.): Shows inaccuracy of statements that Masses of Requiem were publicly offered for the late Queen of England. Rev. G. Angus indicates that belief in the Church's Divine Teaching Power is real reason of conversions.

(23 Feb.): Insists that despite Mr. Balfour's demurrer, steps should be taken at once to alter the British Coronation Oath. Mentions a brochure in which Father Von Hummelauer, S.J., "going beyond many of the Higher Critics," states that chapters xii.-xxvi. of Deuteronomy form the original kernel of the book, to which additions were made later by a second writer.

(2 March): Father Thurston, S.J., protests against the "unintentional misrepresentations" of which Father Lescher, O.P., has accused him.

Weekly Register (15 Feb.): Wilfrid Ward says Newman "may prove to be the first of a New Series of Doctors who will combine essential teaching of Catholic Tradition

with the scientific and historical culture of nineteenth and twentieth centuries." "He has vindicated functions of intellectual freedom against Protestant conception of Catholicism as ecclesiastical absolutism." Father Thurston, S.J., criticises the conservative stand taken by Father Pope, O.P., as to St. Dominic's relation to the Rosary. "That position has been abandoned by the highest living Dominican authority on the Rosary."

(22 Feb.): Father Ryder, of the Oratory, censures the flippancy and shows the misstatements in Herbert Paul's article on Indulgences (see above: *Nineteenth Century*). Justin McCarthy gives high praise to Mr. Roosevelt's *Oliver Cromwell*. J. H. Williams, in a very narrow-spirited letter, attacks Wilfrid Ward's estimate of Newman made in the previous issue.

(1 March): W. J. Williams defends Mr. Ward's position.

La Quinzaine (16 Feb.): A. Bazailles criticises Mr. Balfour's philosophy as minimizing "the function of the heart" and making belief merely the outcome of social and historic necessity. H. Joly declares the necessity of limiting government inspection of its "adopted children" farmed out to families. H. Meuffells bids Catholic philosophers not to fear the word Neo-Scholasticism, since it means only sound philosophy brought up to date. G. Fonsegrive gives an interesting sketch of development of French Journalism.

Le Correspondant (10 Feb.): Paul Allard writes on Le Duc de Broglie as a historian and Pierre Morane writes of his private life. H. de Lacombe says "France has not yet learned sufficiently to appreciate Père Gratry."

(25 Feb.): P. Pierling declares if Russian Emperor Alexander I. did not—as is probable—die within the body of the church, he certainly belonged to the soul of the church. H. Joly describes the "popular universities" of Paris, by which Catholics direct the social studies of circles of young men.

Monde Catholique (15 Feb.): The anonymous correspondent, Y, continues his attack on the reputation of Mgr. Dupanloup. G. Fabre de Garrel gives well-deserved praise to the Jesuits for their devotion to the education of Catholic youth.

Revue du Clergé Français (15 Feb.): Archbishop Mignot writing on the study of history says: "No wise controversialist

confines himself to theological arguments of St. Thomas and the Fathers: he appeals to history, as was done by Newman, one of the most illustrious of our contemporaries, whose great fame is yet to grow greater." Mgr. Péchenard describes the struggles and progress of his university (Institut Catholique de Paris) during its twenty-five years of existence. Dom Pierdait, prior of a Spanish Benedictine abbey, insists that religion in Spain is more decadent than we realize, the causes being natural indolence, imperfect clerical training, and prevalent ideas that profession of the whole Creed is equivalent to a guarantee of possessing all the virtues.

(1 Mar.): G. Touzard, S.S., hits hard at the scholarship and the Latinity of a work published by a Doctor of the University of Coimbra. G. de Pascal declares his belief in the approach of the "free church in a free Catholic state" hoped for by the Italian Catholic patriots. Ch. Calippe writes that of all "raisons actuelles" for faith there are perhaps none more striking and universal than those which M. Brunetière has called "moral or social reasons."

L'Univers (4 Feb.): Reproduces from *La Semaine Religieuse* the allocution in which Bishop Isoard, of Annecy, condemned Bourges Congress. The Archbishops of Besançon and Bourges having complained to Rome, the Holy See instructed Mgr. Isoard that he had offended the archbishops and should give them "a satisfactory explanation." Mgr. Isoard then wrote a letter of excuse, and withdrew all reference to the archbishops, but maintained he had a right to criticise the Congress.

Études (20 Feb.): Father Prat discussing authority of sources used by inspired writers, denies that such use *per se* gives new value to those documents. Father Capelle indicates about a hundred documents issued in the last twenty years and available as a defence for the Congregations.

Vie Catholique (16 Jan.): G. Goyau reviews Max Turmann's *Social Catholicism since the Rerum Novarum*, and says nothing affords a more comprehensive view of life of the church during our epoch.

Revue Générale (Feb.): C. de Launoy studying the criminal situation in Belgium, says improved methods of investigation demonstrate necessity of beginning corrective measures with youthful offenders.

Rassegna Nazionale (1 Feb.): G. Guerghi describes Savonarola's affection for the youth of Florence and his good work among them. C. Paladini criticises the current Italian methods of learning foreign languages, whereby grammarians make difficult the study of English, "one of the easiest and most logical of European languages."

(16 Feb.): F. Ramorino shows the great care of Sienkiewicz to secure historical accuracy in *Quo Vadis* as to the burning of Rome, Christian martyrs, and simultaneous presence of Sts. Peter and Paul in Rome. Records the public protest of the Milanese against their city government for having prohibited school-prayers except during the weekly hour devoted to religious instruction.

Civiltà Cattolica (16 Feb.): Severely criticises the tone of a new Florentine magazine intended to support Catholic interests. Gives Latin and Italian texts of recent Papal Encyclical on Christian Democracy, and says upper classes must attend to it or look to see themselves crushed by popular revolt.

(2 Mar.): Sketches the revision of the Index and the new edition. Correcting the statement that Masses of Requiem were offered publicly for Queen Victoria, denies, too, that dispensations of this sort have been even requested in this case or others. Criticises errors in the *Civil and Political History of Popes*, by Vitelleschi (Pomponio Leto).

Rivista Internazionale (Feb.): G. Toniolo writing on the recent Papal Encyclical declares it the complement of the *Rerum Novarum*, and then sketches history of Catholic social action during last century.

Nuova Antologia (16 Jan.): Lombroso censures his countrymen's disinclination to admire things national—they ape the other nations.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (7 Feb.): Father Pesch continues his criticism of Harnack's *Essence of Christianity*, showing that it accepts but a part of Christ and Christ's Gospel. Father Beiffel describes the mosaics in the chapel of Charlemagne at Aachen.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WHAT particularly characterizes the new report of the Tenement-House Commission in New York is a sane moderation. While there are many conditions that any good citizen would remove from the New York Tenement-house, yet the Commission evidently believes that the best way to do so is to act conservatively. We must grow into better conditions. The Commission displays not a little sagacity. Among many things it bans the loathsome Air-shaft.

The article on Italy and the Pope in this issue is worthy of a very close reading. It is from the pen of a newspaper man who is deeply versed in Italian politics. His long residence in the country has enabled him to judge of the trend of affairs, and his intimate knowledge of men in public life makes his estimate of the Italian situation one of very great value. It is difficult to see how the *status quo* in Italy can be perpetuated, and yet, on the other hand, it is alarming to think what disasters may accompany a break-down of the civil authority. Italy needs at this time, above all, the moral support of the Holy Father. This may be secured, without a doubt, by an effort on the part of the Italian Government to give the Holy See its rights.

It is generally conceded that the Report of the Taft Commission in the Philippines is a fairer document than the Schurman Report. It is the outcome of better knowledge and a more searching investigation. We shall watch with interest whether the papers that have been clamoring for the expulsion of the friars and the sequestration of their property will revise their judgment in accordance with the information in the Taft Commission Report. We venture to predict that the very conservative statement of this Report, "that there were many educated gentlemen of high moral standards among the friars," will be followed, when a better knowledge of affairs is obtained, by a complete vindication of the character of the men who evangelized the Filipinos and made it possible for the Americans to enjoy the blessings of civilization there.

Another important point is settled by the Taft Report, and it is well that the anti-friar papers should know it. The title to the property which is held by the friars is valid. The land was given originally by Spanish grants, with the hope that its unproductiveness might be improved. If perchance there should ever have been a flaw in the title, prescription has remedied any such defects, and now it is held on just as solid a basis as any parcel of property within the borders of the United States.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE books that give detached portions of the history of education in the United States fail to mention the work of Catholics for free education. Here is a fact that will not be welcomed by many admirers of Horace Mann, viz.: that St. Peter's Free Schools were the first free schools established in New York City. They were founded in 1800 and were built upon the site adjoining the church on Barclay Street, now occupied by St. Peter's Academy, in charge of the Sisters of Charity. Longworth's "American Almanack, New York Register and City Directory" of the year 1805, under the subject "Schools," contains the following information :

"There are charity schools attached to most of the churches in the city, where the children of the poor members receive instruction and clothing gratis. The most considerable are those of Trinity, the Dutch, the Presbyterian, and the Roman Catholic churches. The scholars on the Trinity establishment amount to 86; those on the Dutch to about 70; those on the Presbyterian to 50, and those on the Roman Catholic to 100.

St. Peter's School for boys is now at 98-100 Trinity Place, and the school for girls adjoins it. The former is in charge of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, and the latter is in charge of the Sisters of Charity.

* * *

The University of Ottawa *Review*, published by the students, has had some articles of very considerable merit recently. The tribute to an honored alumnus, John A. McCabe, M.A., LL.D., is particularly noteworthy. It suggests a line of great usefulness for college journals to chronicle the success of distinguished graduates, as an encouragement to the younger generation. In many cases it is not known until after death that our prominent public men have had the inestimable advantages of a Catholic education. Another article on the poets of the Oxford movement is far beyond the average of college journalism. We hope that all the graduates and students will take to heart the good advice given in the following words :

One of the benefits which a student should reap from his college education is a taste for reading. The college graduate may pass from the classic halls of his *Alma Mater* with a wealth of learning duly designated by many capital letters, but if he goes not forth with a decided taste for reading, his education so far as it has gone has been defective. A house is not finished when its foundations are laid; neither does a B. A. place the roof on the edifice of wisdom: it indicates merely that a foundation has been laid. If a superstructure is ever to be reared on this foundation, the college graduate must possess a taste for reading. The taste for reading here alluded to is not that mania with which so many otherwise sensible young men are afflicted, which seeks only the sentimental or sensational in literature, and the end of which is not to inform the intellect nor to purify and exalt the imagination, but to ruin the one by superinducing mental atrophy, and to defile the other. The taste for reading which befits a student is identical with the taste for learning; it seeks its gratification in serious topics, in matters of history and philosophy and religion, in works upon science and art.

It is sad to learn that to-day there is less demand for books on religion and philosophy than there was fifty years ago. Yet if the graduates of our Catholic colleges are to do the work which is waiting to be done, if they are to carry out their mission of leavening with truth the society around them, it is just

such works they must read. Nay, more: if they are to preserve the faith intact, if they are not to be deceived by fallacies and sophisms, if they are to stand firm on the rock of truth amid the wild sea of error, they must be firmly grounded in philosophy and in the knowledge of the Christian religion. Let no student, then, be so foolish, ay so guilty, as to look forward to the end of his course as being a release from further study; rather, let every student make his plans for a line of study to be pursued through life.

* * *

The late Marquis of Bute in an address delivered November, 1893, gave his ideal concerning historical writing as follows:

I have always desiderated that history should be written with only an impartial statement of absolutely certain facts, so that the reader may be able to take one view or the other, just as the contemporary did. The ideal history of Mary, Queen of Scots, composed upon this principle, certainly never has been written, and I strongly doubt whether it ever will be written. I myself have tried to deal thus with smaller matters, in my own small way, and I think not altogether without such success as I really coveted, namely, a testimony to my absolute impartiality. I once wrote an essay on the so-called Prophecies of Malachi of Armagh, in which I did my best to put the arguments both for and against their divine inspiration as strongly as I could. Some of my friends said to me afterwards that they wondered how I could believe in such rubbish. Others told me that, however I might believe these prophecies to be a forgery, they thought I might have done better to attack in less violent language a thing in which so many good people believe. A third friend told me that I had displayed an absolute impartiality, which deprived my essay of all interest. Then I wrote another essay upon the question whether Giordano Bruno was burnt or not. I put the historical arguments both ways as well as I could. My own impression at the time was that he really was burnt. But a newspaper critic remarked that I had strained every nerve to make out that he was not, and I had finally a sort of triumph over myself, because, when I re-read the article some years afterwards, I found myself a good deal shaken in my opinion of my own arguments.

* * *

The late Michael G. Mulhall, F.S.S., published, shortly before his lamented death in Dublin, a study of religious statistics which have been pronounced unreliable by a writer in the *San Francisco Monitor*. In regard to the religions of the world the question is raised as to where he got the official returns on which to base his estimates. The non-Christian nations are prone to exaggeration. It has been stated that Confucius has taught nothing on the subject of veracity. From time immemorial savage tribes have always sought to magnify their numbers in order to terrify opponents. Where are the official documents concerning the Turks, the Chinese, and other Eastern nations? Upon what authority must we accept the figures regarding the number of Buddhists and Mohammedans?

M. C. M.

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HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston and New York:

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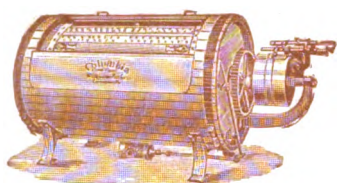
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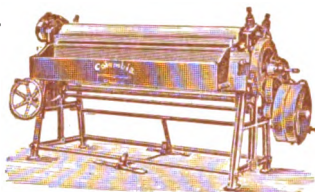
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Madonna and Child.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXXIII.

MAY, 1901.

No. 434

CATHOLIC DEVOTION AND THE NINE FIRST FRIDAYS.

BY REV. THOMAS VERNER MOORE, C.S.P.

IT is quite possible that some of our readers may recall a letter in the *London Tablet* concerning devotion to the Sacred Heart. It ran as follows: "May I take advantage of your columns to raise a question, which seems to me of vital importance? There is a certain devotion practised of late years among us which seems to involve a new dispensation. If you go to Communion on the first Fridays of nine consecutive months it is said you will not die without the Sacraments and will have the grace of final perseverance. This is called the twelfth promise made to Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque. Some twenty years ago we used to have nine of these promises, then two more were added and to crown all, the twelfth. The words of this promise are: 'I promise thee in the excess of the mercy of My Heart, that Its all-powerful love will grant to all those who receive Communion on the first Fridays nine months consecutively the grace of final repentance, and that they shall not die under My displeasure nor without receiving their Sacraments; and My Heart shall be their secure refuge at their last hour.' . . . Points on which I want information are: (1) The origin; (2) The history of the practice, (3) Why is it we hear of it only in recent years? (4) What is to be thought of the practice? (5) Does it answer?"*

Now, though this writer here makes allusion only to a special form of devotion to the Sacred Heart, popularly called the "nine first Fridays," still there are some Catholics who

* The *London Tablet*, July 21, 1900, p. 99.

go much farther. They speak in a tone little less than contemptuous of the entire devotion to the Sacred Heart, and habitually carp at devotional practices in general. And hence a few words on the proper concept of devotion, and on devotion to the Sacred Heart in particular, may not be out of place.

THE NINE FIRST FRIDAYS AND THE COUNCIL OF TRENT.

But first, we must say something about the special devotion, which the writer in the London *Tablet* criticised. As the editor of that paper pointed out, and as is commonly known, the origin and foundation of the practice is the promise made by our Lord to the Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, that all who receive Communion on the first Fridays of nine consecutive months will be granted the grace of final perseverance. The promise has been preached throughout the world, proclaimed from the pulpit, scattered abroad through the press, and repeated again and again wherever a Jesuit priest has acted as the missionary of God—and that means little short of the entire world. And the church, so watchful over the devotions of her children, has never uttered one word of warning or censure, even when this promise with the other revelations of the Blessed Margaret Mary were subjected to the closest scrutiny, that Rome might give an official verdict on the sanctity of the holy nun.

Devotions, however, are sometimes subject to abuse and misunderstanding. And it may be well to quote here the words of the editor of the *Tablet*:* “While, therefore, we should not expect an authoritative declaration on the genuineness of this particular revelation, we may recognize that the church leaves us free to accept it, provided always we understand it in a sense which nowise contradicts her teaching. For the same Lord whom we may believe to have made this revelation is He who teaches us always through the mouth of His Church. Now, the 16th canon of the Council of Trent says:

“*If any one, who has not learned it by special revelation, declares, with absolute and infallible certainty, that he is assuredly to receive the great gift of final perseverance, let him be anathema.*”

Those, therefore, who believe the Twelfth Promise to have been really made must take care to understand it in such a way as not to fall under the condemnation of this canon. In other words, their confidence in the promise must not be turned into presumption; they must not declare, as with abso-

* July 28, 1900.

lute and infallible certainty, that, whatever they may do during the remainder of their lives, after making the 'Nine Fridays,' they will in the end be saved."

Now, perhaps it is true that the superstitious use of this devotion on the part of a few has prejudiced the minds of many against it; perhaps some do think that their salvation is absolutely secure when once they have "made the nine Fridays," forgetting that such promises are subject to unexpressed conditions, which they may never fulfil. But this is not the only mistake made in connection with devotion to the Sacred Heart; and while a superstitious abuse of it is certainly very rare, the opposite fault occurs frequently enough among a class of Catholics who, looking askance at revelations, and promises made in visions, become through a false spirit of liberalism ever more and more separated from that inner supernatural world wherein the saints have lived in almost unveiled contemplation of the glorious being of God. Perhaps one reason of their disaffection from the mind of the church is the influence upon their own minds of modern rationalistic principles. But why did such principles gain sway over their minds to the exclusion of Catholic piety? Is Catholic devotion so sickly and weak as to be blasted like the birds of spring, when first it comes in contact with the icy winds of modern disbelief? Not at all! True Catholic devotion can be shrivelled by no wintry blast but that of sin; destroyed by no contact—unless a sympathetic one—with the rational and naturalistic tendencies of the modern world. And if the devotion of a Catholic soul is blighted by chance associations, we usually find that the real cause is utter misunderstanding of what devotion truly is. For this reason it will be worth while to explain the Catholic idea of devotion.

CATHOLIC IDEA OF DEVOTION.

Man is destined by his very nature to union with God, and the virtue by which this union is accomplished we call religion. With religion devotion is blended inseparably. It is, so to speak, the fervent exercise of religion, the joyful enthusiasm of loving intercourse between the soul and God. We may define it, with St. Thomas, as "a certain will of promptly giving one's self up to those things which pertain to the service of God";* or in the less technical—and perhaps less exact—words of St. Francis de Sales, as "nothing else but that spiritual agility and vivacity by which Charity works in us, or we

* *Sum. Th.*, 2, 2æ, q lxxxii., a. 1.

work in it, with alacrity and affection."* It is absolutely necessary, then, that God should in some way enter into our devotion. If devotion to the saints and their relics were to exclude from our acts of veneration their elevation to God, if our acts of praise and love should find in creatures a final goal, then would our devotion be destroyed and become either a sinful superstition or an empty reverence, that could play no part in real spiritual life.

Now, many ill-instructed persons are incapable of expressing a higher conception of devotion than to describe it as a certain sentiment of joy aroused by the veneration of images and visits to the shrines of the saints. And it sometimes happens that even the well instructed, accustomed to find devotion in the sanctified creatures of God, lose sight of its primary significance, and fail to refer to the honor and glory of God the love and praise they lavish on a saint. Such as these may find some difficulty in understanding the doctrine of the greatest of our theologians, St. Thomas Aquinas, who says that even the humanity of Christ, though worthy of divine adoration in virtue of its union with the Deity, is not the principal object of our devotion, which should transcend in its lofty flight all created things however sacred, and find in the heights and the depths of the infinite essence of God its true home, and the only haven in which it can peacefully and finally rest.†

MINOR DEVOTIONS ARE BUT BY-WAYS.

From this we see that devotion to particular saints, so much emphasized in the present age, does not represent devotion in its highest possible form. These customs are but so many types of a lower kind of devotion, which reaches God only through a succession of mediums. They are distinguished one from another by the very names, which indicate that they are at best but indirect means to the ultimate union which must be formed between the soul and God. If one fosters devotion to a saint or a relic, he has indeed a very laudable practice, which may stir up within him a feeling of loyalty and zeal to the standard which that saint has raised—the banner of his service to God—the emblem of Truth and Justice and Charity to God and man. But let such a one always remember that at present he is following a path which will issue finally in a highway, and that this latter is to lead him into the presence of God. Let him take care that he does not

* *Introduction to a Devout Life*, Book II. ch. i. † *Sum. Th.*, 2, 2, lxxxii., 3 ad sec.

tarry too long on the by-way, and waste the precious time that should have been spent in travelling onward along the royal road of direct communion with God. In fact the by-ways of special devotion are meant to be the shady, pleasant roads along which one may go with ease and pleasure, until finally he gains the royal highway, that leads directly to the throne of God.

St. Ignatius has given us a precious rule for guidance in the choice of devotions. "Man," says he, "must make use of them [all creatures] in so far as they help him to attain his end [God], and in the same way he ought to withdraw himself from them in so far as they hinder him from it."* This is one rule, at least, which admits of no exception. With what profit it could be applied by a number of earnest souls, who burden themselves and impede their spiritual progress through the indiscreet practice of many special devotions, so that their precious time is spent wholly in culling flowers along the by-roads of devotional life! Would that the universal application of this maxim of St. Ignatius were more clearly understood! Would that all Catholics could fully appreciate that religion is essentially an internal thing, a virtue by which they offer a clean oblation of their whole selves to God; and that devotion is the fervent act by which this offering is repeated time and time again, in countless varying ways, with enthusiasm, ardor, and holy joy! Would that a steady hand were found somewhere diligently to apply itself to the labor of pruning, so that the useless and rotten branches of perverted devotion might be cut off and cast into the fire!

EXTERNAL PRACTICES SOMETIMES MISLEADING.

And even though a soul has been properly guided in the choice of its devotional practices, another handle to misunderstanding and abuse is offered by the gaudy livery—distracting to those of good taste—with which modern devotions are too often clothed. Since devotion is of its nature an *interior* act of religion, the sodality, the prescribed prayer, the badge, and the medal are only the external signs of interior sentiments, mere accidentals with which the Christian soul may on occasion altogether dispense, while—in theory at least—remaining absorbed in deep and loving communion with God and his glorious saints. True enough, we are not, therefore, justified in concluding that external practices are injurious or of little practical value to internal piety. Such a doctrine would be

* The Text of the *Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius*, Burns & Oates, London, p. 12.

altogether out of harmony with the mind of the church, clearly manifested in her repeated sanction of innumerable sodalities, and in the offer of immense spiritual favors to those who enroll themselves in her various confraternities. The utility of the sodality is patent, and needs no defence; but its proper function, as a bulwark to human weakness, is sometimes forgotten, devotion is degraded into a system of props and stays, and sanctity becomes a flimsy and ill-balanced affair, ready to topple over the moment its multitudinous external supports are removed. It is not always easy to answer a hostile critic who complains that certain devotees should spend more time and energy in erecting a solid edifice of true piety, and less in the invention of ingenious devices for the support of a dozen shaky outhouses, weak from the foundations to the worm-eaten rafters of the roof.

In an article entitled "Rights of the Temporal"—of which, however, we cannot approve in all its particulars—Orestes A. Brownson has expressed himself on this matter in terms that are strong—perhaps too strong. But, at any rate, he was writing against an evil not imaginary in his time, and we fear not altogether unknown even now. His words are as follows:

"It cannot well be doubted that in our times faith with many is weak, and devotion pale and sickly. So many medicines as are made use of would not be needed if the faithful were in sound health and full strength. We see it in our devotional literature for the people, when compared with that which has come down to us from earlier and manlier ages. In scarcely one of our popular and devotional works of modern date will you find a moderate space devoted to thoughtful and *direct* devotion to God. Indirect and external devotions predominate over the internal and direct. We do the little and half mechanical things, and shrink from the greater and more intellectual. We fall into the condition of those who 'pay tithes of anise, cummin, and mint, and pass over justice, and judgment, and the weightier matters of the law,' forgetful that 'these we should have done, and not have left the other undone.'"

PROTESTANT ACCUSATIONS AND MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

The evil mentioned by Dr. Brownson is one that has always given rise on the part of many Protestants to a gross misunderstanding of Catholic devotion. Looking at us from without, and through prejudiced eyes, they see a people with intellects "slavishly fettered by the complicated bandages of dogmatic formality," a people "lost in the labyrinth of devo-

tional superstition," a people who, "vainly endeavoring to approach the meek and loving Christ through suite after suite of antechambers, in each one of which the image or relic of a saint is enshrined for their sinful adoration, and before which they feel a strange obligation to tarry while exhausting both body and soul with innumerable mutterings, genuflections, and prostrations, till they sink under the burden of their labors, or death overtakes them in the blind attempt to approach that Saviour who loves and pities them so deeply, but whom they know so little, think of so seldom, and love with so intermittent, weak, and languid an affection." Reflecting thus, our friends then proceed to boast of their undogmatic Christianity, of their love which knows not the shackles of faith, and look down upon the slavish orientalism of Catholic devotion, and on the Catholic people who "honor God with their lips, but whose heart is far from him"; and their hearts are stirred by pity or hatred accordingly as their moods and dispositions vary.

Now, perhaps we cannot declare that ill-instructed Catholics have never acted in a way to occasion such criticisms as these; but we can say that Protestants who look upon Catholic devotion in this way misunderstand the actual teaching of the church. They do not even examine it through colored spectacles; but rather limit their field of vision by putting a kaleidoscope before their eyes. They see not realities, but fantastic images. Blind to the solid root and branch, they perceive but the excrescences, the fungous growth.

DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART A PRIMARY DEVOTION.

Our comments are strikingly confirmed by the superficial view some take on the matter mentioned in the title of this paper. With regard to the devotion toward the Sacred Heart, no one in his sober senses can criticise anything but the *accidental* evils attached to a praiseworthy devotion. For no one can say that it keeps a soul away from the meek and loving Christ, unless that soul, instead of giving its main attention to real devotion, is distracted therefrom, and in spite of warning dissipates its energy in a multitude of sodality details which are not real devotion. And the reason of its worth lies not merely in the fact that the Sacred Heart of Christ is worthy of divine adoration in virtue of its hypostatic union with the Eternal Word, but also because our devotion is not directed to the isolated member, but to the Divine person of the Incarnate Word—that is, to God Himself—as possessing a human nature and a living Heart, which is the symbol of his Infinite Love for man.

Even devotion to Christ's blessed Mother, holy and sublime as it is, must be reckoned as theologically inferior to the devotion which we pay without any medium whatsoever to Jesus Christ in His Sacred Heart. For Jesus the man is a God-man. He is altogether unique in the scale of being, his human nature, soul and body, in whole and in part—the nail-pierced Hands and Feet, the thorn-crowned Brow, the lance-opened Heart—are all worthy of divine adoration in virtue of the divinity which assumed them.

And when we address that Sacred Heart, which lives and beats in the bosom of our Lord, we may without uttering a single word hold personal converse with our Lord. For our souls may transcend the barriers of words; and without even a personified use of the term heart, the imagination may behold that sacred symbol of Christ's infinite love, and the soul commune with Jesus Christ, its Saviour and its God.

THE HEART OF CHRIST THE TRUE OBJECT.

It has happened that some, wishing to abolish devotion to the real Heart of Christ—perhaps because they ill understood the import of the hypostatic union—put forth the doctrine that our devotion is not to the Heart of flesh, but only to the symbolical Heart—that is, to the love of Christ. For the examination and final settlement of this question the Catholic world is mainly indebted to the labors of Jesuit theologians, whose devout and scholarly writings have at last made it the universally accepted doctrine, that the true object of our devotion is not the so-called symbolical Heart, but that Sacred Heart which now beats in heaven in the adorable bosom of Christ, and which on earth was pierced on Calvary for our sins. Indeed, how could any true Catholic mind ever have conceived of a doctrine different from this?

Is it not strange that Catholics can be led to treat the devotion to the Sacred Heart with sneering scorn? There are such Catholics, however, and we can account for their spirit of contempt only on the hypothesis that they have mistaken certain external practices for the real devotion, never having been brought to realize the important function which this devotion is capable of performing in our spiritual life. But this would imply likewise that they never have understood the Incarnation. Just as, in turn, those who let devotion degenerate into superstition can never have realized that the end of man is the contemplation of God, and that the true aim of sanctity, even in this life, is the union between the creature and his

Creator, between man and God. The Humanity of Christ leads us to this goal; for, steeped as we are in the things of sense, our carnal nature is incapable of rising at once, even by the ordinary aids of grace, to the love and contemplation of the simple essence of God. And the means which God ordinarily takes to tempt us to venture upon our first faltering steps toward himself is sensible devotion.

The Blessed Angela of Foligno, a Franciscan tertiary of the thirteenth century (describing the steps by which she ascended to God), after having told how she learned to know and detest her sins, passes on to tell of her progress along the path of sensible devotion in contemplation of the sufferings of Christ. And she speaks of a vision in which she saw the Heart of Christ. "In the thirteenth place," she writes, "persevering in this prayer and desire [of keeping in memory the passion of Christ] I fell into a dream in which the Heart of Christ was shown me, and it was said to me: 'In this Heart there is no falsehood, but all things are true.'"^{*} Here is a valuable suggestion for those attracted to loftiest and most interior virtue.

To us, even as to the Blessed Angela, the vision of the Heart of Christ may be a step by which to ascend to a deeper love and higher contemplation of God. Oh! that this spirit of St. Francis, which animated her so powerfully, were to descend upon our languid souls, quickening and inflaming them with the love of Jesus Crucified. At the least, devotion to the Sacred Heart may well give us more of that saintly instinct which sees in every creature a lovely miniature of the inexpressible beauty of God. If St. Francis could dwell in ecstatic contemplation of the commonplace things of nature, of the flowers, the trees, the birds, and the beasts, surely we can possess some tiny spark of that holy fire of love which makes of every creature "a mirror of life and a book of holy teaching." How can we, carnal-minded as we are, fail to find an ever-fruitful source of holy thoughts in that Sacred Heart of Christ, which rests at the apex of the material creation, enshrining the most sacred mysteries of man's redemption?

THE HIGHER STATES OF CONTEMPLATION.

And what closer threshold to the higher states of contemplative prayer can we find than the spirit of true devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus? What soul, which has accustomed itself to address that Adorable Heart with aspirations of burn-

^{*} *Catholic Mysticism*, illustrated from the Writings of Blessed Angela of Foligno, by Algar Thorold, p. 100.

ing love, will fail to taste at least the lesser joys of contemplative union with God? For the spirit that communes with Christ in humble adoration of his Sacred Heart will rise on the wings of love to ever higher and loftier heights of prayer, until in the beauty of Christ's humanity is revealed the glory of his divinity, and the soul flying on and on is lost to the world and itself in the sublime recesses of the Godhead.

And this interior devotion is what Jesus mainly asks of us. It is not necessary—though it may be helpful—that we should bind ourselves to any confraternity or any set of practices. In fact, if mechanical details are apt to become burdensome and lead to formality it is better for us to remain free of obligations. But that from which we cannot excuse ourselves is the duty of real interior devotion to the Sacred Heart, and to every other part, and to the whole, of the Divine Humanity. What Abbot Blossius wrote in the sixteenth century still remains true: The servant of God ought, moreover, to commend his works and exercises to the kind Heart, sweeter than honey itself, of our Lord Jesus Christ, that he may amend and perfect them. For the Heart of Jesus is inseparably united to the Godhead, and all good flows continually from it."* To subject all our works, our whole life, to the Sacred Heart, this should be our highest ambition; and in as far as external means help us to this, in so far should we use them—and no farther. But let no Catholic carp at this sacred devotion; let every Catholic heart re-echo the words in which the Holy Father has consecrated all men, Catholic and non-Catholic, to the most Sacred Heart of Jesus; let every Catholic mind perceive therein the indication of those changeless principles which make devotion to the Sacred Heart, rightly understood, a necessary consequence of faith in the Incarnate God. To-day especially, if we would be in full sympathy with the mind of the church, we cannot refuse to second on our part the official action of our Holy Father. He is guided from on high in speaking to us, and even utterances which are not *ex cathedra* are in some way prompted and shaped by the Holy Ghost guiding Christ's Vicar. Let criticism be stilled, then, when Leo speaks; and let his beautifully-worded sanction of Devotion to the Sacred Heart be as the final touch to a long series of approvals. Now and for evermore let the Catholic, ambitious of spiritual growth, press close to the bleeding Heart of the Crucified Saviour of the world, the God-man, Jesus Christ our Lord.

* *A Book of Spiritual Instruction*, ch. ix. p. 745. St. Louis: B. Herder. 1900.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMAN AND
POSTERITY.

BY WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.



WHEN the nineteenth century was passing away many pens set to work to tell of the great things which had been accomplished, of the wonderful discoveries which had been made since the century dawned. Evolution, electricity, astronomy, medicine, all were brought in to prove that no other age had equalled the nineteenth. Yet was there not something left out in this well-merited chorus of praise? We think there was; and if we were asked to name the distinguishing note of this dear, departed century, we should say that it was the birth of a new womanhood. For the first time in the history of the world woman had come to the front not only to assert her rights, but what was vastly more important, to oblige man to listen to her. In making this claim for the gentler sex we, of course, are aware that history tells us of women talented and learned who in the past have won for themselves high rank in different spheres of life: some were instructors, some were warriors, others were queens. But these women were marked exceptions; we might compare them to beacon lights breaking through the surrounding darkness. They shone for a brief space. Men gazed upon them in wonder, and that ended it. Nor could it well have been otherwise. We are too apt to forget how much we are the creatures of surrounding conditions, of the environment. Take up any history and see how in former days war followed war with very little intermission: a whole lifetime might pass away without a war coming to an end. Man, during what may be called the ages of violence, was above all things a fighting animal; and we honestly believe that our helmeted, iron-clad forefathers did thoroughly enjoy killing one another. Agincourt and Bosworth field were infinitely more enjoyable pastimes than playing at golf and foot-ball.

And while the knight and his retainers were thus performing their manly duties, woman necessarily stayed at home, hidden in the castle and the hovel, and praying for the day when she might see again the gleam of her husband's battle-axe. But when man became less doggish, less pugnacious, when he

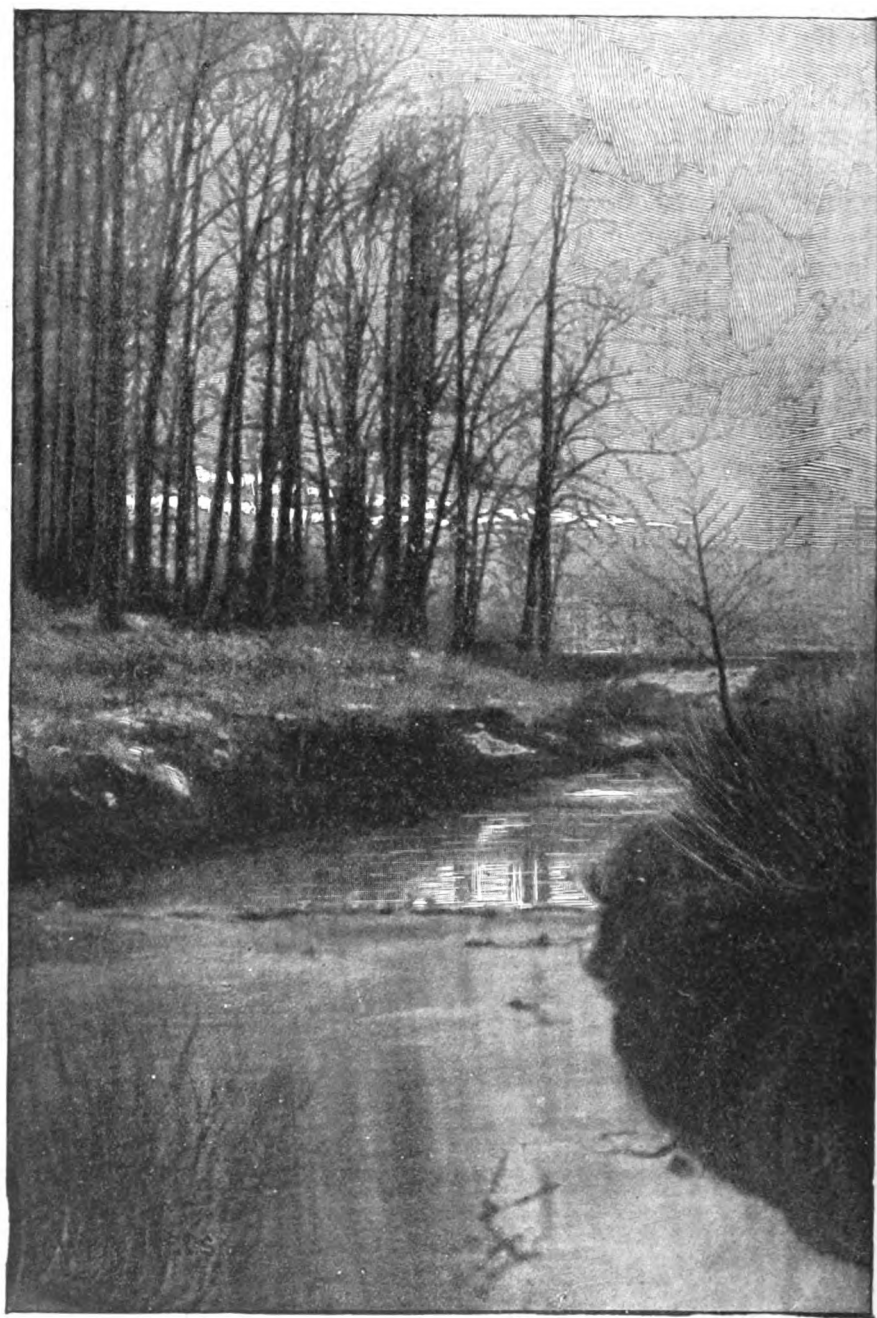
turned his thoughts more to trade and the arts of peace, woman little by little crawled out of her hiding-place and determined to become something higher than a mere drudge, a never-ending stocking-mender.

And may we not truly say that it is in the United States that woman's voice has been most loudly raised to demand her rights? And is not the American woman to-day in a better position than in any other country? Those who would gainsay this have surely not travelled abroad and marked the contrast in this respect between the old world and the new. And if woman does enjoy here what she does not enjoy in other lands, is it not thanks to her own courage in not resting meek and satisfied with the crumbs which her lord was willing to throw to her? And the result of her efforts is that we have among us not a few women of note in every profession; and we have women's colleges where women may be fitted to compete with men in translating Greek as well as in measuring the parallax of a star.

But in every great step in advance there may lurk some evil, and we hope and pray that woman with her new learning, her expanded intellect, may still have the wisdom to stay what God has made her: not indeed man's plaything, not his serf, but his helpmate and his best beloved. And it is certainly refreshing for a Catholic to behold alongside of our new University in Washington another institution—namely, Trinity College, in charge of the Sisters of Notre Dame—where a woman may aspire to the highest scholarship without losing her Christian womanliness. The evil at which we have hinted above as coming perhaps with woman's emancipation is a tendency to make the future woman more manlike, and the future man more womanly. More than one wife of late years has striven for the same political office as her husband, and she has beaten him too in the race. Here the man has manifested less virility than his grandfather, or even his father, possessed. He would rather be beaten at the polls than have trouble at the fire-side. Now, this convergence of characters, this approximation of the sexes, would, if long continued, seriously endanger the progressive evolution of the race. It might lead to retrogressive development and—except through a miracle—to final extinction.

It is true that one writer maintains that the more woman studies, and the more bookish she becomes, the more agreeable she will be, because through increased brain-work she will be apt to talk less. But may not this lead to more talkativeness on the part of the man? Nor does this same writer object to female suffrage. He seems not to perceive that in claiming

the right to vote, woman—who is a creature of the emotions—is too often carried away by a single idea. She has in view, perchance, some great reform, such as universal temperance; she does not look beyond immediate effects; she does not perceive that the final outcome of equal rights in all things might be harmful to posterity. It would certainly change woman's present environment, and this change in her environment—bringing demands for increased activity—would work a baneful psychical effect on the woman of the future. New duties added to those which the Creator has destined woman to bear, would make exhausting draughts on her nervous organism, and degeneration, albeit slow in making its appearance, would come in the end. We cannot, indeed, pay too much attention to the influence of the nervous system in vital processes, for it is through the nervous system that all experiences are registered and handed down to the offspring. But here some one may say that the principle of natural selection will come into play, and preserve the race from degenerating through elimination of the weaklings; only those women will survive to wed and to become mothers who are able to bear the strain of increased intellectual activity. Well, we frankly admit natural selection to be the dominant factor of development. But we believe that what Lloyd Morgan tells us in *Habit and Instinct* (p. 334) is true: “. . . it would seem that, when we have to deal with civilized mankind, natural selection is no longer a factor of predominant importance.” Conscious choice, in this age of the world, has largely superseded natural selection: we have shaken off its bondage, and we make our own ideals in wedlock and parenthood without asking by your leave of Nature. The unfit nowadays are, as a rule, not eliminated. It is, therefore, of vital importance that the new woman should bear in mind that she is still a woman. Let her study as much as she pleases; and we rejoice to see her reaching up for a high place in the arts and sciences. But she will gain nothing, she will lose much, by wishing to play man's part in life. Let him do the battling, let her be queen of the home. Above all, let her hold fast to the Christian faith. And if, after graduating with highest honors, she insists on keeping up her study of—well, let us say Astronomy, we doubt not but the telescope will not bother her husband half so much as it will the baby on her lap; and we venture to predict that she will find more delight in its twinkling eyes than in all the planets of the solar system.



"TO MY GARDEN BROOK I STEAL."

THE GARDEN BROOK.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

Where the spicy briar-rose
Buds and blows
At my garden's edge, there flows
Such a brook as bards extol.
It is neither deep nor wide;
You could span it with a stride;
But the music of its tide
Glads my soul.

Over smooth or vexing things
How it sings!
How it laughs in sunny rings,
So content with every kind!
Torn by ledges sharp, or kissed
Into pools of amethyst—
Where a truer optimist
Can you find?

Often, when my coward heart
Shirks its part,
Or grows weak with sorrow's smart,
To my garden brook I steal.
There the brave, sweet, hopeful song
Shows me how repining's wrong,
Cheers my soul and makes it strong,
As I kneel.

Little messenger of good
From the wood,
From the mountain solitude!
Heav'n and earth thy gospel prove.
Music flows in every spot;
Life is blest in every lot.
Let's be glad, and grumble not,
Trusting Love!

MEMORY.

BY BERT MARTEL.

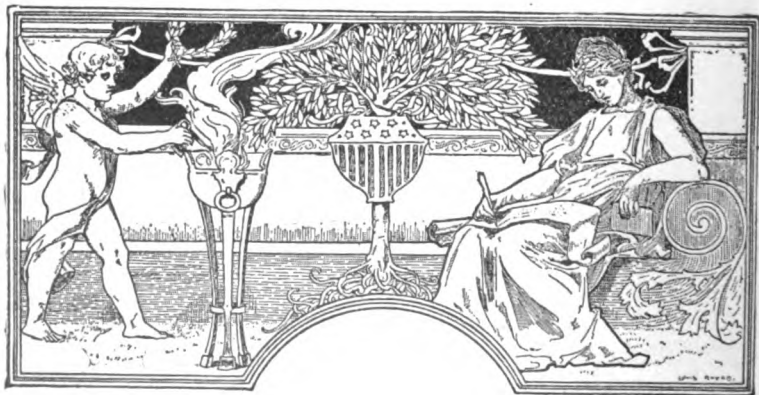


WEET as the dew in the heart of a rose,
Pure as the mountain's highest snows,
Gladdening as Dawn, sweet Memory goes
Over the world in glee.

Recalling friends who are far away,
Telling of joy's ephemeral day,
Whispering of hearts who will lovingly pray
For all eternity.

As mariner wrecked on a midnight sea,
As a mother in dread for the babe on her knee,
As a dying soul in its agony
Looks for the Coming of Day:

So memory yearns for the friends who were true,
So memory speaks in your sorrow to you,
Like the stars in the sky when hidden from view,
Of life and love away.



THE LAST DAYS OF CHRISTIAN CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY REV. F. X. MCGOWAN.



HE calamities that overthrow empires are only the chastisement of their sins. After Jerusalem, Constantinople has been and is to-day a terrible example of this fateful historic law. Ever fond of religious contention, the Byzantine city had warmed in its bosom all heresies, even when it had not given birth directly to them. It persisted stubbornly in schism, though God had employed all means to withdraw its people from it. Time and again, during the long lapse of eight hundred years, He sent the sword of the Turk to punish this stiff-necked nation, but it would listen to nothing. Herein lay Byzantium's ruin.

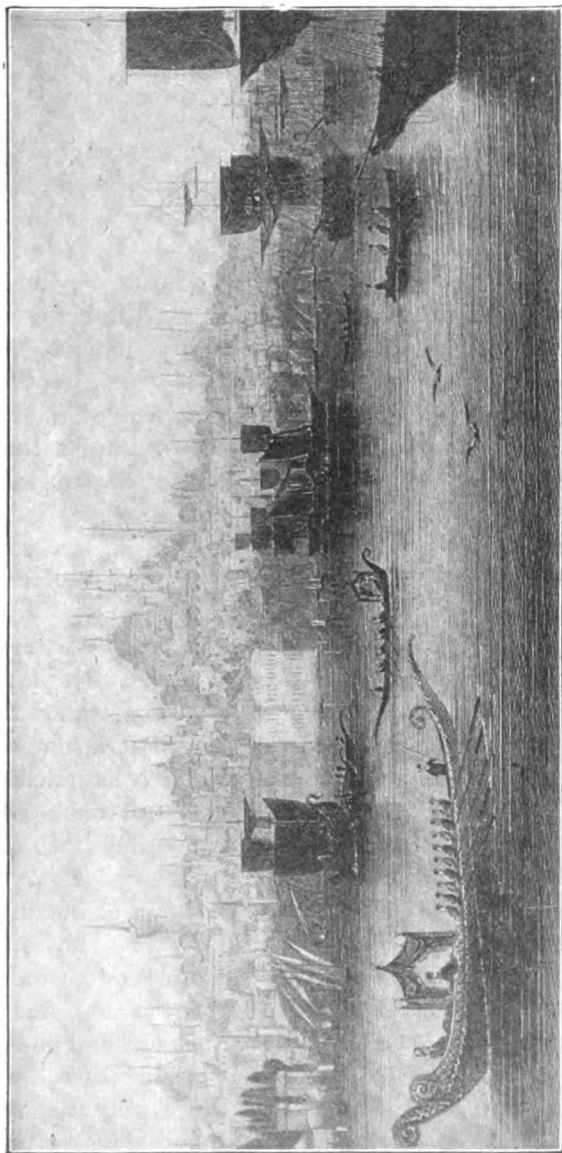
A French writer, M. L. Christian, has drawn, in an excellent historical study, a graphic picture of the last days of Christian Constantinople.

The attempt at union between the Eastern and Western Churches, made in the Council of Florence (1439), was the last grace offered the Greeks by Heaven, and they were faithless to it. The prelates who were delegated by the Patriarch of Constantinople subscribed to the profession of faith submitted by Pope Eugene IV., but the Byzantine soul had not changed. When the prelates were descending from the galleys which brought them back to the Golden Horn they perceived a large crowd hastening to meet them. "Has the Greek cause triumphed?" shouted the anxious multitude. The bishops avowed their submission to the council's decree, as one would confess his weakness. "We were afraid of the Franks," they said, "and that was why we signed." "But," asked somebody, "did the Franks use violence towards you? Did they beat you with rods or cast you into prison?" "No," was the reply, "but since the hand has signed, let it be cut off; since the tongue has confessed, let it be plucked out." The hands were not cut off, nor the tongue plucked out. But with the stubborn, prejudiced people of Constantinople the decree of the Florentine Council was a dead-letter. The emperor, John

Palæologus, did not urge its execution. "Some of the bishops," writes Michael Ducas, "acted with other aims in view. They exacted everything from the Latins in the way of sumptuous

treatment, thus raising hope by their good graces. Considerable sums of money were expended on and for them. They sold their faith, but, more guilty than Judas, they did not bring back the money which had been given them." "The celestial fire," Ducas adds, "was kindled in Jacob, and the divine wrath arose in Israel." The people, rebellious against truth, were to be cruelly punished.

Mahomet II. ascended the throne of the sultans. Amurat, his father, had left him at death a formidable empire, which extended from the Taurus to the Danube, from the waters of



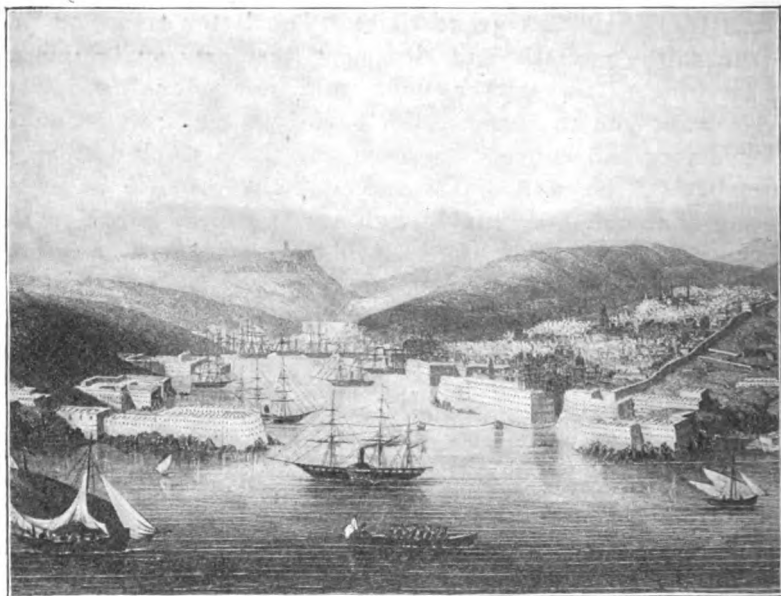
GALLEYS AT THE GOLDEN HORN.

Greece to the Euxine Sea. The crescent waved everywhere save at Constantinople. Impetuous, eager for military glory, impatient of obstacles, the young sultan could not look at the

imperial city without groaning with envy. One sleepless night he sent for Khalil, his grand-vizier. The latter trembled, fearing the sultan's wrath and death. "Rest assured," Mahomet said to him, "it is neither your gold nor your life I want; what I want you to give me is Constantinople"; and, pointing to his disordered couch after his vain efforts to find sleep, "I cannot sleep," he added, "if you do not promise at last to give me that about which I dream day and night." "You shall have it, my master," replied Khalil. "I have long divined your wishes in this respect. Everything is ready. Constantinople or my head shall be at your feet." Profiting by the dissensions that prevailed at the Byzantine court, Mahomet marched towards the capital, extending his possessions and displaying his bold and ambitious zeal so far as to build on the shores of the Bosphorus, at a distance of only two leagues from Constantinople, immense fortifications. Nobody was in doubt as to his intentions.

Constantine XII., Palæologus, trembled on his throne. He made a despairing appeal to Pope Nicholas V., begging the latter to save him and to interest the Christian nations in his cause. Were the emperor conquered, Islam would penetrate into the heart of Europe and overrun all countries with its barbaric hordes. Nicholas V. brought to Constantine's notice the finger of God dominating this fearful condition of things. The pope promised his mediation and assistance, but he also demanded that the emperor should cease to postpone the return to union under the most futile pretexts. It was urgent to appease God's wrath.

"Do the Greeks imagine," wrote the Roman Pontiff, "that the Pope and the Western Church have their eyes closed, and that they do not understand what these excuses and delays mean? They do understand, but they are patient, fixing their regards on the Lord Jesus Christ, the eternal Pontiff, who commanded that the unproductive fig-tree which the master wished to cut down should be spared until the third year." The pope's words were to be verified with all the severity of a prophecy. Spoken and written in 1451, they were accomplished to the letter in the third year, 1453. Constantinople was cut off from the Christian nations like the barren fig-tree. Constantine Dragoses submitted and welcomed the pope's legate, Isidore of Russia, a Greek by birth, with all the respect and honor due the representative of the Holy See. But in the churches and monasteries there was a different aspect of

CONSTANTINOPLE HAS LANGUISHED UNDER TURKISH RULE.

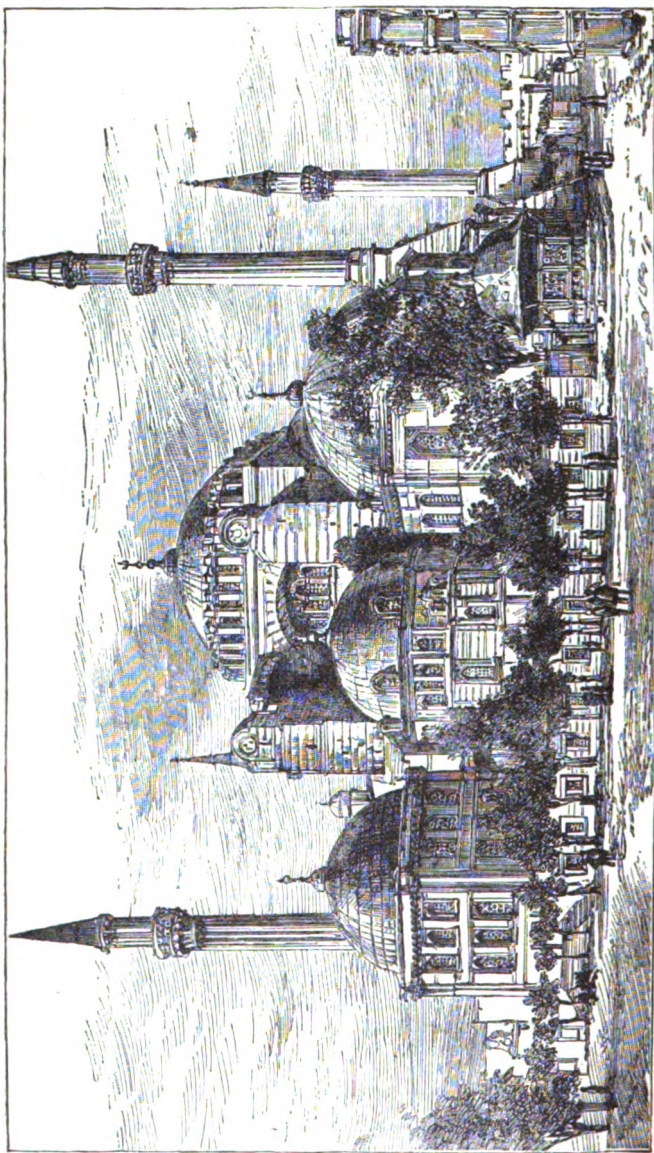
affairs. There the inmates murmured against the emperor, and the reconciliation was only apparent. A splendid ceremony with Grecian pomp and majesty was held in St. Sophia's to celebrate by a solemn act the union of the churches. The Papal delegate offered the Divine Mysteries in the presence of a vast throng, and the name of the reigning pontiff, together with that of the patriarch, was mentioned in the service. Constantine with his entire court assisted at the Holy Sacrifice, and the solemnity was most imposing. Alas! it was to be the last festival celebrated in Justinian's famous basilica. This grand church, that had heard so many eloquent voices and had seen so many councils held within its sacred precincts, was soon to be the scene of frightful bloodshed and abominable sacrilege.

Let us cast one lingering look on this sumptuous edifice in its last, supreme brilliance as God's holy temple. If we are to judge by what is left of it to-day, despite the devastation of the Moslems and the nameless stuff that covers its walls, how beautiful, at this period, must have been this grandiose edifice with all the splendor of its riches! When Justinian looked in ecstasy at his magnificent monument completed, he

exclaimed: "Glory be to God, who hath judged me worthy to finish this work! O Solomon! I have surpassed thee."

Wherever the eye wandered everything shone, sparkled, and glittered as in an enchanted palace. Nothing was too costly, too grand for this temple; there were precious marbles, ivory, mother-of-pearl, coral, and the reflection of mosaics in a thousand shades of color. Colossal images of angels and saints stood out detached from the golden groundwork of the vaulting. Everywhere the sacred icons shone with their delicate tints and heavenly countenances. Here were immense candelabra of massive gold; there sacred books, the *Evangelists*, illuminated in the most varied style. Golden thrones, ornamented with fine pearls, were erected for the patriarch and the emperor, and prominently placed was that magnificent pulpit which was inlaid with forty thousand pounds of silver. Farther down in the church was the altar, whose richness was incomparable, and over it dominated the tabernacle under a massive cupola that was supported by four silver columns. But to the Christian kneeling in prayer the most impressive object was the gigantic figure of Christ, Divine Wisdom, which touched the pavement with its feet and reached with its head to the vault of the apsis. How quickly one's sight was lost in the immense dome with its sacred images, its floral decorations, its gold-work and large bays through which the light of the Orient penetrated and shone as if with a thousand fires. "Only the vault of heaven is worthy the Creator," Anthemius the architect said to Justinian, and he proceeded forthwith to throw up in the air a daring dome on which he did not fear to inscribe these words: "God built it, God will uphold it." The wealth of the most illustrious monuments of antiquity was collected in this splendid edifice. Here might be seen eight columns of green breccia taken from the temple of Diana at Ephesus, and eight porphyry columns, the grand remains of the Temple of the Sun at Hieropolis. The ancient temples of Cyzicus, Alexandria, Troas, Delos, Athens, and Egypt gave their treasures to this Christian church. Let us represent to ourselves the long galleries, the one hundred and seven columns whose shadows lengthened down the pavement of marble transported from the island of Proconesus, the one hundred bronze doors with their silver bas-reliefs; then the maze of chapels, stairways, oratories, synod halls, etc., and add to this astonishing sight the sumptuous ornaments of the Oriental liturgy, the dazzling costumes of the courtiers, and the numberless throng

158 , *LAST DAYS OF CHRISTIAN CONSTANTINOPLE*. [May, in bright-hued robes with a mingling of purple capes, collars of precious stones, and silk gowns. See how that solid mass



ST. SOPHIA IS NOW A MOHAMMEDAN MOSQUE.

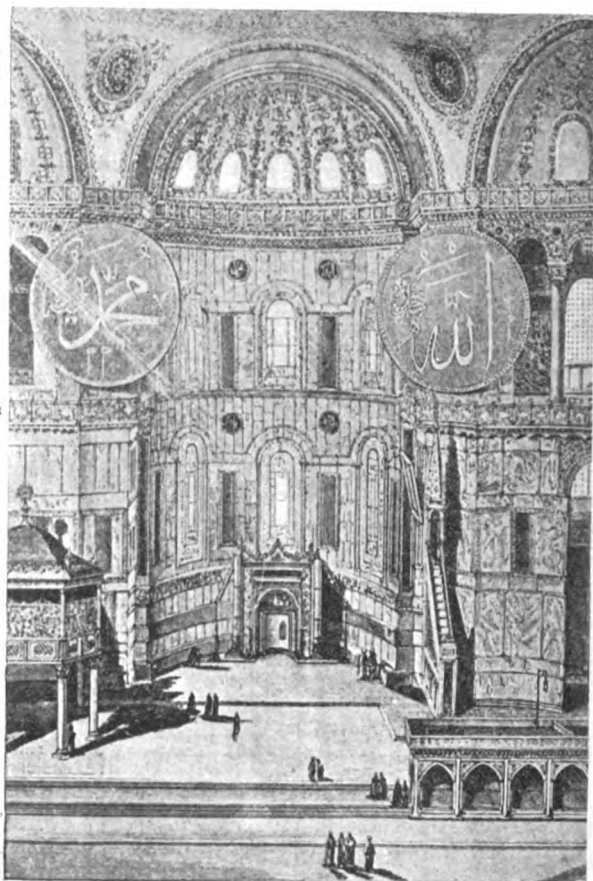
of living beings moves and presses its way under the huge nave lighted up by six thousand candelabra !

Notwithstanding the solemnities and magnificence displayed, the union was accepted solely to please the emperor. In the

monasteries and among the people the olden prejudice against the Latins still obtained and was daily fermenting. It promised to be more active than ever. People began to grumble at first in indistinct tones; soon the arch-conspirator, the monk Genadius, stirred up the populace, and tumultuous gatherings were to be seen in every part of the city. The very dregs of the community united in bands, like desperate conspirators, raising disturbances and swearing, as they drank, that they preferred to die by the cimeter to accepting an alliance and help from the Latins. St. Sophia was deserted. Many discontents affected not to enter it any more, and regarded it as impure as a Jewish synagogue because it had been profaned by the pope's legate. The Holy Sacrifice was no longer offered at its altars, and the priests, fearing to incur popular odium, avoided it. The Latin name was dragged in the dust. History has recorded the foolish, but hateful, expression of the Grand Duke Notaras: "I would rather see the turban of the Turks in the city than the tiara of the Latins." His wish was to be soon realized.

In April, 1453, Mahomet II. appeared before the walls of Constantinople at the head of an army of 400,000 men, followed on sea by a fleet of 400 ships. He had with him 150 pieces of artillery, without reckoning the balistæ, catapults, and ancient engines of war. Deserters had betrayed the secrets of the place, and had given useful information concerning the preparations for the siege. A cannon-founder named Orban stole out of Constantinople and proceeded directly to the sultan's tent. "Can you," the Turk said to him—"can you cast for me a cannon equal to the force of thunder, so that the balls thrown by it will crush to atoms the city's walls?" "I can cast one," said Orban, "which would raze the ramparts of Babylon." Orban did, in fact, cast a brass cannon the ammunition of which weighed twelve hundred pounds. Five hundred yoke of oxen were needed to drag this monstrous piece of warfare across Thrace to the walls of Byzantium. The deployment of forces used by the sultan was in reality necessary to reduce the city, which had hitherto been considered impregnable.

Constantinople occupied a site unique in the military history of the world. "It was," said Lamartine, "a capital written on the earth by the finger of Providence, not for an empire but for a hemisphere. Politically, it was the connecting link



THE HOLY SACRIFICE IS NO LONGER OFFERED AT ITS ALTARS.

between the kingdoms of Asia and Europe ; militarily, it was a camp fortified for attack, an island for defence." Built, like Rome, on seven hills, it was protected on three sides by the sea, and on the landward side by a double dense wall of twenty cubits, which, surmounted by numerous square towers and guarded by a vast ditch, defended the city for a length of seven miles, from the Golden Horn to the citadel of the Seven Towers. But where were its defenders? The pope's appeal to the Christian nations was unnoticed. Anarchy was ravaging Germany and Italy, and the War of the Hundred Years still continued between France and England. Scanderbeg, a hero whose name was worth more than an army, found his advance arrested by the jealousy of the Prince of Servia, and John Hunyadi, "the White Knight," had lost his best troops in late

bloody defeats. Some Genoese and a troop of Venetians and Catalans, commanded by Justiniani, alone came to the emperor's relief. Constantine Dragoses was a brave man, but what could he do in the way of defending this immense though strongly fortified place, with a garrison of only nine thousand men? The people, enervated by sloth and culpable indifference, did not want to fight. Discouraged by the declamations of sectarian monks, they looked on the emperor as a traitor to his country. Better let the Turks rule than the Latins. Again, nobody believed that the sultan would be victorious. Men had been accustomed to regard Byzantium as impregnable. Constantinople had, since its foundation, sustained twenty-nine sieges. Under its walls had battled heroes of all ages. The ancient Greeks, Pausanias and Alcibiades; the Roman emperors, Severus, Maximus, and Constantine; Chosroes, the Persian king; and at later epochs, Dandolo, Bajazet, and Amurat had, all, attempted its reduction. Twenty-one times Constantinople had triumphed. She was beautiful, this seven-hilled Queen city, laving her sturdy walls in the blue waters of the Bosphorus; splendid was the panorama that gradually unfolded from her golden glittering shores which supported her palaces, domes, terraced abodes, surrounded by sombre-peaked



THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

cypresses and gardens of Oriental verdure and beauty. Here was the *Pentargyrion*, or citadel of the Seven Towers; there the *Acropolis*, or dome of St. Sophia; here and there stood the bell-

towers of eight hundred monasteries. In the imperial quarter was seen the gilded roof of the palace of Blachernæ, the emperor's residence, and at a distance the monumental arches of *Cynegion* loomed up solemnly. On all sides, in the public squares, were obelisks, statues, and spouting fountains. The sight of such magnificence stimulated the sultan's greed.

Mahomet II. concentrated his troops in the vicinity of the gate of St. Romanus. Orban's celebrated cannon was placed in the middle of the soldiery; along the sides eighteen batteries were drawn up, extending from the quarter Galata as far as the Propontis. On the seventh of April the firing began. Constantine was present, accompanied by Justiniani. While the heavy ammunition shook the ramparts the small Christian army resisted bravely. The emperor himself gave the example, and rolled with his own hands tons of stone and earth for use in closing the breaches. For ten days the fight continued hot and desperate, the towers and walls crumbling little by little under the terrible work of Orban's cannon. As that formidable piece became readily overheated by its fearful discharges, it could be worked but eight times in the day. Torrents of oil and water poured on it were not sufficient to cool this huge mass of brass in two hours. The cannon, wasted by its own force, finished by bursting, crushing with its remnants several soldiers, and hurling into the heart of the city the mutilated members of its maker. Perceiving that his artillery was powerless, Mahomet essayed another kind of warfare—that of mining. He attempted by means of trenches and tunnels to penetrate under the bastions, which were repaired every night by the defenders with insurmountable energy. At the same time rolling towers were drawn up in line, and the besiegers, protected by these moving fortresses, launched their weapons and endeavored to throw bridges on the wall so as to contend hand-to-hand with the heroic defenders.

Suddenly Christian sail were seen on the horizon, gliding over the waters of the Propontis. This flotilla of fourteen vessels was manned by Genoese, Venetians, Italian seamen, and Knights of Rhodes. It came to revictual and strengthen besieged Byzantium. The Greeks recovered their courage when they perceived the restlessness and anxiety of the Ottomans. The latter could not refuse battle, and one hundred and fifty galleys were ranged in line. With resistless impetuosity the

fourteen ships bore down in full sail on the low-lying galleys of the Turks. The shock was terrible. The Christian vessels, like so many floating fortresses, rained bullets, stones, and Greek fire on the enemy. The galleys were crushed to pieces like sea-shells. The defeat was complete. Mahomet watched from the shore the impotent evolutions of his fleet. Frantic with rage, he was seen urging his horse into the waves and threatening the Venetian vessels with his cimeter. Before his eyes the chains which closed the entrance to the harbor fell, and the Christian flotilla entered triumphant. "It is written," said the Turks, "that Allah has given the sea to the Giaours, but the land to the Ottomans." Mahomet, disconcerted in his hopes, endeavored to sow dissension in the enemy's camp. He sent his son-in-law, Isfendiar Bey, with a flag of truce to the Christians. His proposal was that the lives of the Greeks would be spared; their possessions in Greece and the Morea would be left to them, but Constantinople must be delivered to the sultan. The emperor answered with noble spiritedness: "I will save my capital or perish in its ruins."

Mahomet had now recourse to another stratagem, one worthy a consummate general. With the assistance of a host of Bulgarian woodmen, he levelled a road and laid it with planks that were covered thick with tallow; the road extended for more than two leagues in length, from the Bosphorus to the Golden Horn. The Greeks had but poorly guarded this highway. During the night the Turkish soldiers drew up their boats, the sails were furled, and, aided by the wind, the two hundred galleys, left after the naval battle of Balta-Oghili, slipped from the newly-devised plank causeway, as easily as a virgin ship from its cradle, out into the inward sea-road of the harbor. This manœuvre on the part of the sultan was protected by the Ottoman cannon, which kept the ships of the Christians at anchor by being brought to bear on them. At sunrise the astonished people of Constantinople saw near them an immense fleet that had been conjured up as if by magic. It carried 25,000 archers, and 100,000 men had improvised from its new station a highway that reached to the ramparts of the



A TURKISH SOLDIER.

city. This road was wide enough to admit of one hundred combatants marching abreast. Constantinople was closely pressed on all sides. Justiniani proposed to burn the Ottoman fleet, but treachery made his plan abortive, and he himself was fated to perish in the siege. Undismayed by the successful tactics of Mahomet, Justiniani organized the last, supreme effort of defence. The splendid valor of this truly Christian warrior elicited words of admiration from the sultan: "Constantine is more happy in his feebleness than I am in my power. What would I not give to have such a lieutenant in my empire!" Four hundred thousand torches lighted the Ottoman camp as if with a joyful illumination, making night day from the hills of the Asiatic and European Bosphorus to the hills of St. Theodosius, and as far as the sea of Marmora. Everybody understood from this preparation that on the morrow, May 27, Mahomet would attempt a final, decisive assault on the city. The inhabitants were filled with terror, and at last turned to Heaven for relief. Constantinople was plunged in prayer. Processions were formed in which priests, monks, religious, and a vast multitude of people repaired to the Acropolis to implore the help of the Blessed Virgin (*Hodegetria*). But of what avail were the prayers of a nation that would not combat and was obstinate in schism? The doors of St. Sophia were flung open, and Constantine appeared there for the last time. It was a touching spectacle to see the Byzantine monarch approaching the Holy Table. Addressing the vast throng, that was entirely possessed by fear of the infidel invader, he begged pardon of God for everything in which he was guilty. Nothing but cries and sobs could be heard. From all sides arose the desolate, suppliant exclamation of woe, *Kyrie eleison*—"Lord have mercy on us." "Christians," continued the emperor, "forgive my sins, and may God forgive yours." The people answered, "Be thou forgiven." Constantine bade farewell to his family, mounted his steed, and flew to the ramparts. The Turkish hosts advanced to the cry of *Allah*, a thousand times repeated. Two hundred thousand men rushed against the great wall like the ocean waves dashing against a rock. The Greeks received them with energy that seemed invincible. Constantine's ammunition mowed down those human masses and made immense gaps in the Turkish battalions, but as battalions fell others took their place, which pushed forward into the waters of the ditch, forming a bridge of dead bodies for those that followed. But these first victims

were only the scum of the army. The sultan sacrificed them to the valor of Constantine and Justiniani. After several hours of fierce combat the Greeks, already enfeebled by the terrible warfare, saw new troops advancing. These were the regular, well-disciplined columns of the Ottoman army—two hundred thousand strong. The sultan encouraged his soldiers to fight by pointing out to them the imperial purple, which could be seen through the half-open breaches in the wall. The cannon of the enemy greeted them with terrible slaughter; boiling oil, stones, burning beams, and Greek fire were poured plentifully on the assailants. The Mussulmans recoiled before this infernal blast only to return to the attack. At every attempt, however, the Turks fell by thousands and confusion reigned supreme in their ranks. Mahomet was desperate. But one thousand Janizaries who had remained inactive up to this stage of the battle suddenly appeared in the midst of it. They had sworn to avenge the defeat. Mahomet flew to the head of the column. All his efforts were concentrated on the gate of St. Romanus, where the Christians were fighting like lions. Justiniani fell, his cuirass pierced by a javelin. He was fatally wounded. It was now the decisive hour, and the soldiers had no chief. Constantine endeavored to rally them, but what could he do? Fresh cohorts poured down from the heights of St. Mamas, thick as flies in a summer's day. The outer wall was soon destroyed; the ditch was filled with the dead and the dying. Many breaches were opened in the inner wall, which were yet defended by the sword. All that now remained for the unfortunate Greeks was to succumb to inevitable destruction.

Constantine wished to die a hero, forward on the ramparts. He fought for some time without being recognized, though the number of assailants was large and it might be expected that some one of the host would have picked him out of the small band that he commanded. When the action became so decisive that hope abandoned the Greeks, he begged his soldiers to run him through the body, that he might not fall alive into the enemy's hands. But God gave him the grace to die by a hostile hand. He first received the blow of a pike on his face, and slew the Janizary who had wounded him; but sinking under the crush of the numerous horde that fell upon him, he was stricken from behind and succumbed to the stroke never to rise again. His body was found under a heap of the slain. The moral grandeur of this hero-king forms a strange contrast

to the sloth that surrounded him, and an eternal reproach to the character of his people. It was now all over with the Empire of the East. The Turks entered Constantinople one hour after midnight, May 29, 1453.

The Greeks fled in defeat, and spread consternation everywhere through the city. In a moment the streets were filled with a crowd half-maddened with fear and alarm. According to a wide-spread belief, the Turks would be crushed by thunder-bolts from heaven if they attempted to pass the column of the Cross. An angel would descend with a sword and would hand this sword to an old man, saying: "Avenge God's people." The enemy would be then put to flight, and the Greeks would pursue them, strewing the road with their dead bodies, as far as Monaderes on the Persian frontier. The affrighted multitude hastened to St. Sophia. In a short time more than one hundred thousand people filled the vast edifice. Soldiers, senators, priests, virgins who had left their monasteries, the



THE STREETS ARE FILLED WITH BEGGARS.

women of the lower class, children, patrician families, all thronged into the body and galleries of the church, making the building resound with their piercing cries and lamentations. When there was no more room the doors were closed and fastened. Now a frightful state of helplessness and inaction succeeded to the weeping and crying of the people. Those who climbed up to the interior groundwork of the huge dome espied the approach of danger from the win-

dows, while one hundred thousand pallid faces listened attentively for the least sound. The massed army of the invaders marched through the deserted streets of the city, and their ob-

jective point was, doubtless, St. Sophia. It was slavery, worse than death, which advanced. The exterminating angel did not halt the soldiers at the column of the Cross. Divine wrath, so long stayed, was falling with certainty on Byzantium. The crowds trembled and women fainted. In a trice the doors of St. Sophia were battered down by Ottoman arms. Dervishes, Janizaries, and timariots rushed on the crouching masses within. Drunken with blood, they paused for a moment as if dazed by the splendor of the golden naves and beautiful marbles.

But how describe the scenes that followed, a horrid spectacle of nameless cruelty and incessant bloodshed, of men and women falling under the sword, of bodies crushed and trampled on, cries of terrible woe and despair, such as no crowd of human beings uttered since the destruction of Jerusalem? While some of the Turks chained senators, virgins, and noble matrons together like vile slaves, others pillaged the tabernacles, profaned the altars, and broke the statues in pieces. The golden stones of which the mosaics were made, pearls set in precious vases, the crushed remnants of chalices and ostensoria were stuffed hurriedly into Turkish caftans. Soldiers toyed and played with the tiaras and sacerdotal vestments, and used the golden cinctures worn by pontiffs as cords wherewith to bind their slaves. Only a Jeremias could depict the desolation that had entered into the Holy Place.

All at once, as if by magic, the immense din and tumult ceased. Mahomet II. appeared on horseback at the threshold of the basilica. He rode on, superb and imperturbable, in the midst of viziers and Janizaries. It was the Scourge of God who passed. Advancing as far as the profaned altar, Mahomet was the first to sound forth through the ravaged church the cry of triumphant Islam: "Allah is the Light of heaven and earth." He ordered that the standard of the Prophet should be set up in the dome. He trampled under foot the bodies of the Christian slain. He himself applied his hand, red with blood, to the church-wall, and what is said to be the mark of his bloody hand is pointed out to visitors even to-day. For two days Constantinople was delivered to the unbridled ferocity of the Turkish soldiery. The Grand Duke Notaras, who preferred the turban to the tiara, was slain by Mahomet's soldiers after he had seen his children put to death in his own presence. The other princes were as speedily massacred; their wives and daughters became captives of the harem, and the



AN ANCIENT TEMPLE THAT BECAME THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH OF ST. GEORGE
AND IS NOW A MOSQUE.

masses of the people were dragged into slavery. The number of the slain was so enormous that Byzantium looked like a deserted city smitten by the vengeance of Heaven, and to re-people it thousands of the inhabitants of Thracian cities were driven by force to settle in the once Christian capital. Meanwhile, schism was permitted to thrive in order to signalize better Mahomet's victory. One day the sultan complained that the Greek patriarch had not presented himself to do homage. He was told that the patriarchal see was vacant, and that nobody presumed to ask permission to have it filled. The sultan allowed the election of a patriarch to be held. The monk Gennadius, called George Scholarius, who had turned the people from the union by his inflammatory speeches, and who had caused, by his unpardonable acts, the weapons of defence

to fall from the hands of the Byzantines, was chosen for this high office.

The pastoral staff was conferred by Mahomet in person, who had no difficulty in making use of the form repeated by the Greek emperors: "The Holy Trinity that has given me empire makes thee, by the authority which I have received, Archbishop of New Rome." After George Scholarius received his powers from the sultan he retired to Phanar, which has been ever since the residence of the orthodox patriarch. From that day the Greek Church has remained miserably crushed under the Turkish despotism. The Greeks had refused the tiara of the pope; they had now the turban of the sultan. Byzantium ceased to exist, and the Mussulman Stamboul took its place. Even to-day the sultan exercises his authority over the enslaved Eastern Church.

Will not God have mercy on these woe-begone schismatics? At the present time fervent prayers are being offered in the Catholic Church for the Christians of the East. The Pope gloriously reigning, Leo XIII., has turned his eyes towards the unhappy schismatical countries of the Orient and has sent them apostles to bring them back to true religious life, which is Roman unity. A movement towards return to the authority of the Holy See is already apparent, and the fervent, zealous prayers of all true Christians will do much to promote it. A legend tells us that a Greek bishop was celebrating Mass in St. Sophia at the moment when the Turks invaded the sacred place. The pontiff disappeared miraculously in one of the columns, which is pointed out to the traveller to-day. A popular belief has it that one day the basilica will be again restored to the worship of Christ. The colossal figure of the Saviour will be again set up on its former place, radiant over the golden mosaics. The bishop will depart from the column, chalice in hand, and return to the altar to resume the Holy Sacrifice that was interrupted. On that happy day life, civilization, and grandeur will be regenerated in Constantinople.



THE MYSTERY OF SHAFT NO. 6.

BY JOHN A. FOOTE.



HAVE always maintained that many, so-called, ghostly manifestations could be properly attributed to natural causes, if they were thoroughly investigated; and it was this unyielding scepticism of mine that enabled me to solve the apparently preternatural mystery of Shaft No. 6.

In the year 1867 I stepped out from the portals of an Eastern medical college with little else beside a brand-new diploma and a determination to work. The newly developed anthracite coal region of Pennsylvania seemed a promising field, and I decided to locate at the growing village of Carbondale. I did so, and suffered the experience of nearly every young physician in trying to establish a practice. Time hung heavily on my hands, and as I was something of an amateur botanist, I passed some of my idle moments in wandering among the beautiful forests that surrounded the town, collecting specimens of plants and ferns. Of the latter I discovered and classified several hitherto unknown varieties.

Several times during my wanderings I encountered a tall, gray-haired man who was invariably accompanied by a large St. Bernard dog. But my attention was more particularly drawn to this man by the peculiar expression of his face. He was very pale, and deeply pitted with small-pox marks. His features were irregular and coarsely moulded, and his eyes, deep set under beetling brows, had a furtive, sinister look that was intensified by a peculiar twitching of the muscles controlling his thin, bloodless lips.

I made inquiries at the town, and found that this person was Captain William Galt, general superintendent of the mines of the Pennsylvania Coal Company, and one of the most wealthy and influential residents of Carbondale. My informants also said that he was a most peculiar man, very taciturn and reserved, and that few of the people of the town had ever seen the interior of his residence. All agreed that he was highly valued by his employers.

What I heard served to arouse my curiosity, and I only waited for an opportunity to form his acquaintance. I was

not obliged to wait long. One day while in the woods I heard a dog barking violently, and when I stepped out of the thicket I saw Captain Galt's St. Bernard facing a large rattlesnake that had coiled ready to spring. I stepped behind the reptile and stunned it with a blow of my cane, so that its killing became an easy matter. The captain, who had come up just in time to witness the affair, thanked me with great sincerity for my timely action.

So our acquaintance began, and after this incident I met him often and found him a well-informed man and an agreeable companion. We had many tastes in common, and I became a frequent caller at his residence, first to help him in some investigations which he was pursuing regarding the chemistry of mine gases, and later, at his expressed wish that I would continue my visits, "for the sociability of the thing."

During the period of our acquaintance I was twice called to see him professionally. Each time I found him in an extreme state of nervous exhaustion, the twitching of his facial muscles much intensified, and his mental condition bordering on delirium, in which an overpowering fear seemed to be the dominating symptom. This led me to suspect that he had passed through a terrible mental ordeal at some former period; but on inquiring I found that he had lived an apparently uneventful life.

On June fourth, 1870, I was hurriedly summoned to the captain's residence. I had not seen him for over a week, and I knew that he had been very busy superintending the draining and pumping of some old, water-filled mines, in which a large amount of good coal had been left in the days of primitive coal-mining. This work had demanded close attention, and I was prepared to find that he had broken down under the severe strain on his energies. I made all haste to reach him, and was ascending the steps leading to his residence when I met T. J. Murray, the captain's legal adviser, coming down.

"Is he dangerously ill?" I asked anxiously. Mr. Murray looked at me with surprise.

"Ill?" he said. "Why no! I don't think I ever saw him looking better in his life. Don't look so disappointed," he added, laughingly, as I passed in.

Murray's statements relieved my anxiety, and my fears were entirely dispelled when I greeted the captain in his library. He was seated at his desk, amidst a confusion of documents and papers of various kinds, and there were no signs of illness on his face. After a few commonplaces had

bèen exchanged he said, in an abrupt manner, which was not uncommon with him :

"You met Murray outside?"

"Just as I was about to come in," I answered.

"Did he tell you anything?"

"Nothing, excepting that you were in good health."

"Hum?" said the captain, nervously chewing the end of an unlit cigar. "Well, he might have told you that I have just drawn up my will, and that you are named as the executor." Then, noticing the look of surprise that had come into my face, he continued hastily :

"Now don't say that you will not serve me, for there is more involved in this matter than you suspect."

"I will gladly do anything that may be of service to you," I said.

The captain thanked me, and then there ensued an uncomfortable pause. After awhile he spoke again, saying :

"Perhaps you remember telling me that I am likely to succumb to one of my periodical nervous attacks. Did you notice that both of my past attacks began on June fifth?"

"No," I answered, "but now that you speak of it I recall the coincidence. Do you think that you will have an attack to-morrow?"

"I am almost certain that it will come," he replied. "I know that you have a theory that these spells of nervousness are nothing more than physical manifestations of a severe mental strain that I am compelled to undergo at certain periods. Your theory is correct : I have placed greater confidence in you during our brief acquaintance than I have in many of my reputed friends whom I have known for years, and now that I have named you for my executor it will be necessary for me to make certain revelations to you, in order that you may fully understand the provisions of my will."

"I trust that you may not find me unworthy of your confidence—" I began; but the captain, seeming not to have heard me, continued :

"You are a prudent man, and of course you will understand that what I am about to tell you must remain a secret between us until my death. After that you may act as you see fit. The incidents which I will relate occurred about fifteen years ago, when I first came to Carbondale. At that time I was foreman in these mines, and I had for an assistant a young man named Thomas Burke. We were both of about the same age, and, as was natural, we became fast friends.

Burke possessed a happy, even-tempered disposition; he was the kind of a man that people call a 'good fellow.' Unfortunately for myself, I was not at all like him, being then, as now, excessively nervous and prone to fly into a passion at trifles.

"It was a woman that caused all of the subsequent misery, and impelled me to the terrible act which I committed. Her name was Mary Miller, and she was the daughter of an old German shoemaker. I had earned for myself the reputation of being a woman-hater, and I will confess that I was not the kind of a man that would find great favor with the ladies; but I fell desperately in love with this girl. I earned her gratitude by giving her father, who was very poor, a position as a pump engineer in the new mines. Her gratitude, I say now; but at that time, unhappily, I mistook gratitude for love.

"One day I brought Burke to Mary's home and introduced him to her. He was much better company than I, and I was glad when I found that Mary enjoyed his lively talk. After that he became a frequent visitor; but, although the affair was town gossip, I did not suspect his motives until the fateful night of June fifth.

"Mary's father was willing and anxious that I should marry her, and I felt that she did not dislike me; so it was with a light and confident heart that I called at her home that night, with the purpose of asking her to become my wife.

"I found her alone, and she seemed to have guessed the object of my visit by that subtle instinct which women possess, for she wore an air of restraint that was totally unlike her usual manner. I will not weary you with details; it is enough to say that she refused to marry me, and said that it would be impossible for her even to consider the matter. I was stunned with amazement, and I asked her for her reasons in thus treating me. She smilingly told me that, if I had patience, I would learn some day.

"At this my devilish temper broke down my self-control, and I accused her, in heated language, of trifling with my affections. She laughed at my jealous rage, and told me that she had never loved me, or even liked me, and that she had promised to marry Thomas Burke. These last words of hers crushed out every feeling of humanity that was in me. Choking with chagrin, I rushed from the house and tried to drown the recollections of my unhappiness in a near-by saloon, while I brooded in impotent rage on the perfidy of my treacherous friend.

"I have no remembrance of what occurred after that until I experienced the thrill of horror that overcame me when

I found myself in a thicket near the Miller cottage, with the body of a man at my feet. The moon made it as bright as day, and a vague, terrifying instinct told me, even before I had seen its features, that the body was Burke's. Moved by an unaccountable impulse, I stooped down to smooth the tangled, yellow hair, and my hand became clotted with a warm, sticky fluid. It was blood!

"I was sick with fear, and horror, and regret when I realized the enormity of the crime which I had committed. I could not believe that he was dead, and I made frantic efforts to revive him; but even while I worked with him, his body grew cold and his limbs began to stiffen. Then, as the fumes of what I had drunk began to pass away, all of my emotions were consumed in a terrible, overmastering fear. What if some other person had seen my deed? My cowardly thoughts rendered me almost helpless, and I crouched in silence over the body, while I strained my ears to catch any sound that might betray the presence near by of another person. My teeth chattered with nervousness, and I felt impelled to shout, or do something to break the awful silence that prevailed. A cricket chirped behind me, and I leaped to my feet in alarm. Gradually, my spasm of fear passed away, and I determined to hide the body.

"I remembered that the opening to an abandoned water-filled mine was not far away, so I carried the corpse to this place and weighted it with several heavy stones. A sort of a shed had been built over this place, which was known as Shaft No. 6; a roof-like structure of rough boards erected so as to prevent unwary travellers from falling into the old mine. With a strength that my fears stimulated, I tore two of the boards from the roofing and threw the body through the aperture which I had made. I was, by this time, fairly self-possessed, and I watched it as it sank feet downwards. For an instant the glassy eyes seemed to reproach me, and then the murky, yellow water closed over the head and it disappeared from view. I carefully fastened the boards in place."

A spasm of nervousness, induced by his terrible recollections, seized the captain at this point, and I could see that he was in the throes of another attack.

"I cannot finish," he said weakly. "I cannot!"

I hastily laid him on the sofa, and gave him a hypodermic dose of morphia to quiet him. For nearly an hour he writhed in convulsions, but by degrees the soporific influence of the drug gained ascendancy, and he dropped into a fitful slumber.

I left him then, and told his housekeeper to send for me if his condition should become critical during the night.

The following morning I called to see him, and was surprised to learn that he was not at home. Late that night Mrs. Drew, his housekeeper, came to my office and told me that the captain had not yet returned. She was much alarmed about his absence, and she besought me to try and find him. I made an exhaustive search for him all that night and the following morning, but to no avail; I could find no trace of him. Two days passed, and then I went to Scranton in the hope that I might find him at some of the hotels. I stopped at the Forest House, and at eight o'clock that night I received a telegram:

"Come at once: captain found.

"MRS. DREW."

I left for Carbondale on the 8:20 train, and when I reached the town it was buzzing with the details of the story. The captain had been found in a branch of the old mine which had recently been pumped dry, and he was said to be in a critical condition. But when I saw him I was shocked at his emaciated appearance. A frightful delirium had seized him, and he shrieked almost continuously in a paroxysm of fright, and sought to shut out the fearful delusions of his brain by covering his head with the pillows of the bed. Father Daly, the parish priest of Carbondale, was at his bedside, and assured me that he had done all that lay in his power for the captain's spiritual comfort. He left shortly after my arrival, promising to return as soon as possible. After about an hour the captain grew calmer, and recognized me. He was comparatively lucid for a little while, but seemed too weak to talk. Then, suddenly, with a vigorous twist, he raised himself on one elbow, and his sunken eyes took on the despairing glare of a madman.

"O God!" he shrieked, "the conscience of a murderer is hell." Then he went on with feverish rapidity: "You remember what I told you a few days ago? I knew then that I would not live much longer. Was I not right? What is death but peace?—peace from the fear, the haunting dread in which I lived; the dread that I should see him as I saw him on that night; the dread lest he should rise and accuse me of my hidden crime. And in the end of all *I saw him!*"

A soul-harassed wail came from the despairing man, and he rocked to and fro in the bed and placed his wasted hands over his eyes. He was silent for a few minutes, and then, with a fierce gesture, he grasped the lapel of my coat and

drew me towards him until his sallow, drawn face was close to me, and his sickly breath fanned my cheek. Talking eagerly, and in hoarse whispers, he went on :

"It was in the old mine—the mine that is connected with Shaft No. 6. Some force that I could not resist impelled me to steal out at midnight and go there. . . . So, stealthily, stealthily I crept through the new workings, and then I came to where the props were rotten and covered with strange growths, and the coal was slimy and yellow. . . . And I saw him, as he stood near a pool of putrid water, all dripping with ooze and slime ; and the coal was yellow, and the water dripped from his fingers as he pointed at me, and—*O God, look !*"

While he shrieked this out his features worked convulsively, and with a tetanic spasm he rose and pointed over my shoulder. Involuntarily I turned my head, and in that instant he fell back, limp and unconscious. The tell-tale rattle began in his throat ; in a little while he was dead !

After the funeral I opened his will, and found, not to my surprise, that the bulk of his property, aggregating nearly \$40,000, had been bequeathed to Mary Miller, who was supposed to be living in Pittsburg. If it could be shown that she was dead, part of the estate would go to several charities and part to me.

I found it a difficult matter to obtain any clue to the whereabouts of Mary Miller, and, after some well-nigh useless correspondence with a firm of Pittsburg detectives, I started for that city to conduct the inquiry in person. To guide me in my search I took a great part of the captain's letters and papers with me. Among the latter I found a clipping, taken from the *Scranton Star*, and evidently inspired by the captain, stating that "Thomas Burke, treasurer of the Miners' Accident Fund of Carbondale, had disappeared, with \$232 belonging to the society." After ten days of unavailing inquiry at Pittsburg, I secured evidence that Mary Miller had died in an almshouse some miles from the city. This accomplished, I returned to Carbondale.

It was Lawyer Murray who first told me of the mystery of Shaft No. 6. He called on me shortly after my return from Pittsburg, and took the depositions and other papers I had obtained to prove the death of Miss Miller. When he was about to leave me he said, with a half-smile :

"I suppose you heard the ridiculous story that some of the

miners circulated, about having seen the captain's ghost in the workings under the old shaft?"

I said that I had heard nothing of it, and he gave me the particulars as he had learned them. Ordinarily a story of this kind would not have caused me a second thought; but now the strange circumstances of the captain's death, and his vivid description of his experience in the mine, came back to me, and the miners' story seemed to confirm as truth what I had considered the ravings of a demented man.

"You are not afraid of ghosts?" said the lawyer, as he noticed my abstraction.

"No," I said, rather ashamed that I had shown such signs of mental perturbation; "not, at least, of imaginary ones."

"It's very likely that it's all bosh," continued Murray. "Anything bearing the faintest resemblance to a human being, coupled with a little superstition, will make a ghost in a coal mine. But dead men tell no tales!"

He laughed at his sombre joke and departed, but I could not dismiss from my mind what he had told me. "Dead men tell no tales!" I repeated to myself. Could it be true that Captain Galt had seen a dead man standing in the mine near the foot of the shaft; a dead man preserved from decay through all these years that he might at last bear evidence to the gruesome tale of murder?

The more I thought on the matter the more I became convinced that the miners had seen, not a ghost but the body of Thomas Burke. It was only natural that they should connect the supposed apparition with Captain Galt, and say that his spirit was haunting the mine that had caused his death.

That evening I sent for the two persons who were said to have seen the apparition. One was a driver boy about eighteen years of age; the other an experienced and fairly intelligent miner. Both described accurately the location of the quarter of the mine in which they had encountered the supposed spirit, and both said that it was the figure of a man dripping with sulphurous water, and standing near a decayed prop. Both said they were certain that it could not have been the body of any human being, because the mine had been filled with water until the day preceding the disappearance of the captain. After considerable urging on my part, and the promise of a reward, the miner agreed to guide me to the place.

Having secured two mine lamps, we immediately set out, and to quiet the nervous fears of my companion I told him all that I could reveal with safety of my theory regarding the sup-

posed mystery. The mine under Shaft No. 6 had been abandoned because the coal was "rusty"—that is, because it contained an unusually large amount of the sulphur salts of iron. Another, though less urgent, reason for its abandonment was the fact that pumps were needed to work continuously in order to prevent it from filling with water. All mine water contains some of these astringent mineral salts, but the water here was almost saturated with them. What he had seen, I told him, was, in all likelihood, the body of some unfortunate man who had fallen into the shaft, and had become imbedded in a thick layer of the sulphur and iron salts that collected in the bottom of the mine. The antiseptic and astringent properties of these salts had preserved a certain resemblance to human likeness in the body and prevented it from wholly decaying. When the mine was pumped dry the body was carried with the current of water from the bottom of the shaft toward the direction in which the pumps lay.

But with all my assurances and explanations I could see that he did not feel at ease when we entered the mine. Presently we came to the wet and slippery chambers of the old workings, where the mine water had dyed everything an ochre tint. We were now quite near to the baleful spot, and my companion refused to go any farther. I went forward alone, lamp in hand, and a moment later I stood, shivering with a strange terror, and looking at the mute witness to the captain's guilt.

The sight was a horrible one. There was just the form of a man—a bag of leathery skin and bone wrapped up in tattered rags, and all covered with the yellow sulphur-slime of the mine. It was in an upright position behind an old and fungus-covered wooden prop, where the outgoing waters had left it. While I looked a portion of the rotten prop gave way and the body fell towards me with an almost life-like motion. Thoroughly unnerved, I turned and ran, almost forgetting my companion in my strange terror.

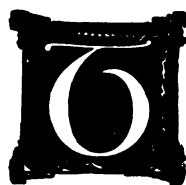
When I came out of the mine I lost no time in reporting the matter to the proper authorities, although I did not then reveal any of the knowledge I had obtained concerning the identity of the body with the murdered Thomas Burke.

But in order that justice may be done to all, and in compliance with the wish expressed by Captain Galt to me shortly before his death, I, Arthur Phillips, have prepared this statement to be read when I, like the others, shall have passed beyond human judgment.

MELCHISEDECH, PRIEST AND KING.

A STUDY OF GENESIS xiv. 18.

BY REV. WARD HUNT JOHNSON, C.S.P.



THREE times in the narrative of the Scriptures, three times only during the thousands of years covered by the biblical history, is there allusion made to a certain man, and yet it is safe to say that no other whose name occurs in the sacred books has given rise to so much question or comment. This man is Melchisedech, King of Salem, Priest of the Most High God.

As Abram returns weary and worn from the battle the aged Melchisedech meets and blesses him in the name of God, and, as a priest, brings forth an oblation of bread and wine. No more is told of him; he is not spoken of before, and after this he falls back into the shadow whence he came.

A thousand years pass; then the writer of the 109th Psalm, in a burst of prophecy concerning the great King who is to come, cries out "Thou art a priest for ever after the order"—or, more literally, after the manner, of Melchisedech.

Again comes silence and another thousand years. Once more, and for the last time in the Bible, Melchisedech's name is uttered; now the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews cites him as a figure of Christ, since he is, like the Son of God, alone, unique, having neither beginning of life nor end of days.

This is all there is about Melchisedech, and yet there is scarcely one of the Fathers, there is not a single theologian, who has not spoken of him; there is almost no strange opinion concerning him which has not had supporters; Jews and Christians alike have disputed about him; grotesque sects from the very beginning of Christianity have claimed him as their head.

Who is he? What is he? That is the first question; then, What do the Fathers say of him? How is he a type of Christ? and, finally, What is the exegesis of the Scripture passages wherein his name is found?

WHO WAS MELCHISEDECH?

To the first question, "Who was Melchisedech?" the answers given by commentators and theologians are many and

curious. There was, in the early church, a strong tendency to believe that Melchisedech was more than man—that at least he possessed an angelic nature. Some even went so far as to say that he was a theophany of the Holy Ghost; others contended that he was the Logos in a human appearance, and St. Ambrose seems to have looked upon this last idea with favor. “Melchisedech,” he says,* “was king of justice; he was also priest of the Most High God. What King of Justice is also priest of God save he of whom it is said, ‘Thou art a priest for ever’; that is, the Son of God, priest of the Father who through his own body reconciled the Father to our sins?”

A large number of lesser writers than St. Ambrose held this view, which does not appear ever to have been formally condemned, as was the preceding, for the objections against a theophany in human form of the Logos would seem not to hold when it was a question of the third person of the blessed Trinity.

Speaking of St. Ambrose, he gives it as a Jewish belief that Melchisedech was an angel. This, St. Jerome says, was held also by Origen and Origen's disciple, Didymus, who, he observes, employ the same arguments as do those that identify Melchisedech with the Holy Ghost.†

The common view at that time, however, maintained that Melchisedech was a man. According to St. Jerome,‡ the Jews held this, saying that he was the son of Sem, and that he lived until the time of Isaac; that he exercised the priesthood, which was held by the first-born sons of Noe's family until its transference to Aaron.

On the same lines is the view of Ephraem Syrus,§ who gives Melchisedech's life with some particularity. According to him Melchisedech was not the son of, but was Sem himself. He was the ancestor of fourteen tribes, and with his sons lived in Arabia, “separating like a wall the chosen people from the race of Cham.” He held the priesthood from Noe. Moreover, his life was prolonged until the time of Esau, and it was he from whom Rebecca learned of the two sons she was to bear when “she went to consult the Lord” (Gen. xxv. 22). This seems possible to St. Augustine.¶ “How did she receive an answer?” he asks. “Perhaps it was from a dream, or was Melchisedech still alive? whose excellency was such that some have doubted whether he was man or angel; or were there men through whom God could be consulted?” etc.

* De Abr., lib. i cap. 3, § 16.

† Ep. ad Evangel., lib. lxxiii. §§ 2, 3, 5.

‡ Lib. Heb. quæst. in Gen., xiv. 18.

§ In Gen., cap. xiv.

¶ Quæst. in Hept., lib. i. 72.

The identification with Sem himself Jerome gives in his Epistle to Evangelus as being also held by some Jews. He shows that in Abram's time Melchisedech had reached the age of 390, which was not impossible at that period of the world, and, with the other writers, he attributes the priesthood to Noe's sons. This, in fact, he says was their birth-right, and it was this which Esau sold. The Samaritans likewise believed that Melchisedech was Sem, says Epiphanius* in his work against Heretics, "in which belief," he subjoins, "they are plainly ridiculous." If the writer of this article might venture an opinion, this agreement among the Jews seems to show a very ancient tradition, at least, though whether it be true or not is a question. Yet there would be a striking propriety in the King of Salem, the last of the older dispensation who had kept the faith of God untainted, and who now, meeting Abram at the moment of the patriarch's great victory, hands over to him, the representative of the new dispensation, the blessing of the Most High God. Just as St. John the Baptist points to our Lord as he for whom he has prepared the way, he in whom all promises find their fulfilment, so Melchisedech gives Abram God's blessing, shows him the figure of the new sacrifice, and then withdraws into the shadow (for his work is done), saying, with St. John, "He must increase, but I must decrease."

Epiphanius gives another Jewish opinion, vouched for by St. Chrysostom in his homily,† that Melchisedech was born of fornication, and hence is said to be "without father." No Jewish authority has been found for this statement; but if Epiphanius had any, the story would seem to be a late one, put forth after Melchisedech began to assume theologic importance as a type of our Lord's eucharistic priesthood.

Yet another account of Melchisedech given by Epiphanius in this same book attributes to him a father—and no less a father than Hercules. Hercules, it appears, married the Syrian goddess Astaroth, and the two, being in great poverty, retired to Sabe, or Salem, where one may suppose living was cheap, and here their son Melchisedech was born. This view, the reader will notice, not only gives Melchisedech parents, but nobly supplies the lack of genealogy whereof St. Paul speaks.

St. Jerome, in the epistle quoted, makes no such bold flight as this. Some have supposed, he writes, that Melchisedech was of the ancient inhabitants of Palestine—a Chanaanite, in

* Lib. ii. tom. i. Hæres., lv.

† Hom. in Melch., § 3.

fact—and that this was held by Hippolytus, Eusebius of Cesaræa, Emisenus, Apollinaris, and Eustathius. To which list may be added Theodoret* and Philaster,† who avers that by the holiness of his life Melchisedech merited that God should reveal his mysteries to him. St. Ignatius‡ shows an even more intimate knowledge of Melchisedech's piety, for he says that the King of Salem had bound himself under a vow of virginity.

There is nothing strange, St. Jerome goes on to say, "in the fact of Melchisedech, though a Chanaanite, being a priest, for Abel and Henoah and Noe pleased God and offered victims, and so did Job himself, as is said in his book, and yet he was not of the stock of Levi, but of Esau. Melchisedech was a type of Christ in the same way as was Noe and Samson."

ROMANCE SPINS THE THREAD OF ITS STORY.

Among the notices of Melchisedech there exists one most peculiar document. This is a life of the priest-king purporting to have been written by St. Athanasius and found in his collected works. But as a matter of fact it is considerably later than his time, for the Council of Nice is spoken of in the essay as an event of the quite distant past. What the story really is, is one of that class of religious romances which at various periods have been put together on a slight frame-work of fact, and which were never taken literally by those for whom they were originally written, but were accepted for just what they were, as pious novels.

The story begins in the regular way, "once upon a time." Once upon a time there lived a king, Melchi, and his wife, Salem, who were the parents of two sons, Melchi and Melchisedech. The king was "a gentile, idolatrous, impure," and one day, desiring to offer sacrifice, he sent Melchisedech to bring him a lamb. As Melchisedech was proceeding on the errand he looked up to the sky, and seeing the sun, declared "Whoever made the sun and the heavens and the stars and the earth—to him men ought to sacrifice, for he is clearly above them."

So he determines not to bring a victim to his father, and returns home empty-handed. Upon this the king is exceedingly wroth and swears that now he will sacrifice either Melchisedech or his brother. At the queen's suggestion lots are cast, and the lot falls on Melchi. Great preparations are immediately

* In Gen., lxiv.

† De Hæres, 120.

‡ Ep. 4 ad Philadelph.

made; the neighbors join in, and fifty-three boys are contributed by the fathers and three hundred girls by their mothers, who are all to be slain with Melchi. "Do you not weep for your brother?" asks Salem of her surviving son. But Melchisedech has no time to weep, for he is busy getting ready to depart. He flees and arrives at Mount Tabor. There he prays to God: "Hear me now in this hour, and command that all who are present at this sacrifice may be swallowed up in hell."

Upon this the earth opens and the entire city disappears. "Neither man nor beast nor altar nor temple nor any creature," says the narrator, "was left in the place."

Melchisedech now lived in the thick woods of the mountains for seven years, "his food berries; his drink the dew which he lapped up." He lives there, the author says, "naked; his hair grew down to his middle, his nails became an ell in length, and his back became hard as the shell of a tortoise."

At the end of seven years Abram hears a voice bidding him to go and seek "the man of God"; so he saddles his ass and makes his way to Melchisedech. Arrived at the place, he calls, "Man of God, come forth!" and Melchisedech appears. The patriarch is, not unnaturally, somewhat alarmed at the solitary's appearance. But Melchisedech reassures him, and the voice bids Abram to cut Melchisedech's nails and shave him. When these toilet operations have been concluded Melchisedech anoints Abram with oil and gives him his name, Abraham. The voice again speaks, saying that since all Melchisedech's family have perished, he shall be henceforth said to be without father, without mother, without genealogy. "I have loved him," the voice goes on, "as a beloved son because he hath kept my precepts and shall keep them for ever."

When Abram returned from the slaughter of the kings Melchisedech met him and gave him to drink of a chalice of wine, "in which he had put secretly a particle of bread, whence," the narrator says, "the chalice is called *boukkraton* until now. In this way is he like the Son of God, though not according to grace. And this is the first type of our Saviour's bloodless oblation when Melchisedech bore the holy offering; wherefore it is said, 'Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchisedech'; and he gave it to Abram and his 318 men."

The story ends with the following words: "Just as many holy fathers were once found in Nicæa who established the right

faith, and their number was 318 holy bishops, like in number to Abram's 318 men. Glory be to God now and for ever."

HERESIES ABOUT THE KING OF SALEM.

I said in the beginning that the tendency to give Melchisedech a supernatural origin had caused some to declare that he was the Holy Ghost. Such an opinion, of course, was wholly unorthodox, and it is not surprising to find that it landed its supporters in formal heresy. The doctrine, indeed, became the basis of a group of sectarians known, from their peculiar teaching, as Melchisedechians. Tertullian* says that the sect was founded by Theodotus, the money-changer, who was the disciple of another Theodotus of Byzantium. This latter† had denied Christianity during the persecution under Marcus Aurelius, and had been condemned by a synod of the Roman Church held during the pontificate of Telesphorus.‡ His defence was that he had only denied a man, since Jesus was the son of Mary. He held, however, according to Origen,§ that on Jesus had descended the Christ when he was baptized. The Byzantian, according to the same authority, was succeeded in the leadership of the sect by the money-changer, and to him was due the bringing in of Melchisedech. Melchisedech, Theodotus argued, was made like to Christ according to St. Paul, and hence, as he was the first in time, he must have been the greater. The exact relation, however, which Melchisedech bore to God Theodotus does not seem ever to have defined, for he merely said that the King of Salem was "a certain power of God."||

It remained for Hierax of Egypt to elaborate the heresy and to teach that Melchisedech was the Holy Ghost; because, says Epiphanius, he was made like the Son. Now, as the Son is in the image of the Father, so there is none in the image of the Son but the Spirit, and Scriptures tell of no other "like to the Son" except Melchisedech.

This is the form of the heresy as it was met by St. Jerome and St. Chrysostom, the last of whom devoted a homily to setting forth the faith of the church.

But besides the belief in Melchisedech very little else is known of the sect, yet it appears, as time went on, to have adopted the ascetic practices of the Gnostics. St. John of Damascus notices these schismatics as existing in his age.¶

* De prescript., 53.

† Blunt, *Dictionary of Heresies*.

‡ Harduin, t. v. 1494 D.

§ Contra Hæres., lib. vii. 35 seq.

| Hippolytus, lib. viii. c. 24.

¶ De Hæres., 55.

They refer everything to Melchisedech's name, he writes. They observe the Sabbath and practise circumcision; baptism they postpone until late in life—though this in the early ages of the church could hardly be termed a distinctive custom—and toward those who leave the sect to become Catholics they manifest a great indignation, even going so far as to anathematize them. These same men, he continues, were sometimes called Athigganoi because they would not suffer themselves to be touched by persons of any other religious belief, since such touch, they said, was defiling.

After the age of the Damascene the sect appears to have fallen into obscurity, nor is it heard of again until the sixteenth century, when an anonymous leader revived it in a modified form. This man founded his teaching upon I. Cor. xv. 46: "The first man was of the earth, earthy; the second man of heaven, heavenly." Melchisedech is not of the earth, for he was like the Son of God, who is from heaven; therefore he is a being wholly supernatural. He was created before Adam; as it is written, Before the morning star have I begotten thee. If Melchisedech is made like Christ, it follows that Christ, before he assumed flesh, had a celestial body too; indeed it is to this that his words allude, "before Abraham was, I am."

Such was the new opinion set forth and confuted at length by Petavius,* which he calls "a barbarous and stinking opinion that has been brought to light while we have been working."

Finally, the last author of any note to publish views on Melchisedech was Pierre Cunæus, a professor of the University of Leyden, who in the seventeenth century wrote a work on the Hebrew Republic, wherein he maintained that Melchisedech was the Logos, the Son of God. He was answered by many philosophers and theologians, among the first by Christopher Schlegel.† With this man the wild and extraordinary heresy seems to have come to an end; at least after his time nothing more is heard of it from any writer of note.

THE TEACHING OF THE JEWS.

It remains to say a little as to Jewish opinion concerning Melchisedech. This seems to be stated correctly by Fathers and theologians—at least so far as his being Sem and the son of Noe—for as to Epiphanius' idea, that he was born of fornication, there is, as was said before, no Jewish authority. On

* De op. sex die, lib. i. c. iv. 3.

† Migne, Dict. Theo., t. iii.; Dict. Hæres., t. ii.

the other hand, there is an abundance of authority in regard to his Noachic origin. Both the Targums of Jonathan and Jerusalem so call him, as do Raschius in his commentary on the passage in Genesis, and R. Eliezar* and Abarbanel. The last says: "For a long time our doctors have called Melchisedech Sem, the son of Noe," while Jonathan ben Uzziel writes: " . . . the king of justice, that is, the son of Noe, Sem, who met and brought forth bread and wine to Abram, and at the same time was ministering to God Most High." †

THE EXEGESIS OF GENESIS XIV. 18.

Going on now to the exegesis of the passage in Genesis xiv. 18, we find that these words have been made the basis of an argument by theologians as to our Lord's eucharistic priesthood. Now, such an argument can take two forms: either exegetical, depending for its value on the traditionary interpretation of the Fathers, or grammatical, depending simply on the words of the text. Let us take the latter argument first. Here there are two points: *a*, the meaning of the verb translated "brought forth," and *b*, the meaning of the noun "priest." As to *a*, the verb used in the Vulgate is *proferre*, which in meaning is inconclusive, and the word used by the translators of the LXX. is equally colorless. The Hebrew verb, which we can transliterate as Y Z A, *may* mean "bring forth for sacrifice," says Hummelauer *in loco*, but not necessarily. The clearest instance of its use with this meaning is Judges vi. 18, 19. Here Gedeon is visited by an angel, and he says: "Depart not, I pray you, until I come unto thee, and *bring forth* my meat-offering and set it before thee, . . . and Gedeon *brought it out* and presented it." In this passage is a use paralleled to that of Genesis, for the offering of Gedeon is brought forth, just as was Melchisedech's, for the purpose of sacrifice.

On the other hand, it is contended that there are Hebrew words, perfectly unambiguous, signifying to sacrifice, and that if here such an act were meant one of them would be used. This party maintains that refreshment of warriors and travellers was a well-known religious duty of the Hebrews. So in Judges viii., Gedeon destroys those who refused him food when pursuing his enemies. So the Moabites and Ammonites are refused entrance to the congregation of Israel (Deut. xxiii. 3-4), "because they met you not with bread and water on the way

* In Pirke viii. p. 8, I.

† Thesaur. Sac., t. iii. 142; t. xx. p. 293.

when you came out of the land of Egypt." This is Philo's interpretation of the passage. He says* that Melchisedech entertains Abram, giving the bread which Ammon and Moab were not willing to give. Nor has Josephus anything other to offer:† "Melchisedech furnished Abram and his army entertainment and a sufficiency of necessities."

On the whole nothing decisive can be made out of this word, and so Hummelauer says that, with Lamy, he is willing to concede that the Hebrew verb does not prove sacrifice alone (comment. *in loco*). But about the word priest Hummelauer says: "To deny that *cohen* means priest is trifling, and does not meet the approval even of the rationalists." Although the etymology is uncertain, it probably comes from a root "to go between," and the writers of the LXX. had no doubt of its sacerdotal meaning, since they render it by a perfectly plain term—one who does holy things, *i.e.*, offers sacrifice.

There are, Hummelauer goes on to say, three exegeses of the passage in Genesis: First, the usual Protestant one, which is that of Josephus, and also has Cajetan's approval, that Melchisedech simply sets a meal before Abram and his men; second, the usual Catholic interpretation, that at Abram's request Melchisedech offers a sacrifice of bread and wine and is paid by the tithes—an indubitable interpretation, Hummelauer holds, to one who knows the customs of the East; and third, an explanation of St. Ambrose, that there is a sacrifice followed by a sacrificial meal.

The last would seem the best and most fitting explanation. It is one, too, which in its mystical sense touches the life of every man. For we, like Abram, war with dark, unknown foes—mysterious forces of evil—the prince of the powers of the air, and we come back wearied out from the victory. From our enemies we will take nothing nor will we share their evil riches.‡ Yet we need food; we need strength. And then, as we go wearily along, One meets us who is both Priest and King—King of Righteousness and Eternal Priest. He sacrifices for us bread and wine, which is yet his body and blood; he feeds us with the sacrifice, and so strengthened are we with that heavenly food that we feel fatigue no more. We become ready for a new strife, another struggle, another victory; yes, in the strength of it we can go to the end, even to the mount of God.

* De leg. alleg., iii. 25.

† Ant., i. 10, 2.

‡ St. Cyril Alex., Glaphyr. in Gen., lib. ii. § 9 seq.

A STRIKING FIGURE OF OUR LORD.

The Fathers and theologians see in Melchisedech a striking figure of our Lord, and almost all of them mention it; but Eusebius and Bellarmine seem to have worked out the type more carefully, more elaborately than have others.

Melchisedech, they say, had no predecessor in his priesthood, and no follower; he is alone; he appears for a space on earth and then departs for ever. So with Christ: he succeeds none; none comes after him; he is seen and then disappears.*

Melchisedech was of no priestly family. No man had part in his consecration; he was made a priest by God. Christ, too, from God alone derives his priesthood;† he was not ordained by Aaronic rite, nor was his head anointed with the oil of the sanctuary, and yet hath God anointed him with the oil of gladness above his fellows.‡

No bulls nor goats did Melchisedech offer to God, but bread and wine; and this he offered, taught long before by the Holy Ghost, as an image of that future§ when our Saviour, and in the same way his priests after him, should exercise their office among all gentiles, and represent in the same elements the mysteries of his body and his blood. So in Melchisedech's priesthood appears that sacrifice which Christians throughout the world now offer unto God.¶ In this way, says St. Jerome,¶ is our ministry signified, which consists not, as Aaron's, in the slaughter of beasts, but in the offering of an unbloody victim.

Yet again, Melchisedech is without father, without mother, without genealogy. Even so our Lord on earth had no father; nor yet in heaven, in his divine nature, has he a mother; whence Isaias says, "Who shall declare his genealogy?"***

A stranger was Melchisedech, uncircumcised, a priest of the gentiles. Behold our Priest! a stranger to the race, a priest not to the Jews only but to the world, since for all his sacrifice is made;†† not bound to one tabernacle or temple, but over the whole earth Christ's priesthood is exercised from the rising of the sun until its going down.‡‡

The union of royalty and priesthood in our Lord, which became manifest to men after his resurrection, is still another likeness between Christ and the priest-king of Salem. In his

* Eusebius, *demon. Evang.*, lib. v. 3.

† Bellarmine, *de Sac. Euch.*, lib. v. c. 6.

‡ St. Jerome, *Ep. ad Evang.*

§ St. Chrysos., *hom. in Melch.*

¶ St. Aug., *De Civit. Dei*, lib. xvi. c. 22.

¶ St. Jerome, *Heb. quæst. in Gen.* xiv. 18.

*** St. Chrysos., *ibidem.*

†† Euseb., *ibid.*

‡‡ Bellarm., *ibid.*

great day of rising, when our Lord triumphed as king and conqueror of death and hell, when by that resurrection he is declared even as man to be the Son of God with power (Rom. i. 4), then too is his priesthood revealed. Then, says Tertullian,* was he clothed in the vestment of the pontiff, being called for ever priest of the Father. Then it was that "God, who has begotten him into the full glory of the royal power, makes him a priest with a priesthood inseparable from his kingship—a priest after the order of Melchisedech."†

But this same priesthood, then first openly exercised "on the day of perfection,"‡ was his before the morning star; it is eternal, and as a priest he must have somewhat to offer, and that offering must be, like himself, eternal, without beginning and without end.§

There was, before creation, his offering in will of himself to the Father; but what of his offering in time? Christ's sacrifice upon the cross began and ended; it is done. Where is his sacrifice, then, extending throughout all the age of man? That is his body and his blood. Christ was slain in every victim of the Law, he sacrificed in the person of every priest. How much more now, in virtue of the cross actually accomplished, must he exercise his priesthood until the world shall end? So has the Father named him and consecrated him a priest after the order of Melchisedech, one who offers bread and wine. Here he is the victim; here he is the priest. But further, his priesthood lasts for ever in effect. The world shall end, useless time shall run out. Christ's elect shall all be saved, and then the sacrifice of the altar shall be no more; but in heaven the grace and glory of it, the thanksgiving for it, shall last for ever, and Christ, above his ransomed host, shall still be Priest offering the Father a sacrifice of gratitude which shall never have an end.¶ "For the Law made men priests, who had infirmity; but the word of the oath, which was since the Law, the Son who is perfected for ever more" (Heb. vii. 28).

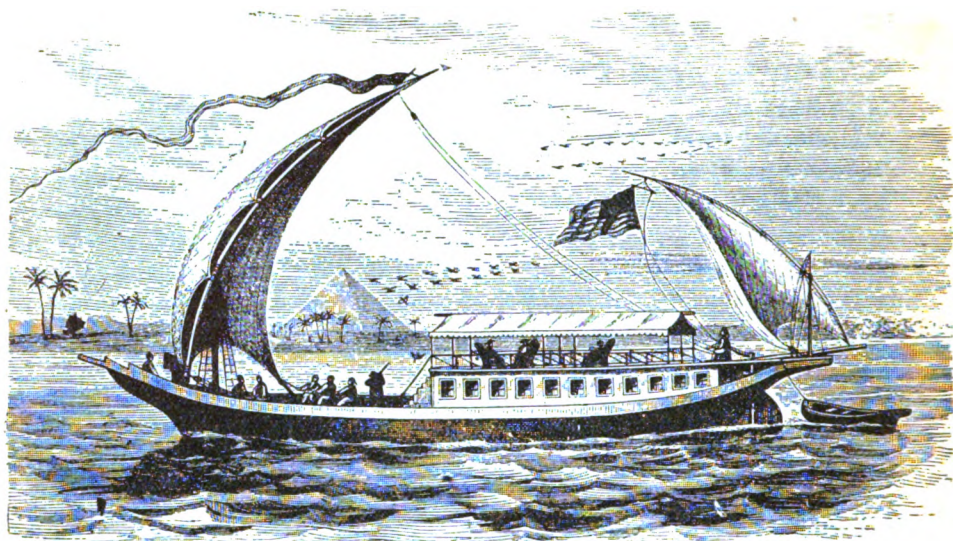
* Adv. Judæos, c. xiv.

† Delitzsch, Ep. to Heb., chap. v. 5, 6.

‡ St. Cyril Alex., De ador., lib. xi. 401.

§ Bellarm., Theol., cix.

¶ Suarez, in iii. St. Thom., q. xxii. art. 6.



THE DAHABEAH ON THE NILE.

A NILE WINTER.

BY F. M. EDSELAS.

SO deep and vivid were the impressions of a three months' trip down the Nile, including the return, that even after the lapse of time, glancing over notes then taken, scenes and events come back with the reality of the living picture. And though the life and wonders of that country, so passing strange, have been again and again related, yet as two persons seldom or never focus views alike, it is easy to find things new and interesting in the oft-told tale of the oldest civilized nation whose history is recorded. Thus may it prove in the sketches here made from life.

Our party numbered only five. Being a family party was all the more enjoyable, linked as we were by kindred tastes and the intimate association of years, giving us a free and easy intercourse.

It was early in December, after some months of European travel, that our steamer's prow was turned towards the Orient. Soon we had our first view of the low, sandy shore of Alexandria, with its light-house and the minarets of the city in the distance, and a summer palace of the Khedive somewhat nearer.

This latter building is reproduced again and again in almost every town and city worthy of note.

While waiting outside the bar for a pilot to take us over, a number of small boats appear making all haste to reach our steamer, but soon two of them distance all the rest and contend vigorously for the honor of being first at the goal; no easy matter in truth, since wind and wave threaten every moment to engulf them. They were obliged to tack continually to hold any little advantage gained. Shortly, the occupant in one of the boats with a few well-directed strokes outstrips his companion, and coming alongside, turbaned and gowned as he is, climbs the rope ladder. He is our pilot, and in a few minutes we are guided into the harbor, but not to a wharf. Soon we are surrounded by a crowd of small boats whose occupants, gaily dressed and clamorous, fail not to make their wants known.

Some have come with parties to meet friends on the steamer, or with officials to escort a dignitary, clothed with the insignia of his authority; others are agents from the hotels, who try to convince us that they are sent for our particular party. We were wise enough, however, to engage a dragoman in advance to meet us here, really the only sure way of being properly cared for.

But in the midst of all this jargon and confusion how are we to know who among the motley crowd is the one assigned to us? While waiting for information we went through the usual ceremonies incident to the advent of custom-house and board-of-health officials. Soon a man was seen ascending the gangway bearing the open letter which we had despatched some days before to the proprietor of Abbott's Hotel, thus settling our doubts at once, leaving us at liberty to watch the dilemmas of others less fortunate, until we were rowed away from the brilliant scene. From his dress, our escort would have been readily taken for a European, had it not been for the inevitable red fez which is always worn even with the turban.

A few minutes later we reached the custom-house, where we left dragoman No. 1, with passports to secure our luggage and see it safely through, while, passing into the hands of dragoman No. 2, we were placed in a carriage for the hotel. En route we had ample opportunity to study the motley crowd through which we made our way as best we could. Men, women, and children literally swarmed around us, some in full dress with rich and flowing robes glittering with gold and jewels, and others wearing the very simplest attire of blue and

white cotton cloth. Often the men were barefooted, bestriding a donkey so small that the rider was forced to hold his legs almost at right angles to keep his feet from the ground.

The women are said to be closely veiled, but not as we use the expression. A long cotton garment envelops the whole figure, including the head; there is also a pointed piece passing across the top, covering the face just below the eyes and connected with the head-covering by a hollow brass tube placed

perpendicularly between the eyes. These women were usually mounted on donkeys and attended by a *sais*, or donkey-boy, who often goads on the poor beast most unmercifully. Indeed this seems the chief employment of the little Egyptian boys, who either attend the carriages or run before them to clear the way. Very graceful and picturesque they look at times, with their embroidered vests and full white Turkish trousers, contrasted with other lads dirty and but half clad; yet even with these there is always a certain piquant attractiveness, of which their rude and simple attire cannot divest them.



THE RUNNER BEFORE OUR CARRIAGE.

The streets were crowded with booths, stalls, and small shops where eatables, so called, are for sale; but

with the exception of fruit, none seemed appetizing enough to tempt a purchaser.

The rest of the day was fully occupied in visiting beautiful gardens belonging to a palace—indeed so beautiful that one could there have dreamed life away, so charming and restful was each spot with its shady nooks, its singing birds and fragrant flowers, brilliant with tropical bloom. The ruins of the dead, dead past attracted us not less with their memories of the greatness and grandeur that made Egypt unrivalled in arts, arms, and science among nations ancient or modern.

The place once occupied by Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle is in the midst of a forlorn burial ground, where friends were weeping and wailing over graves of the departed. Yet this very spot must have been the most noted of this once famous city, since these obelisks tell us in their Greek and

Latin inscriptions that they were erected in front of the Cætareum at Alexandria in the eighteenth year of Augustus Cæsar.

In all these scenes the uncouth camel came crowding along, back and sides laden with bricks and mortar or with dry or green fodder; his contemptuous and supercilious expression aptly described by Warner. How strangely foreign did all this seem; but four months later, on our return, it appeared as tame and commonplace as a city at home.

Noon of the next day found us in Cairo, whither we went by rail, having abundant entertainment in watching the fellaheen tilling the land in the fashion of centuries ago, thus carrying us back to the time when our Lord was verily like one of these peasants, among the poor and lowly toiling for his daily bread. How realistic, then, did that wondrous life appear! The rudest instruments were still used; often only a round stick for a plough, pointed at the end, shod or not with iron. To one of these a camel and donkey made the pair—truly an unequal yoking that!

Irrigation is carried on by canals intersecting the country, from which water was dipped in baskets. Farther on a railway was in course of construction, the men, at twenty-five cents per day, carrying the earth in baskets.

Adobe houses of the country people are rendered quite attractive. They are ornamented with turrets for the accommodation of pigeons, which are raised in large quantities expressly for fertilization. The villages consequently often look like fortified towns, to which groves of palm-trees make a



ANTIQUE METHODS OF IRRIGATION.

beautiful addition. While riding on to the hotel we caught our first glimpse of the Pyramids, though hardly able to realize the fact in those small, dim points above the horizon, twenty miles away.

Our quarters proved much more comfortable than we had dared to hope, being conducted on the European plan, allowing for *some* variation. Bed-rooms were passable, but not specially restful unless one succeeded in getting safely under the mosquito-bar without taking along the brisk—not always—little fleas. A man with his fez and wearing a white cotton garment answered our call for a *femme-de-chambre* when one of our party stepped into the hall and gave the signal by clapping hands. We were not altogether unfamiliar with this variety of chamber-maid, but the dress and manner of calling had been different.

Cairo had for some time been emulating Paris in the laying out of streets, and in the dress of the higher classes; many of its narrow, irregular streets giving place to others, raying out like a star after the plan of the French capital. Still there is enough of the old city to make it look very Eastern to a stranger. Then the dress of the women whom we passed in their carriages resembles much that of our own full dress for evening entertainments: silks of delicate and exquisite shades, with white gloves and just the suspicion of a tissue veil across the lower part of the face. The style of the dress itself is not at all Parisian, reminding one rather of those worn by our grandmothers in our younger days.

The devout Mussulman is loud in invectives against these foreign innovations, especially the almost unveiling of females; but the Khedive, with progressive ideas, has a mind of his own, and he generally does as he pleases.

Sunday and Friday are the favorite days for the ladies of his court or harem to take their airing; though why I cannot say unless because one is the Christian's, and the other the Mohammedan's day of rest. At other times, when out for a drive, we met frequently, as advance couriers, two mounted horsemen, before which were two of the barefooted runners before mentioned, moving gracefully along, with sticks over their shoulders to be used when clearing the way. Then came the soldiers, followed by a coupé, in which were invariably seated two finely dressed women, evidently willing to see and be seen. Not one beautiful face, however, did we meet; delicately beautiful complexions, but no intelligence or nobility of

expression. Behind the carriage rode two gaunt, awkward black attendants in black coat and trousers, followed by two or more soldiers.

From frequent descriptions given of bazaars in the Orient we are familiar with their general aspects; but one who has never seen them can hardly realize the narrowness of the streets as we found them in the old quarter, contrasted with our spacious avenues and boulevards. Entering a street means continuing on to the terminus or a fortunate corner, for to turn around in the main part is out of the question. Then the lanes in the goldsmiths' quarters will hardly admit a donkey, unless going for his master who may have a shop there. These shops are the queerest imaginable, little more than niches in the outer wall of a building; outside of this is a narrow platform on which the merchant sits cross-legged, smoking his chibouk, sipping coffee, chatting with a friend, or bargaining with a customer—the said friend or customer also mounting the platform. These goldsmiths are accommodating to a fault: if their wares do not suit you, they will make something to order out of your own gold, if desired, often melting the same and beginning the work before your eyes. Emerging from the lane you will find these cupboard shops in the streets somewhat larger, while the strangest sights imaginable meet you on every hand. Such a motley crowd of bipeds and quadrupeds fill every available space that the wonder is how any progress can ever be made.

Sitting in the carriage one day, while the others had gone into a neighboring street, I really feared my eyes would have been put out by the fagots projecting from the back and sides of a camel crowding closely to me, so that it required all the efforts of our *sais* to keep the animal from pushing against the carriage. Imagine, then, a wedding or funeral procession in such a place; the poor bride the most pitiful object of all, enveloped as she must be in camel's-hair shawls; so that she can neither see nor hardly breathe, plodding her way on foot through the wet, muddy streets, her steps guided by two friends, while another walking backwards is continually fanning the poor bride, over whom a muslin canopy is borne; other friends also follow as musicians in attendance and perform on most discordant instruments. The victim of all this strange parade is meanwhile jostled and hustled about in anything but an agreeable manner.

A funeral seems to have the advantage of being conducted

with more respect, though in itself very unique to a stranger. The body, in an open coffin borne on the shoulders of men, is invariably covered with camel's-hair shawls, accompanied by a procession of both men and women. Little attention is, however, paid to it by the passers-by, unless they are foreigners.

One day when out for a drive our coachman suddenly sprang from his seat and began lashing most vigorously two men who were quarrelling, and this without himself being concerned in the matter; but stranger still, the contestants showed no resentment, and instead of retaliating, cooled down at once. We were told, however, that the result would have been far otherwise had we not been English—a general term for travellers. As a natural inference, our driver knew his advantage, or he would not thus have administered justice.



THE ACCOMMODATING MILKMAN.

The confused babel of sounds on the streets is not less remarkable than the sights; the shrill cries of the water-carrier being very peculiar, to which is added the sound made by striking together his two little brass cups, to be filled when a customer appears. This he does from his reservoir, formed of the entire skin of a pig or goat thrown over

the shoulder; every part is filled with water, so that it looks like a living animal shaking with the motion of the carrier.

These business streets are kept wet, and matting, or something of the kind, is stretched across from roof to roof of the bazaars, making them quite cool and shady. Between twelve and two o'clock shopping is almost out of the question, that being the time for a general siesta.

In rejuvenating the old city many new and handsome edifices have been built. A block going up opposite our hotel afforded us much amusement in watching the bricklayers, who presented a ludicrous and incongruous appearance in their turbans and flowing garments. Climbing a ladder with a full hod on the shoulder, and in such a dress, would seem to us a difficult feat, but these Egyptians were equal to the occasion.

The many mosques, with their minarets of various designs,

are often fine specimens of architecture; the older ones being specially attractive, as they are rich in marbles, mosaics, and arabesques. But it is a matter of wonder and regret that many through neglect are falling into ruins. They were built in most cases to contain the tomb of some sultan, whose sepulchre, like the remembrance of his greatness, soon becomes a thing of the past; yet even when in ruins a few devotees may be seen there at the hours for prayer. Though some are kept in repair, yet others worthy of preservation seem sadly neglected; this is especially true of the famous mosque of Omar, considered one of the most picturesque, and that of Touloun, regarded as the most ancient. The old Coptic inscriptions on it add greatly to its interest and value; but alas! how has it fallen from its high estate. The immense courts and buildings are used for a poor-house; indeed, the visitor feels almost in peril of his life from the attacks of beggars thronging around him at every step. Their appearance serves rather to repel than awaken pity and aid; besides having maimed bodies and distorted limbs beyond anything seen elsewhere, they are filthy beyond description.

Not far from this mosque we saw the real tombs of the Mamelukes, simple, square mausoleums, chastely sculptured. These same Mamelukes, as we know, were male slaves imported by the sultan from Circassia in the thirteenth century, who formed them into an armed body of guards, for which they were admirably adapted. But after a time, like many others in their condition before and since, conscious of their ability to obtain freedom and power, they rose in a body and by force of arms took the government into their own hands, holding the military sovereignty until 1517, when it was taken from them by Sultan Selim I. But again they gradually made their influence felt until it nearly equalled that of the pashas. However, the final death-blow was given the Mameluke supremacy in 1811 by Mohammed Ali, who invited some four hundred of the officers to a banquet, and then most inhumanly massacred the entire band. Since then they have been in complete subjection.

Near their mausoleums may be seen the tombs of the present reigning family, brothers, uncles, and other relatives of the Khedive, grouped together with separate domes over each. Beneath one was the vault for the wife of the Khedive. Pleasant enough were these places to visit, light, airy, and handsomely carpeted, where, of course, one must enter only after re-



moving one's shoes. Connected with them are rooms where ladies of the court come at certain times of mourning.

Mohammed Ali, founder of the present dynasty, lies alone in a beautiful mosque at the Citadel, the most elevated part of the city. It was a real disappointment to find that much of the apparently rich alabaster so profusely used here was only imitation, even though there is still some of the real article. The place has withal a very cheery and elegant appearance; bright Turkey carpets and rugs with myriads of hanging lamps add materially to the pleasing effect. On an elevated place in one corner was a handsomely ornamented screen, enclosing the place set apart for the harem, to which there was a single private entrance.

On this same height of the Citadel is one of the many royal palaces, where Parisian damasks figure conspicuously

with Turkish and Persian carpets, the former decorating the marble and alabaster fittings. This palace was built for Mohammed Ali, and is now kept up mainly for state ceremonies. In a distant quarter of the city may be seen a fine palace erected for Ibrahim Pasha. A portion of it surrounds a large court; in the centre is a lagoon, of which that at the Columbian Exposition was very suggestive, the fountains, boats, and pagodas all realizing a dream of Eastern life in which flowers, birds, and houris had a part.

The Khedive's summer palace, as all others visited, had the same general appearance, being elegant in rich damasks and

velvet hangings. The suite of apartments expressly furnished for the ill-fated Empress Eugénie had the walls and drapery in blue tufted satin.

Yet with all this display of wealth and luxury one always feels the great want of that true culture and literary taste to be secured only through books and pictures, the masterpieces of genius and art. With the exception of a few portraits of the Khedive, one of the Prince of Wales, a bust or two of the same, and a very beautiful representation in marble of electricity as applied by Franklin, no statues or pictures were to be seen. And yet in the far-away past we know that the Egyptians were the world's teachers in art, science, and literature.

What they once were, as we so well know, can be plainly read in monuments and temples, obelisks and pyramids, that have in ages past and will for ever challenge the world's wonder and admiration.

The old Coptic churches, some of them older even than the mosques already mentioned, though sadly falling into decay, show exquisite work in different woods inlaid with carvings and stone mosaics. In some of these churches we were glad to find reliable traditions of the sojourn of the Holy Family during the time of their exile in Egypt, for Coptics, and Mohammedans as well, believe in this fact of our Lord's life. And well may the former cherish such tradition as sacred, being so closely united with us in faith and liturgy.

The one great point of divergence is in the rejection by the Copts of the dual nature of Jesus Christ; hence their title of Monophysites, and their condemnation by the Fourth General Council of Chalcedon, under which ban came the same errors of Eutyches. We found them constituting about one-tenth of the Egyptian population and speaking the Arabic language; Mass, however, is celebrated in the old Coptic tongue. Their supreme head, the Monophysite Patriarch of Alexandria, is chosen from the monks; the other orders of the clergy being the same as with us.

There are a few minor differences in their religious observances, they having four fasting seasons very strictly observed. Lent with them commences nine days earlier than ours, during which they abstain from indulgence in eating, drinking, smoking, etc. One marked peculiarity in their ritual is the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, which is administered each time with that of penance, thus healing the diseases of the soul, even though

there be none of the body. Circumcision is also practised, doubtless as a concession to Mohammedan préjudice.

As the priests receive little or no support from the church under their charge, they are allowed to follow some trade. The common people among the Copts seem as miserable as the Mohammedans. An ancient feud between the two seems to be still preserved, judging by frequent outbreaks and atrocities, even now more terrible than ever.

The old Egyptian blood appears transmitted to them more fully than to any other people; with them, as the surrounding tribes, we find more or less an admixture of negro blood. Yet withal it is very difficult to obtain much definite information about these very ancient people, especially regarding their home life. It was, however, plainly evident that the status of women, whether of high or low estate, varied but little, being rather that of a slave or tool for man than companion and friend; culture of mind and heart were wholly ignored, and their general condition anything but desirable.

But we are moving on towards the Pyramids, now only twelve miles away, and of course one of the great objective points of our trip through the Orient. We made two excursions; one by carriage, the other for a third of the way on donkeys, as we desired to take in a larger area than in our first visit, when we found the sand too deep and heavy around the remains of the famous temples and tombs near the Pyramids for walking or driving.

Only one of our party—a lady, too—had the courage to make the ascent of Cheops, the greatest of these wondrously mysterious structures, and for some time it seemed doubtful if she should undertake so perilous a venture; but arrangements were finally made and the courageous maiden set forth.

We found two tribes of Arabs, under different sheiks, claiming the privilege of escorting travellers through the most noted parts of Egypt, all equally clamorous for a “job,” so that it is necessary to be equally persistent in resisting their demands. But the young lady of our party who was preparing to ascend the great Pyramid, Cheops, proved equal to the occasion. She declared there should be only three attendants, and only three did she have, though another begged the privilege of carrying her shawl, a fifth some water, and still others I hardly know what. Thus the quartette finally set forth accompanied by our best wishes for a safe and pleasant trip, though not without

anxious forebodings as to the result. It, however, proved all that could be desired. L—— made good her previous reputation of being an expert climber when she returned in the evening safe and sound. The effort was followed by no serious effect except a slight indisposition the next day.

The ascent was made partly by pushing and partly by pulling, step by step, in which the guides were very efficient. These steps are regular projections three or four feet high, in regular tiers around the pyramid; indeed, quite a stretch for a lady, while gentlemen also require assistance. Originally the surface was perfectly smooth, blocks of stone being closely fitted in, and then highly polished; but for the benefit of tourists these have given place to the steps already mentioned.

Notwithstanding special arrangements had been made with our dragoman, each time L—— stopped to rest while taking her upward flight the guides improved the occasion to beg for backsheesh; and so persistent did they become in asking that had she not been even more positive in declining, they would certainly have got the better of her. She gained her point by telling them that all had been fixed with Hassan, the dragoman, who would pay them well if they did their duty; if not, then—. The spokesman finally accepted the inevitable, admitting that an appeal to Hassan would make matters rather the worse for them, as he would report to the sheik, who would "lick" them, as he said. For the rest of the trip all were models of obsequious civility.

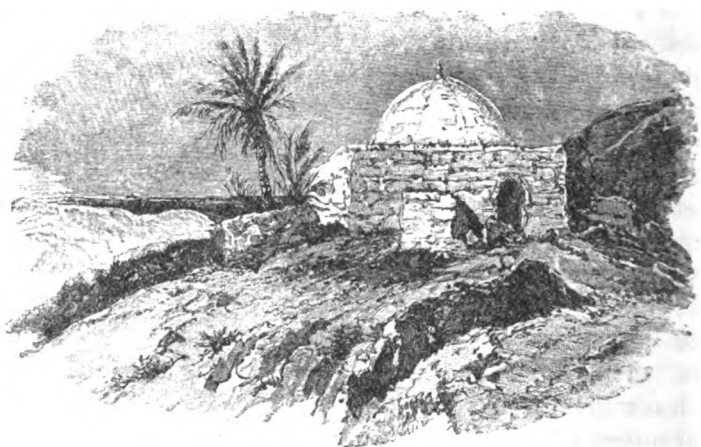
Arrived at the summit of Cheops the view was indeed novel and striking. Imagine the historic Nile with its windings on one side; the desert, mighty and limitless as the broad ocean, on the other, over which a camel train was making its way; while just below acres upon acres of sepulchres and temples, with the Sphinx in the midst, stretching away in the dim distance far as the eye could reach. Other pyramids could also be seen, two approaching the size of Cheops and two much smaller.

As a test of agility, an offer of five francs was made by a gentleman on the summit with L—— if one of the Arabs would descend their pyramid, cross the desert and ascend another in ten minutes. The offer was readily accepted, and



the feat accomplished in nine minutes, being the more remarkable as there was less foothold than on the Great Pyramid.

We crawled into some of the tombs, which are roomy at the entrance, but being half filled with sand, progress is very much impeded; but they seemed well preserved, even remark-



"WE CRAWLED INTO SOME OF THE TOMBS."

ably so, considering that they dated back to the time of Cheops, some 3000 B. C.

But with the vision of all this and similar scenes, and the strong, deep impressions that come back again as vividly, as the living picture of yesterday, the mere word description seems at best poor and meagre compared with pen-pictures that would fitly describe all that now remains to symbolize the grandeur and glory of Egypt's long-buried past. Words falter and fail when the heart is stirred by the strongest emotions to its lowest depths. We of the present age, with our boasted civilization, seem but as the merest pigmies when brought face to face with these monuments wrought by giants in the long, long ago.

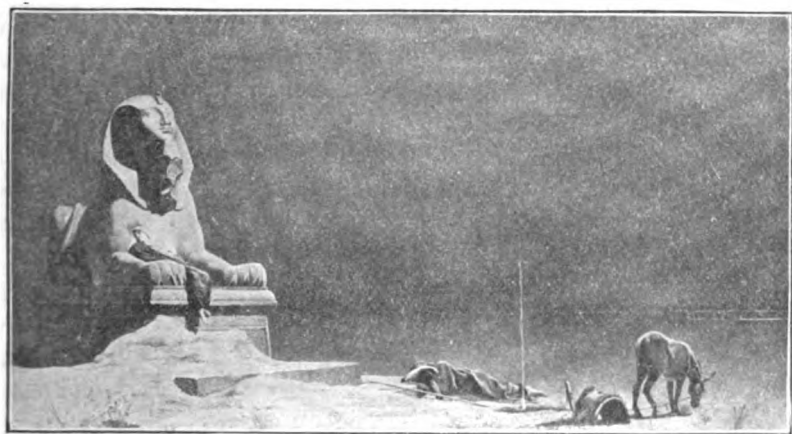
The pyramid excursion was truly one of the most exciting of our excursions; perhaps I should say *the* most exciting were it not that of this we had previously some faint idea, while of others we had none. But we must hasten on, only briefly sketching one or two points of interest in this most fascinating portion of Egypt, or we shall never reach the *dahabeah*, our floating house serving us in our trip on the Nile.

A few miles from Cairo is Heliopolis, where lived as high-priest Jethro, father-in-law of Moses. Aside from this fact, the only attraction in such a desolate, barren country was an obe-

lisk, being one of two guarding the entrance of an avenue leading to the once famous Temple of the Sun. Its mate had been removed to Rome, where we had already seen it. Neither was as tall or as profusely sculptured as others which came in our way; but we were greatly interested in the one still left in its original position as being the first whose hieroglyphics we had examined. We found some traces of a wall beneath the sand, but so little that the obelisk seemed utterly isolated from the past as well as the present,—a striking comment upon the fallacy of all human greatness. From reliable history we know, however, that it must have had surroundings in extent and grandeur as a worthy setting to this gem of ancient art and genius.

We failed not to turn aside from the direct route to venerate the spot made sacred as a resting place for the Holy Family during their perilous flight into this land of exile. A very, very old sycamore-tree, as tradition tells us, lent them its grateful shelter from the burning tropical heat, under which we too halted through devotion. What touching and sacred memories were not there awakened!

While thus strolling about sight-seeing, our dragoman busied himself in fitting out our boat with all manner of comforts and luxuries for the three months' voyage on the Nile, constantly referring every detail, though ever so trifling, to our approval;



THE DIVINE CHILD IS THE SOLUTION OF THE RIDDLE OF HUMANITY
ASKED BY THE SPHINX.

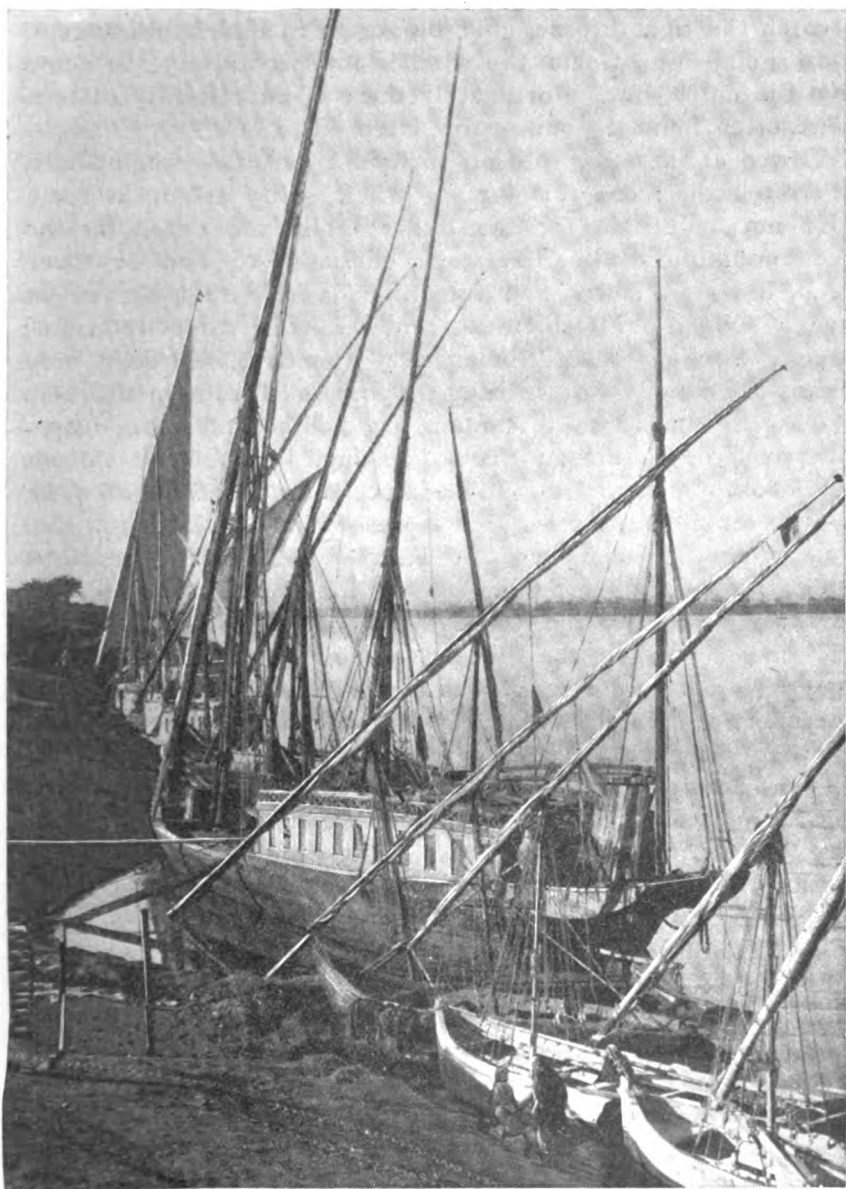
in fact there seems a regular competition between these guides, each vying with the others for the reputation of excelling in serving their patrons. Vainly did we insist that our tastes

were few and simple; Mohammed Adli was not to be moved from his determination of doing as he thought best, and I must do him the justice to say that no one could have taken better care of us in our floating home; but we were equally sure that he would have been even more pleased if we had been as anxious as he to give dinners, etc.; but as we were out for our own pleasure he was forced to submit.

We went aboard our *dahabeah* two days before sailing so as to become accustomed to our surroundings, and to be sure that all needed supplies had been provided. We feared by this delay to lose the fair wind just then blowing, but Adli had not yet returned from the city, and on Christmas day the cause of his detention appeared in a massive cake covered with frosting and various curious devices, which he presented with such a beaming countenance that we had not the heart to offer a word of reproach, impatient as we were to commence our voyage.

Of course a little description of our "quarters" will not be out of place, at the same time giving a touch of realism to the scenes presented. The *dahabeah* was some seventy-five feet in length, its lower deck not more than two or three feet above water-line. In the fore part, just behind the bows, stood a sort of range; though of a nondescript style, yet of wonderful capabilities, judging by the delicious courses brought from it by our Arab cook and his assistant—dishes that would have done credit to any cook in New York or Boston. Near this range our captain had his post of honor, whence orders were issued for the benefit of all concerned. Between it and the cabin, in the centre of the deck, and hanging across it, was an odd-looking lateen sail, triangular in shape, ninety-eight feet long, but very narrow at base. For the management of this two men were always at hand, to shift instantly, as the sudden gusts to which the river is subject frequently do much damage.

Every portion of the boat was utilized for some purpose, even to the floor of the cabin, which being movable, the place beneath answered as a storage room, and above the sailors sat while rowing on our return trip to Cairo. Pantry, state-rooms, and cabin occupied the rest of the boat, the latter being in the centre. The after-cabin in the stern was divided into sleeping-rooms, besides others for storing trunks, etc. An awning over the upper deck made the place serve as sitting-room most of the time, alternating with the cabin. The after-part of the upper deck railed off answered for the stores of the crew. Here their bread, cut in slices, was spread to dry and then



"WE WENT ABOARD OUR DAHABEAH TWO DAYS BEFORE SAILING."

placed in a huge chest. Behind this stood the helmsman managing the rudder, near which stretched a mast for a small sail hung diagonally, like the large one. These two, spread "wing to wing" to catch the right breeze, gave our craft an odd appearance.

In going up stream the wind is supposed always to come from the north, but unfortunately there is no certainty of this, as we often found to our sorrow later on.

Towed at the stern of our *dahabeah* were two small boats, called feluccas: one for our use when going ashore at some point not accessible for the larger craft; the other for the accommodation of our live stock, consisting of two or three sheep, fowls in crates, and sometimes a calf, that we might have a supply of fresh meat renewed from time to time; pigeons were also added, being very abundant, although only used by the natives for fertilizing purposes, as already mentioned.

Our crew included the captain, first and second mate, dragoon, steward, waiter, and cook, making, with eleven sailors, their cook, and a sort of major-domo, twenty persons all told, to care for four others. Two more of our home friends had at first intended joining us, but this plan did not prove feasible. In either case the same number of sailors would have been required, as navigation on the Nile is not child's play, or an easy matter. When the wind is not fair in ascending, these "marines" must take a line ashore and tow, or "track," as it is termed; then, if the wind is not too strong, when descending they pull up the boards in the deck, sitting with their feet in the hold and row. Yet at times neither of these methods proved available, so that for many days at a time we were obliged to rest on our oars, tied to the shore, it being too difficult to contend with adverse wind and wave; and this with not a habitation or any object of interest within sight.

Another duty of the sailors was to "punt," as it is termed—that is to feel their way with long poles when in shallow water; then occasionally when we ran aground they were obliged to jump into the water and tug long and hard to set us adrift again. Besides these duties, they must be ready to attend us in making excursions ashore, as protectors from annoyance of the natives, or to assist when passing over difficult places.

The operation of baking their own bread was quite an important affair, which took place three times during our three months' trip. We were then obliged "to tie up" and wait till it was finished. We always stopped at some town where there was an oven; they must grind and mix their grain, making all

the longer delay. A few genuine modern flour-mills might run a profitable business along this portion of the Nile.

As we were under contract with the Reis at a fixed sum per day, it was for his interest to prolong the voyage as much as possible; so we did not fail to be on the alert, insuring no needless delay in the ninety days we had arranged as the limit of our trip; the contract bound us to this period even if accomplished in less time.

These Arabs who are the professional escorts of tourists have their own ideas regarding "the eternal fitness of things," which one may not easily gainsay. While arranging our outfit the dragoman insisted upon being provided with a quantity of colored lanterns "to make *luminations*," as he said, and I think felt aggrieved that he must be limited to three hundred; but so it was, and these, with an American and a Turkish flag, completed the list in this line.

We were justly proud of our Reis and his splendid-looking company, though a somewhat motley crew in dress, size, figure, and feature; but for that all the more picturesque, Whether turbaned in white or red, capped in drab or blue, gowned in varied styles and hues—though not always gowned, but never without their full trousers of blue or white cotton—all in all, I would not have exchanged them for any other crew on the river; though one lady whom we met expressly conditioned that her "bronze statuary," as she termed it, should be handsome and fine singers.



"OUR CREW INCLUDED THE CAPTAIN."

A POET FOR THE WINTER EVENING.

BY ENEAS B. GOODWIN.



SOME books seem to have been written for the long winter evenings when the grate fire is burning brightly in the library, and the shaded lamp throws a soft light upon the rows of books lining the walls. The wind outside whistling round the corner of the house, and carrying the snow against the window-pane, makes the stillness of the study more impressive, and the curling smoke rising from the flames on the hearth takes on shapes familiar and strange, and leads the mind into a meditative mood. Into the memory then come again scenes and lines from experiences of a day and a lifetime, or from books laid aside for awhile. In such a mood it is difficult to follow the thoughts of the great masters. The melody of their verse or prose may strike upon the mind's ear like—

“Sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass”;

but the very sweetness of the tone will cause the book to be closed, and send the mind wandering in the realms of fancy. The classic writers of literature—Dante, Shakspeare, Goethe—even in their lightest lines convey here and there a thought too intense for the imagination only to develop, and too real and serious to form the subject of a winter evening's dreamy meditation. They are fitter for the early morning when the bright light of day, and the sounds of life and work, indicate the realness of things around, rather than for the hours when work is done, and the darkness and the stillness invite repose of body and mind.

The *Essays* of Elia is a book for the lamp and hearth in the winter-time, and *My Study Fire*, by Hamilton Wright Mabie, is another. Mr. Ainger, in his introduction to the *Essays* of Elia, says that a “feature of Lamb's style is its allusiveness. One feels rather than recognizes that a phrase, or idiom, or turn of expression, is an echo of something that one has heard or read before.” It is this allusiveness and

echo of what one has heard or read that make the *Essays* such pleasant reading. A few lines will often bring into the memory recollections of pages of the old black-letter books, of quaint words of wisdom from good Sir Thomas Browne, and scenes from the Elizabethan dramatists, that will make the mind build up whole periods in early English literature, and meditate on the wisdom of the past, or see in imagination the old stage life of Ben Jonson, and Shakspeare, and Webster. The style of Lamb, quaint, subtly humorous, reminiscent, and, as Walter Pater said, "informing a little, chiefly in a retrospective manner, but in no way concerned with the turning of the tides of the great world," makes him one of the most suggestive writers on the little things of life. And the story of Lamb's own life, so unselfish, kind, and sad, becomes a fitting subject for quiet thought when the fire burns low and the embers on the hearth grow cold. As Mr. Ainger said of his style so may be said of his life-history, that it leaves an aroma like the perfume of faded rose-leaves in a china jar.

Although Mr. Mabie's book is very different from the *Essays of Elia*, yet it is also a book for the winter evenings. It seems to have been written in a great arm-chair by the light of the study fire. In it are reflected the gleams of the warm flames and the happiness of the modern student's home. Its pages bear the impress of calm contentment, of domestic love, and the joy that comes from heart-to-heart talks with those bound together by long and intimate fellowship and affection. The essays making up the book are on thoughts suggested by the passing of the seasons, by the lives of men, and by the workings of the mind on the great poems of the past; but the charm of the book lies in its delicacy, its homeliness, and unconscious manifestation of the personal qualities of the writer. The book brings a feeling of delightful companionship into the solitude of the study, like the sound of a friend's voice ringing in the ears after he has gone. And it is this quality, as much as the thoughts contained in it, which makes Mr. Mabie's book most suitable for winter evening reading.

But prose, however charming and suggestive it may be, does not possess the peculiar charm and suggestiveness of poetry. The turns of expression required by the meter, the rhythmical melody of the verses, the thought only half revealed, make the imagination more active and the creations of the mind more real. Real poetry, moreover—true, serious, and, according to the famous saying of Milton, simple, sensu-

ous, and impassioned—wields a power over the spiritual and physical man that no prose ever can. It enters the soul, and thence, like the life-blood flowing from the heart, goes forth penetrating and saturating the whole man. And this power is possessed not only by the great poems of the masters, but also by every poem that makes for the better development of the individual. Such a poem may never appeal to the world; it may be like a flower that withers the day it blooms; but if it has made one human being better, then for him it is a true poem. The simple, sensuous, impassioned qualities of a true poem have, moreover, an æsthetic power that no prose can possess. The poetry of Keats has such qualities in an eminent degree. The world seems more beautiful after reading his poems, a delicate fragrance fills the air, and the imagination, if not the reason, can grasp the meaning of those famous lines:

“Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.”

For a winter evening, when the world outside is cold and cheerless, poems beautiful, delicate, and suggestive have a charm that is half lost in other hours of the day. And when these poems are quatrains, little lyrics, and sonnets like those of Father Tabb the charm is increased, for the brevity of the poems impels the mind to develop the thought and the imagery, in order to acquire a mastery of the meaning.

Father Tabb's poems have been published for some time, but, as an English critic wrote when his Poems first appeared, no American poet has shown such skill in delicate forms of expression, and in manifesting beautiful thoughts, since the days of Sidney Lanier. Delicacy, beauty, and brevity are the characteristics of these poems. And along with these characteristics is a suggestiveness which, like the perfume of a flower in a crowded room, leads the mind out into the warm sunshine, and the fair fields, and to the great moral truths behind all. Nature and the lessons contained in the flower, and field, and singing bird are the subjects of these charming little poems. But it is not Nature in her awful aspects—the aspects so vividly portrayed by the old Hebrew singers—but rather as she reveals herself here and there through a ray of sunlight. It is the fleeting phases of nature, the passing cloud, the summer wind, and the flash of the humming-bird through the flowers, that these poems reflect.

In this kind of poetry the mind receives a suggestion that

enables it to build up for itself a more lengthy poem. Thus on a winter's evening the poem "To a Rose" brings back memories sweet as the perfume of the flower itself. The flames on the hearth fashion themselves into petals delicate and swiftly fading; and the hand unconsciously takes down some book closed long ago, and turning over the pages takes from between them a flower faded and frail, and crumbling into dust by being lifted from its long-time resting-place. The scenes and friendly faces of youth come back again, and the sound of youthful laughter seems so real that the falling snow is heard no more, and the stillness of the study is gone. But the withered rose, turning into dry dust at the lightest touch, makes the merry faces, and the bright lights, and the warm summer breeze fade away, and, as it is put back among the leaves of the old book, the words of the poet take on a meaning deep, and tender, and personal:

"Thou hast not toiled, sweet Rose,
Yet needest rest:
Softly thy petals close
Upon thy breast,
Like folded hands of labor, long oppressed."

Thoughts of the years gone by, and of the friends who have passed away with them, lead the mind to meditate on the transitory nature of earthly happiness. The leaping flames seem to contain within themselves images of human lives. They begin in a vague, shadowy way; then comes the bright flashing light that lasts for a little while, and is followed by the broken smoke that quickly leaves no trace behind. And so it is with human life; there is the unformed, half-unconscious time of childhood, then come the keen, active years of youthful manhood when life is very real and friends are dear, and then the days that seem always evenings fast speeding into the darkness of the night. For thoughts such as these there is a poem that carries the mind into the darkness and makes it see the ray of light far in the distance. It is the story of a flower striving to reach a dying human flower before it fades away from earth:

"I knew she lay above me,
Where the casement all the night
Shone, softened with a phosphor glow
Of sympathetic light,

And that her fledgling spirit pure
Was pluming fast for flight.

I waited, darkling, till the dawn
Should touch me into bloom,
While all my being panted
To outpour its first perfume:
When, lo! a paler flower than mine
Had blossomed in the gloom."

The hope of seeing again those whose light has failed does indeed make their absence less painful to bear, but now and then the old grief will come again and the pain seems as intense as when first felt. At such times the depth of meaning, and the suggestion of a sorrow that cannot cease, contained in these lines will cause the book to be closed for awhile, and bring back the poignant pangs of a grief old yet deeply branded on the memory:

"Old grief, new tears:
Deep to deep is calling,
Life is but a passing cloud
Whence the rain is falling."

The stillness of the study and the soft glow of the lamp are favorable for melancholy musings; but the sound of the wind, and the snow beating against the windows, and the crackling of the fire as a new log is put on, makes one turn over the pages of the book to a poem that has the melody and rhythm of a happier mood. It is the "Fern Song." The charm in its lines seems to make the falling of the snow change into the fast falling drops of a summer shower. Summer skies and summer breezes cause the old griefs to depart, and the pleasures of the present make the heart feel again those that are past. Thoughts even of the warm sunshine, flashing on the leaves and dispelling the shadows on the grass, bring back the buoyancy and cheerfulness that are half lost in the winter-time. The contrast, too, between the thoughts and the cold white landscape swept by the winter winds adds to the pleasure of entertaining them. The world after all would be a dreary place if there were no shadows on it. They bring out the poetry in the commonest life. Unalloyed pleasure is the ideal of a child mind. Work and sorrow are the realities of life, and it is only after them that idleness and pleasure can bring real happiness. In the "Fern Song" the necessity of

the cloud sometimes concealing the sunshine is beautifully expressed :

“Dance to the beat of the rain, little fern,
And spread out your palms again,
And say, ‘Tho’ the sun
Hath my vesture spun,
He hath labored, alas! in vain,
But for the shade
That the cloud hath made,
And the gift of the dew and the rain.’
Then laugh and upturn
All your fronds, little fern,
And rejoice in the beat of the rain.”

Passing away from care, and coming into the bright light of hopefulness again, gives a new impetus to ambition and makes success seem nearer. After the rain cloud has melted away the sun shines forth warmer and brighter. And here in the library after the log has thoroughly ignited, and the mass of flame illumines the distant corners of the room, there comes the resolution of doing better work on the morrow, and of making greater efforts to grasp the phantom-like form of that on which are set the heart and brain. Light and cheerfulness are most conducive to resoluteness. By means of them the object of ambition develops, and the means needed for its attainment are more clearly seen.

Every human life, how humble soever it may be, has some ideal toward which it tends, and, in its own way, labors to possess. And this ideal, this object of living, is formed, and grows, and develops silently, out of acts apparently unconscious, out of circumstances uncontrollable, out of contact with friends, until at last it is the dominating influence of life. There is no known time when it can be said to have begun. A word or an action may have started it, but so quiet was its growth that it seems to have come ready-made into the mind. There is much similarity between the growth of a life-dominating ideal and a flower. Both are perfections of nature, and, as in all the workings of nature, there is a mysteriousness about both. The little seed placed in the ground and carefully covered over soon sends forth its tiny shoots, and the beginning of the rose or the chrysanthemum is seen. But the glory of the flower makes only plainer the marvellous mystery it contains :

"Whence art thou? From what chrysalis
Of silence hast thou come?
What thought in thee finds utterance
Of dateless ages dumb—
Outspeeding in the distance far
The herald glances of a star
As yet unseen."

The ideal is the dominating influence on life because it is permanent. In this it differs from the whims, fancies, and imaginary apparitions that are continually diverting the mind from the one object it is destined for. They belong more to the time of immaturity, of youthful instability, than to the years when care and the duties of life have taken enthusiasm away. But, notwithstanding frequent diversions, the ideal remains, and the mind comes back to it, and the force impelling its attainment never ceases its activity. In this the ideal may be called—

"The blossom thoughts that here within
The garden of my soul arise,
Alike unheeding wintry skies;
Or sun, or rain, or night, or day,
And never hence to pass away."

There is a solemnity in the thought of the permanence of the ideal. It is indeed a part of us, made up by our own selves; yet so real is it that it seems to be something quite distinct from us. Its influence, too, is such as never to leave the mind at ease. The struggle to attain it is ceaseless; but it is not a struggle in the dark. There is always time to pause, to review the efforts made, to measure the distance to success, and to meditate upon the actions that were useless and made a failure of our work. For the ideal always stands out luminously, like a tall pine against the cold gray sky, and stumbling to attain it does not make it disappear. Its plainness, however, before the mind's sight now and then brings on sadness. It seems to be always moving back just as the hands are about to grasp it. Although all the world may think a man has realized his ideal, yet when the evening of life comes and he cannot labor any more, he feels somehow that more should be done in order to clasp tightly within his arms the ambition of his youth. It is indeed an ideal, a dream thought; but so real that many a life has gone out in its pursuit.

By this time the log on the hearth has begun to crumble

away, and here and there black spots may be seen indicative of the smouldering of the fire. The corners of the room have become dark again, the titles on the rows of books can scarcely be seen now, and even the lamp seems to burn with a softer glow. As the silver-tongued clock over the fireplace calls out the quarters nearing midnight, and ticks away the minutes that return no more, the eye wanders over the pages which contain poems that carry the mind beyond time and place, beyond any human ideal, into the world of spirit and immaterial thought.

There is hardly any time of the year when the mind is so ready to receive thoughts about the unseen world as during the midnight hour of a winter evening. The darkness outside, the stillness within (broken only by the sound of the clock that seems strangely loud, and now and then the creaking doors that make one shrink back and shudder), are conducive to meditations in which the mind divests itself of the things that hold it down to earth, and penetrates far into the invisible. For it is at midnight that

“A flood of darkness overwhelms the land ;
And all that God had planned,
Of loveliness beneath the noonday skies,
A dream o’ershadowed lies.”

It is like a dream, too, that the great event which made holy for ever a winter midnight hour comes into the memory. The words of the Angels’ song seem to ring out on the stillness of the night, not to tell the coming of the Divinity among men again, but to say that He is present now as really as He was centuries ago. And the angels do not sing alone any more while mankind listens wondering. The inhabitants of earth have taken up the words of the song, and utter them with voices strong and trustful, and from hearts filled with confidence and love. In a poem worthy of the Christmas midnight-time Father Tabb brings out the thought of the modern Dawn Song :

“’Tis Christmas night ! Again—
But not from heaven to earth—
Rings forth the old refrain,
‘A Saviour’s Birth !’
Nay, listen ; ’tis below !
A song that soars above,
From human hearts aglow
With heavenly love !”

The thought of what has been endured by One who had no need to suffer does fill the soul with a love so pure and true that it may be called heavenly. In consequence of it there comes a quietness over the whole being, and a restfulness in the consciousness that that love is returned in an infinite degree by One who, infinite Himself, yet so loved men as to become one of them. And the thought that, although invisible now, He still looks kindly into the heart and silently directs the course of life, adds to the calm that comes over the mind in its reflective mood. Things take on a different aspect under the light of such a thought. The study seems no longer deserted, but it becomes a holy place, a terrible place indeed, for it is the house of God. Even the flowers fading in the jardinière on the table have within them the divinity that makes the world bloom. As the poet wrote :

"I see Thee in the distant blue;
But in the violet's dell of dew
Behold I breathe and touch Thee too."

These are only a small number of the thoughts that Father Tabb's poems suggest. All of them in one way or another are replete with indications that direct the mind, when in a musing mood, to the nobler sides of nature, and to considerations of nature's God. For Father Tabb's poems are intensely religious: not the religion that makes this world dreary and ugly, but the religion that sees the beautiful in everything, and shows all the fairness to be but a manifestation of the beauty of God. There is a lesson, then, in every poem, and learning it helps one to understand the mechanism of the tiniest insect, the glory of the scented flower, the ideal influencing human life, and in a measure the great Being who permeates all. Lessons such as these make a winter evening's meditation fruitful, and cause one to forget the cold and the gloom outside, and to see again the fair fields, the bright sunshine, and the beauty in the humblest life.

WORKINGMEN AND LIFE INSURANCE. ~

BY THOMAS SCANLON.

SUPPOSE a man at the age of 30 makes up his mind to put by \$23 a year. If he is a healthy man and does not take any undue risks, he will probably live another 30 years, and in that time he would have saved, exclusive of interest, \$690. But he has only a probability and not a certainty to guide him, and consequently he never can tell how much he will be worth when he dies. Instead, however, of hoarding up the money, let us suppose that he pays it annually to an insurance office as a life insurance premium. He is no longer in doubt as to what his financial position will be at his death, at least approximately. For \$23 a year he can take out a policy which will be good for \$1,000 at death, whenever that event may happen. He has thus converted doubt into certainty, fear into confidence, shadow into substance. This he has done by simply throwing in his lot with a group of others and averaging the results. The uncertainty which hangs over the fate of individuals tends to vanish when we take large groups into consideration, for so Nature has decreed—

“So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life.”

—Tennyson's "*In Memoriam*."

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF LIFE INSURANCE.

Life insurance is not more than a couple of centuries old. Like navigation and other applied sciences, it has had to start with charts which were largely false, and to make its corrections as it went along. Indeed, the parallel might be carried still further, for the perils of the sea are not more dangerous than are some of the financial perils associated with insurance management. Life insurance, to be safe and to be equitable, must be based upon extensive and accurate knowledge of all the elements of risk that enter into the undertaking; the risk undertaken cannot be accurately measured; it can but be approximately predicted, and that only by the closest observation of past experience. Nowadays such a vast body of reli-

able data touching every conceivable form of risk has been accumulated, and the subject has received so much attention at the hands of skilled actuaries, statisticians, and financiers, that one may well feel embarrassed at the almost endless variety of ways in which those wishing to invest money against a given contingency can do so advantageously. For those who have the foresight and the means to lay by a certain sum every year there are plenty of excellent offices prepared to give handsome terms by way of insurance at death, endowments, and old-age pensions, with other dainty morsels thrown in, such as bonuses, cash dividends, paid-up policies, non-forfeiture benefits, etc. What are called the upper and middle classes, the mercantile and professional people, and the well-to-do tradesmen no longer fight shy of insurance, but appreciate its aims and are becoming its best customers. While, however, it is abundantly clear that the classes who are strong enough and intelligent enough to protect themselves are fully provided for in the way of life insurance protection, it may not be out of place to inquire what has been done towards carrying the same facilities into the homes of those—unfortunately the great bulk of the community—who, without either the means or the intelligence which would enable them to take advantage of the terms offered to their richer brethren, are all the more in need of such facilities from the fact that many of them are separated only by a week's wages from absolute want.

INDUSTRIAL INSURANCE.

If life insurance was to be spread broadcast among the people, there was only one way to do it. The mountain would not go to Mahomet; therefore Mahomet must go to the mountain. But neither Mahomet nor anybody else will undertake the trouble for nothing; consequently the mountain must be debited with the expenses of the journey. Stripped of all allegory, the position is this: that the dearth of industrial life insurance, as compared with ordinary life insurance, arises from the fact that the former involves the maintenance of a large standing army of collectors who receive the premiums at the people's homes, whereas the latter does not. The term "industrial" insurance is well chosen. It means the insurance of the industrial classes. Where factories, workshops, furnaces, and warehouses spring up rapidly, necessitating the employment of a large number of hands at weekly wages, and where,

as in the modern industrial towns on either side of the Atlantic, the temptations to spend money as fast as it is earned are difficult to overcome, the need of some social contrivance whereby the tide of good resolution could be caught regularly at its flood, and the few stray coins washed up (so to speak) by that tide might be collected and in some way made to minister to the later inevitable needs of their possessor or his family, must have been severely felt. Pauper funerals before the introduction of industrial insurance were numerous enough, but the contamination of town life and a hand-to-mouth existence had not quite quenched the self-respecting spirit of the working classes, and accordingly a movement arose among them to render themselves independent of pauper burial by providing collectively for the inevitable contingency which individually they could not face.

Amongst the more intelligent and public-spirited of the working-classes the movement took the shape of "benevolent" or "friendly societies," under such quaint-sounding names as "The Ancient Order of Druids," "The United Order of Buffaloes," the "Unity of Oddfellows," etc. The fantastic nomenclature of those organizations, and the antiquarian pomp and symbolism which often was, and is to this day, associated with their public functions, may have drawn into their ranks a class of persons whom the more prosaic functions of providing for sickness and death benefits would not have attracted. Still there is no doubt that beneath their ceremony and affectation there lay a wealth of useful and laudable work. The idea of self-government was fostered; authority and responsibility went together. While all lodges were affiliated to the order, each lodge was responsible for its own financial condition, and every member of such lodge had a direct interest in preventing the order from being cheated or imposed upon. Many such societies are still in existence, and some of them are wealthy and flourishing; and even when one of them is found to be insolvent it possesses remarkable recuperative powers in the loyalty, vigilance, and activity of its members.

COLLECTING FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

But these societies touched only the higher strata of the industrial classes. To meet the wants of the other and more numerous sections of the working-class population other agencies had to be called into requisition. A class of organizations calling themselves "friendly societies," but widely different

in their practical operation from the orders just mentioned, soon made its appearance in answer to the public needs. These were the "collecting friendly societies." The name "collecting," recently stamped upon them by the British Parliament, serves to distinguish them from the friendly societies proper. The collecting societies were co-operative in form; that is, all members had constitutionally equal rights, but in practice the self-interest of the collecting element was the dominating motive in the management. The collecting societies sent round their representatives from house to house, promising to each member not only a fixed amount at death for a given premium per week, but in addition a voice in the control of the society. They met with a considerable amount of success as far as membership was concerned. Their membership to-day in the United Kingdom alone probably amounts to 4,000,000, including a large proportion of juveniles. Hard canvassing, stimulated by the anticipation of resultant profit, has effected this realization. From the outset, however, it might have been clearly seen that these societies rested upon a very unsatisfactory footing. It was not likely that people who were either so lazy or so thriftless that they required a collector to wait upon them every week for their premiums would make good use of any powers of self-government with which the constitution of their society invested them. And it might easily have been foreseen that the powers which the members neglected to use would be eagerly seized by the dominant collecting factions, and used by them in their own sordid interests. This much is certain: that the self-government theory as applied to these societies has not stood the test of experience, and although the British legislature has, with the best of intentions, passed various enactments to encourage the members to take a deeper interest in the management of the affairs of their societies, the dangers to solvency which arise from the cupidity and ignorance of amateur management have been proved to be not less real than those which are associated with the rule of a rapacious collecting "ring."

THE NEXT COMPETITOR.

The next competitor to enter the field took the shape of the industrial insurance company; an organization managed avowedly in the interests of a small body of share-holders, and treating its clients as policy-holders only, not as members.

Several of these concerns were originally collecting societies, the promoters of which, no doubt foreseeing the difficulty of reconciling theory and practice, wisely abandoned what they felt to be untenable ground, and took their stand upon the ground of private enterprise pure and simple. From their point of view, which events have since largely justified, an insurance policy is an absolute contract between two parties, and need not be surrounded with a show of benevolence or of fraternal spirit, any more than the purchase of a railway ticket or of an ounce of tobacco. What the people want, it is contended, who are not in a position to take up ordinary insurance, is not the illusory glory of a blind partnership in a concern that is nominally self-governed, but commercial solvency and security. A passenger takes a ferry ticket in order to cross the river; he does not want in addition to take a turn at the wheel; it would be worse for himself and for every other passenger if he did; and in the same way it may be urged that the poor insurer only wants absolute security that his money shall be safe at death, and not that doubtful kind of security which is afforded by unskilled or haphazard management.

Both these methods of insurance have flourished side by side in Great Britain for upwards of half a century, and the results to-day may fairly be taken as a test of their relative suitability to the wants of that country. It is estimated that half the population is insured in one or other of these two classes of organizations. One industrial company alone, viz., the British Prudential, claims to have one-third of the population on its policy roll, leaving one-sixth to be distributed amongst all the other companies and collecting societies. While two or three large collecting societies still survive and have a tolerably good membership, their success has been in direct proportion to the fidelity with which they have imitated the methods of the industrial companies, which, as we have seen, absorb the lion's share of the business.

The conditions of life which in England made industrial insurance a necessity of the times were no sooner reached here than the system appeared and took root. Just as in the older country, the business here is mainly in the hands of a few large companies. Nor is this the outcome of what in so many other spheres of business is recognized as the "trust" tendency. The fact is that in insurance the best results can be reached only when operations are conducted on a large scale, for it takes large

masses of units to give the law of averages room to work. There is nothing in common between the concentrative tendency in insurance, which is a permanent condition making for safety, and the concentrative tendency which in certain other fields of enterprise may proceed from the arbitrary manipulation of artificial conditions. There is here no raw material to be monopolized. Anything like the Standard Oil Company is impossible in the insurance world. There is no field more open to competition, and nothing to deter new competitors from entering beyond the sight of the wreckage of so many ambitious offices that have paid with their lives the penalty of their want of skill and knowledge.

INSURANCE ON CHILDREN.

Although the spread of industrial insurance has been truly phenomenal, it must not be supposed that there were not some tough battles to be fought before the system was allowed to take firm root in this country. Its utility and real beneficence were often disputed, and indeed are so still, though by a constantly dwindling proportion. The practice of insuring children for death benefits was a feature that was fiercely assailed, just as it was in Great Britain, on the ground that it constituted a temptation to bad parents to murder their offspring for the sake of the insurance money. Such a wholesale charge reads terrible in cold print; yet it has often been made by philanthropic and high-minded men against the masses of their countrymen. It only shows how one-eyed such philanthropy is liable to become, and how tyrannous a philanthropic government might become in practice. It may have happened in a very few rare instances that parents or guardians (?) have descended to this unnatural level of criminality, owing to corrupt social environments; but the masses of the human race, though they may hate each other, love their children and care for them, and to them insurance is a boon. And if such isolated cases have happened, at least some cases have also happened where adult persons have been murdered for the sake of the insurance money. Yet such cases are not cited as a reason for the suppression of adult insurance. A child's life is precarious under the best conditions, as insurance offices know to their cost, and their own self-interest, independent of philanthropic considerations, is sufficient to dictate the limits—admittedly narrow ones—within which child insurance should be conducted. It is not the practice of the companies to insure

children under 12 years of age for more than what a weekly premium of 5 or 10 cents will purchase, and the longer the child lives, till adolescence is reached, the more money is paid at death.

INSURANCE COMPANIES AND THE COLORED PEOPLE.

A mistaken sense of philanthropy has also intruded itself into the dealings between insurance offices and their colored clients. According to the experience of certain offices, the average black man is not near as good a risk as the average white man, and should consequently pay a proportionately higher premium for equal benefit. But certain State legislatures, imbued with the idea of racial equality, and possessing more power than knowledge, in relation to the subject in hand, passed enactments compelling the offices to give the colored policy-holders the same benefits as they gave the white people, for an equal premium. This is, from an insurance point of view, equivalent to ordering that men who insure at 60 shall receive the same death benefits for a given premium as those who insure at 40 or 50. This placed the offices in a serious dilemma. They had either to cease canvassing for colored risks altogether, or to continue insuring them knowing them to be bad risks, and to let the deficiency which might arise in their cases be defrayed by the longer-lived white policy-holders. This latter arrangement would, of course, be unjust to the white people, and we learn without surprise that the former course was the one adopted. "Equal risk equal premium" is a good insurance motto, and the wonder is that any legislature should so far forget its true province as to declare certain things to be equal which have been found by actual measurement to be *unequal*.

The number of industrial policies now in force in the United States is computed to exceed 10,000,000, or less than one-seventh of the population according to the last census. This is far short of the condition which has been reached in Great Britain, where, as we have seen, every second person is insured. To attain this result would require an additional issue of 27,000,000 policies, so that there is yet "ample room and verge enough" for the enterprising canvasser. The average amount insured by each policy is about \$130, enough to defray the funeral expenses of the insured and to leave a small balance.

MAKING INSURANCE POPULAR.

A prominent British government official once declared that insurance canvassers were a necessary evil. In order to prove how necessary they are, let us ask how many of those who now make provision for their future through insurance companies and societies would have done so had there been no canvassers. Surely an infinitesimal proportion. The British government several years ago, through its post-office system, tried to make life insurance popular with the masses. It introduced a scheme whereby any one, at a much cheaper rate than the industrial companies offer, could insure his life at the nearest post-office, by paying his premiums there annually. But the whole scheme is a dead-letter, notwithstanding the good things that were hoped from its introduction. While the big private concern already mentioned adds every year a million and a half policy-holders to its list, the post-office adds at the rate of a few hundreds. The art of the canvasser and the energy begotten of enlightened self-interest has made this gigantic difference. "Enlightened self-interest" is not a very captivating phrase, and as a cure for social ills it has long been banished from the reformer's pharmacopœia. But the thing which it signifies is yet capable of much. In the single field of life insurance which we are considering it has been the means of diverting many million dollars from purposes which were useless or harmful to purposes which are praiseworthy and honorable. Governments have tried to do the same thing and have failed. It is only a conspicuous illustration of the broad fact that, given free competition and no favor, the interests of all the human race are identical. An insurance manager may be only thinking of making his fortune; the idea of saving the nation may never have entered into his head. But the world is so constituted that in doing one he does the other. I speak, of course, only of fields of enterprise where equality of opportunity is not denied. And as there is no field so open and free to all comers as the field of life insurance, so I think I can say without fear of contradiction that the half century just closed has been no less remarkable for the extraordinary prosperity of insurance offices, and the high profits of share-holders, than for the advantageous terms enjoyed by policy-holders, and the extent to which their requirements are met and provided for by the offices to which they have entrusted their savings.



THE CANAL AT CANTON.

RAILROADS IN CHINA.



DESPITE the rivalries which always exist at Peking between the different powers and the violent struggle of influences engaged there, which have often compromised the end that each appeared to seek, it seems that all Europe, with her civilization, has at last united to break open the gates of the Celestial Empire. It is certain that great advancement has been made during the last four years. The treaty of Shimonoseki afforded the opportunity of establishing manufactories in the open ports; the birth of an industrial China through it was rendered possible. To this another concession was added, in 1898, not less important: that of opening to steam navigation all the rivers in the provinces having treaty ports; that is to say, in thirteen of the nineteen Chinese provinces, and in the entire basin of the Yang-tse-Kiang in particular, with the exception of the inferior province of Kweichau. European ships are thus enabled to load and unload their cargoes much nearer the centre of distribution, avoiding costly transfers and the oppressive exactions of collectors of internal customs. Eleven new treaty ports have been opened since the war, where foreign merchants can establish themselves and be in close connection with the consumer. Better still, the internal customs will be collected regularly. The change from oppressive and arbitrary taxes to regularly collected duties is a real revolution.

The greatest event of the last four years is, however, the construction of a system of railways. Until recently China has not shown the least comprehension of the importance of railroads, and has resisted with great energy the introduction into her territory of the great emblem of modern civilization. The governing class was confused by the profound changes that would ensue in economic life, and, in consequence, in the political system of the Empire, by the establishment of means of rapid transit. Besides this, routine prevented the merchants themselves from comprehending the advantage; and then popular superstition, of which persons of the highest rank partake, was not to be offended. One could not say, after the war with Japan, which placed the Celestial Empire on the very brink of ruin, whether, instead of making concessions to the inventions of Western barbarians, it would not be better to offer a high reward to whoever would re-discover the secret of the phoenix rising from its ashes. Was it not recently said that the members of the Tsung-li-Yamen would tear

down the embankments of the railway; that the nails driven downward into the crossbeams were at the risk of wounding the dorsal fins of sacred dragons, inhabitants of the subsoil?

It is not surprising, then, that a short line of railway, constructed in 1876 by Europeans, between Shanghai and Wusung, was destroyed by the Chinese authorities the following year. A short time afterward, however, Li Hung Chang was persuaded to build a short railroad between his coal mines at Kaiping and the nearest navigable river, the Peitang, situated north of Peiho; this road was afterward extended to Tien-tsin for one terminus, and the other to Shanhai-Kwan, where the Great Wall joins the sea. If



LI HUNG CHANG.

the work had been resolutely pushed toward the north-east, no doubt it would have rendered great service during the war with Japan. Be that as it may, this short road of 175 miles was the only one existing in China as late as 1896.

In deciding, after the war, to extend this road to Peking, the Chinese government had in view probably the throwing of dust in the eyes of foreigners; the opening of 85 miles of railroad is nevertheless an interesting event, as an example of what awaits the railway in populous regions of China. In Sep-



TYPES OF THE CHINESE PEASANTRY.

tember, 1897, there was one train running daily each way, making the trip in five hours; but in October a second was put on, somewhat ambitiously qualified an *express*, which placed Tien-tsin less than four hours from the capital, travelling at the rate of twenty miles an hour. On the cane benches of the first-class carriages one had few neighbors, and there was sufficient space by the side of travellers to accommodate all their luggage, trunks included; in the second-class carriages, the price was about one cent per mile, against one cent and a half in the first.

At this time the receipts amounted to something like three hundred *taels* a day, or about two hundred dollars. Traffic has since increased. According to M. Kinder, superintendent of the road, the 200 miles of the Chili system, comprising an extension of 40 miles to the north of the Great Wall, returns to-day two million *taels*, or \$1,400 000, being \$4,700 per mile yearly, at a cost of 1,200 000 *taels*, \$2,800 per mile. The entire personnel, station employees, inspectors, and laborers, are Chinese, with the exception of the mechanics, who are English or American. These last are being quickly replaced by the Celestials. On the Japanese railways there are no European employees, and in Tongking, on the small line from Phu-lang-Thuong to Langson, there are native mechanics, although the Annamites are very inferior to the Chinese.

The road from Tien-tsin to Peking is an encouraging example for the future of railways in China. "Besides," said Monseigneur Favier, Apostolic Vicar of Peking with the authority of his twenty-seven years of sojourn in China—"besides, this is a precedent, and is therefore of enormous value. There was long hesitation before the first telegraph line was put up. To-day, the wires radiate toward all the frontiers of the Empire—to Tongking, to Burmah, to the Amur, to Yarkand, and to Kashgar, to the end of Turkestan, a thousand leagues from Peking. There are now several hundreds of miles of railways, and nothing will oppose there soon being many thousands." There may be a little optimism in these words of the eminent missionary, but it is true, in China especially, that it is the first step that counts.

If the concessions continue to go on as they have since the end of the war with Japan, and if all the railway lines conceded are constructed, it is certain that Monseigneur Favier's prediction will soon be realized. During the four years which have passed since the signing of the treaty of Shimonoseki, over 6,000 miles of railway in the Middle Kingdom have been conceded to Europeans, and a number of these, comprising more than 2,400 miles, are already under way.

The concessions of railways, as well as of mines, have excited rivalries, and become the objects of complicated and laborious negotiations between China and the different powers.

Among the 6,000 miles of railroads, to which ought to be added the 298 miles of the Chili system and the 11 miles from Shanghai to Wusung, re-established last year, the first to be conceded were the Russian roads of Manchuria, officially



CHINESE MODE OF TRANSIT.

qualified the "East-Chinese Railroads"; 885 miles for the section situated in the Chinese Trans-Siberian territory, which leads to Vladivostok by Tsitsikar, and in the neighborhood of Kirin; about 500 miles for the branch which connects this section at Port Arthur; and another short branch, which leads to the treaty port at New-chwang, at the northern extremity of the Gulf of Pechili. These lines are entirely in the hands of the Russian government, the principal share-holders of the East-Chinese Company, of which the council of administration is, in fact, only a dependence of the Ministry of Ways and Communication of St. Petersburg. Constructed on the same broad gauge as the other Russian railroads and forming an outlet for the Trans-Siberian, the lines of Manchuria have an enormous strategic importance, and are assured of a very large passenger and freight traffic, as they constitute the extremity of the grand Siberian artery, which will be the shortest route from Europe to the Far East. The work upon the railroads in Manchuria, which was begun in 1897, is vigorously conducted to-day. Materials are transported by barges from Port Arthur and New-chwang, where locomotives and many thousand tons of rails from America are received. But there are many difficulties in railroad building in Northern Manchuria:

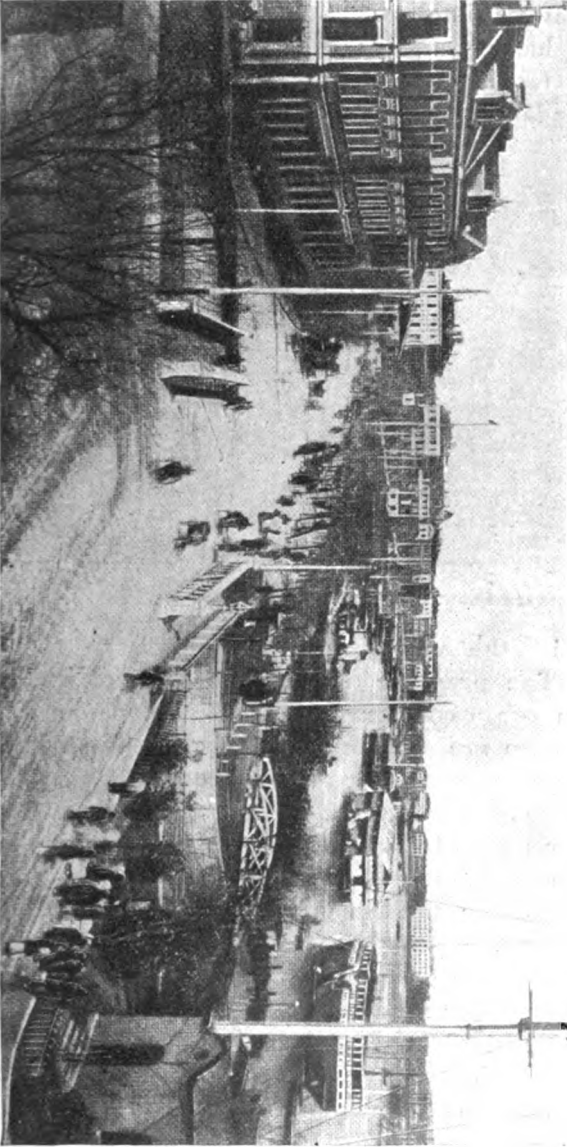
two large mountain ranges, abrupt and rugged, nearly unexplored up to the present time, are separated by a marshy plain, which is inundated in the rainy season, and it is not expected that this line will be opened before 1904 or 1905.

The Russian system will be connected with that already existing in Chili, and consequently with Peking, by the line from Shanhai-kwan to New-chwang, by a branch toward Moukden. The total length of construction is only 257 miles. It is controlled by a British and Chinese corporation, at the head of which is the house of Jardine & Matheson, one of the oldest houses in the foreign commerce of China and the first British bank in the Far East: the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation. The rails will be laid for the Chili system at the usual gauge in Europe and America (56.3 inches, instead of the 59.73 inches of the Russian lines). There is no need to point out the strategic importance of this railroad, which has seriously compromised matters, for the time being, between England and Russia. A portion of the region which it crosses is the most populous and richest part of Manchuria, and produces large grain crops. Travellers who go to Peking by the Trans-Siberian change at New-chwang; the work on this line should be finished, according to the contract of concession, in 1903.

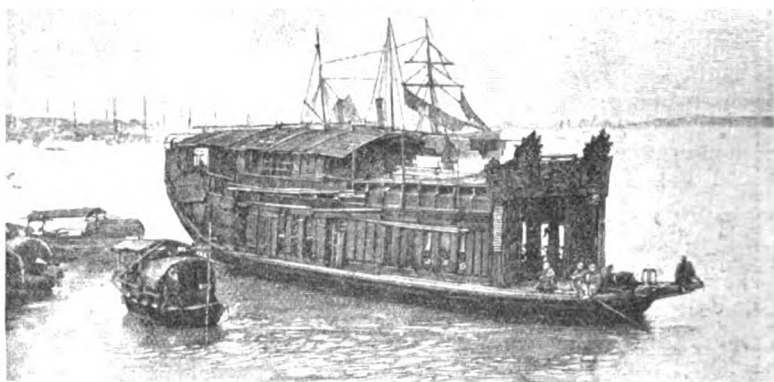
On the other side of the Gulf of Pechili, in the province of Shan-tung, Germany has been authorized by China to construct an entire system, the future of which appears as brilliant as the Russian or English lines of Manchuria. We enter here into China proper, and into one of the most populous provinces: more than 700 inhabitants to the square mile. In the interior of Shan-tung there is a mountain range, which possesses great mineral wealth and is surrounded by vast and thickly-peopled plains. These plains extend to the Yellow River, which often devastates a part of them, and are covered with extensive coal beds. Three railroads, about 600 miles all together, will be constructed by the Germans, and will form a triangle enclosing the mountainous region of the interior, going from Tsaou-chow to the Yellow River by Tsinan, capital of the province, from there to the important city Yank-chau, which will, in turn, be directly connected with Tsaou-chow.

The line going to the Yellow River will become one of extreme importance, not only serving for transportation from the part of Shan-tung which it crosses, but will be the shortest route from the navigable part of the Yellow River to the sea,

THE MAIN STREET OF SHANGHAI.



and will thus drain traffic from the greater part of Shense, Shanse, and Honan. These three provinces, although not the most populous of China, yet count from forty to forty-five million souls; they have been the cradle of Chinese civilization; the celebrated yellow soil, to a depth of more than thirty-seven feet, has been cultivated for thousands of years, without artificial fertilization; but it is not the quality of the soil, but the abundance of minerals which it contains, that, in



A CHINESE FLOWER BOAT ON THE YELLOW RIVER.

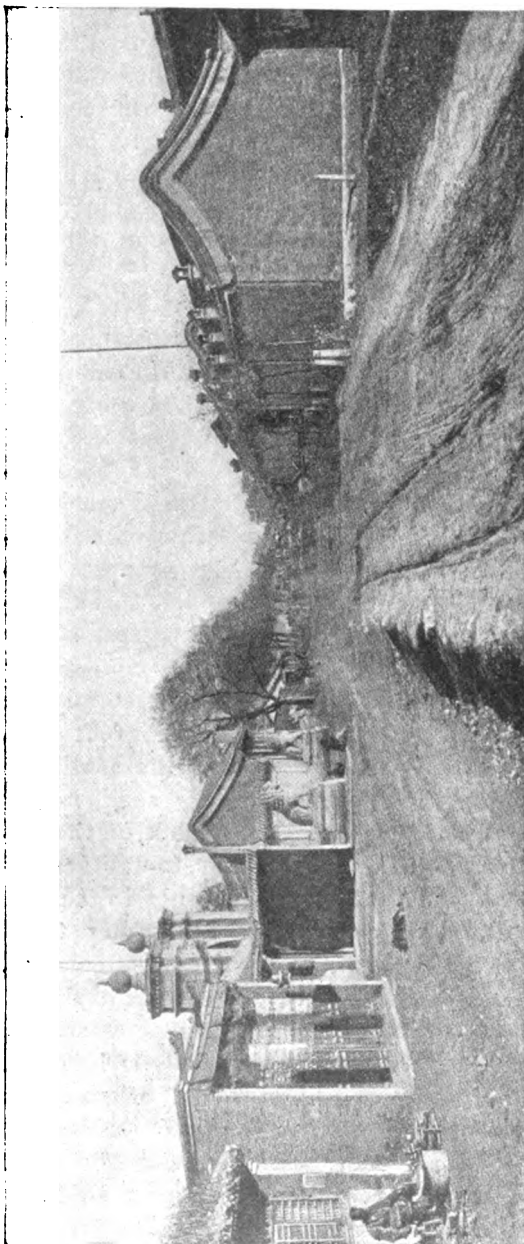
the future, will be the source of great wealth to this part of the country. The presence of immense beds of anthracite coal and of iron ore, easily extracted, will, when the difficulties of transportation are overcome, transform this region into one of the greatest industrial centres of the world.

Two great railroad lines have been proposed to unite the north with the centre of the Middle Kingdom, going from Tien-tsin and from Peking to the valley of the Yang-tse, across the great Chinese plain: the first is that from Peking to Hang-chau. This is the first railroad that the imperial edict authorized to be established in China; but it has had many vicissitudes since 1889, when the celebrated Chang-Chih-Toung, who was the promoter, was charged with the construction and was nominated to this effect Viceroy of Hang-chau. Although very progressive, this great mandarin disliked foreigners, and especially their inventions, and wished to construct this line with native resources alone, the capital as well as the material being found in China. As might be expected, this exclusiveness proved fatal. The forges that Chang established at Han-yen were able to furnish with difficulty a small quantity of bad

steel; and the Chinese capitalists ended by turning a deaf ear to the enthusiastic appeals of the promoter. So the project slept, and was not taken up again until after the war. A Franco-Belgian syndicate has since then demanded the concession, and finally obtained it in 1898, after many changes, and a heavy diplomatic struggle between the representatives at Peking from France, Belgium, and Russia, upon one side, and those of England upon the other; the necessary loan for the execution of the line was raised in April, 1899, at Paris and Brussels. The importance of this road is very great, and traffic prospects are brilliant. At one end is a capital, at the other the immense urban agglomeration of three million inhabitants, formed by the three cities of Han-kow, Wu-chang, and Han-yang at the junction of the Yang-tse and one of its most important affluents, the river Han. The centre of the tea commerce, Han-kow, is, by its admirable position, the real heart of China. Situated but 932 miles from the mouth of the Yang-tse-Kiang, the largest ocean vessels can reach it without difficulty. All foreign nations envy the attributing of these concessions, this being, possibly, the city with the greatest future in all China.

A group of Anglo-German capitalists propose to supply the funds necessary for the construction of the other great line, situated between the one already mentioned and the sea, from Tien-tsin to Chin-kiang, on the Yang-tse. This road, nearly 600 miles in length, will be approximately the track of the old Imperial Canal from Peking to the Yang-tse, to-day sanded and choked up to the point of being useful only in certain parts for local transportation, but which was in former times an extremely important and frequented way of communication.

The valley of the Yang-tse, which forms the central, and possibly the richest, portion of the Celestial Empire, is so rich in magnificent waterways that the need of railroads is less felt. Yet the British-Chinese Corporation has obtained a grant for two lines from Shanghai, one of which will direct its course north-east to Su-chu, Chin-kiang, and Nanking, and the other south-west to Hang-chau, and thence along the coast to Ningpo; all these cities are treaty ports and important centres for many hundred millions of inhabitants. This region, which is very fertile, is particularly rich in silk and cotton culture, which the great manufacturing industry at Shanghai has augmented. Even if there are no mines found there in the future, this will probably be the most profitable of all the Chinese



A STREET IN PEKING.

railroads, at least during the first years of their existence. The work is not yet commenced, but, once begun, it can be executed rapidly and with comparatively small cost.

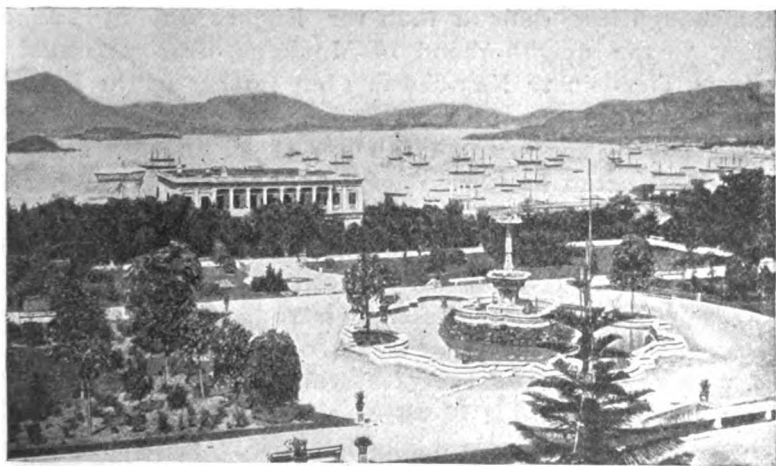
In Southern China railroad concessions are not so numerous as in the northern part; the country is more uneven; a mountain range of no great altitude, but very steep, crosses it from the frontier of Burmah to the Formosa channel, and chains branching off from this reach nearly to the sea on the south side, and to the Yang-tse on the north, ending abruptly. The railroad from Canton to Hang-kow, more than 600 miles, is the only great line yet conceded in this region. An American syndicate will construct this road with the help of English

capital. It is thought that there are large coal-fields to be found in Hunan, but the country is not very well known, the inhabitants of this province being particularly hostile to foreigners, and only preliminary studies have been made so far.

It is sufficient simply to name the two great commercial

centres, Hong-Kong and Canton, to see that a railroad connecting them across a rich region will be extremely productive, in spite of the concurrence of navigation. It will start from Kowloon, on the continent, opposite Hong-Kong, and will be 125 miles in length.

The railroad grants which have so far been conceded by the Chinese government reach the respectable figure of more than 5,500 miles, not including those projected in Shan-si and Honan by the English syndicate, which will exploit the mines of those provinces. Besides this, although it is difficult to know exactly what takes place at Peking because of the complicated negotiations between representatives of rival powers and Chinese diplomats, the Tsung-li-Yamen is reputed to have consented to an extension of the Burmese roads across Yunnan to the Yangtse-Kiang. This will necessitate the construction of 600 or 900 miles of railroad across high mountains cut by deep gorges perpendicular to the general direction of the line, in a nearly desert country, because the western part of Yunnan, which



GOVERNMENT HOUSE AT HONG-KONG.

borders upon Burmah, is the least populated section of all the provinces which surround Tongking. An English traveller said that this road was not impossible, on the condition that a half-dozen tunnels, like the Mont Cenis, were built. Its commercial importance is small, but the English hold to it for strategic reasons.

Analogous motives incited Russia to ask, last May, the concession of a line connecting their system in Manchuria with



THE INDEFATIGABLE CHINESE CARRIERS.

Peking, of very little commercial value, and expensive to execute, although less difficult than the English line in Yunnan. Starting in the neighborhood of Moukden, nearly parallel to that from Tien-tsin to New-chwang, but further in the interior, this railroad will open to the Russians, toward the capital of China, a way of access to the shelter of an enemy's fleet. It will be constructed on the same gauge as the Trans-Siberian, and entirely from Russian materials.

The rapidity with which the Chinese have employed the new instrument of transportation shows that, though routine is too strong with them for the easy introduction of European inventions, they cannot long resist, once the inventions are there, making use of all the facilities at their disposal. This is the marked disposition of all who come in contact with the different material perfections which follow Western civilization, at all the treaty ports, or at any point where steamers put in.

With railroads in common use in China, the indefatigable Chinese carrier, who trots up hill and down, stopping not for rocks nor marsh, his bamboo rod on his shoulders, trembling under the weight of the heavy panniers hanging from either end, is destined to disappear some day. The new economic organization will permit of utilizing his endurance to better advantage, and in time transform a beast into an intelligent worker. However, he will exist yet for a long time, but the road that he will follow will be changed: he will hereafter

carry commodities to the railway station ; he will be the auxiliary of the railroad, not its adversary, provided rates are not too high.

In short, once constructed, the Chinese railroads which are at present conceded have a brilliant future before them, and the commercial genius of the Children of Han, far from neglecting the instrument of transportation, once perfected, will serve it with ardor.

China will remain, for a time at least, a sort of common ground where the civilized nations will exercise simultaneously their economic activity, as is the case in Turkey, with this difference, that the Middle Empire is more vast, has more wealth, and has a greater density of population.

When the Chinese masses come in contact with the results of Western progress their practical sense will speedily make converts of them to modern methods. The natural commercial instinct of the Chinese and their spirit of gain and trade will help in the conversion to European culture of these the most realistic and least ideal of all peoples. Railroads in China will be the best missionaries of civilization.

FAITH.



FAITH peered beyond the darksome Night,
So far, so far away ;
And seeing God enthroned in light,
She whispered of the Day.

HOPE.

And weaklings looked and could not see,
And other some denied ;
Whereon *Hope* pointed to a tree
And Jesus crucified.

CHARITY.

There *Love* cried out, with generous cry,
" Forgive, forgive, forgive !"
While Faith and Hope in agony,
" He died that you might live."

THE INTELLECTUAL ACTIVITY OF LEO XIII.

BY JAMES MURPHY.



WAY beyond the utility of inventions that further the physical comfort and material prosperity of men is the value of the example that teaches them to labor and thus to work, whether for the mere fulfilment of their state of life, or for the perfection of the higher and more spiritual side of their nature. A parable to future generations in this field of noble showing of the way will be Leo XIII. In his eighteenth year he was so frail that he anticipated an early death, as is shown by some Latin verses written by him at the period, and through the successive years he was ever in delicate health and but the "mere shadow of a man," yet the work he has accomplished for public and private good, and for general and individual edification, has been prodigious.

And if, as seems undeniable, the example of Napoleon Bonaparte's colossal energy, though employed in furthering human ambitions, has been prolific of good in inducing men to huge endeavors and untiring perseverance, much more powerful and beneficial have been Leo XIII.'s threescore years and ten of tremendous energy directed to the highest good of humanity.

No proof of the amazing breadth of intellect of Leo XIII. is more convincing than his capacity for keeping abreast of the progress of the world in every domain of science. One would think that the mere fulfilment of the routine duties involved in administering and directing the gigantic and marvellously complex organization of the Roman Catholic Church, would surely be burden enough for the most active of men in the prime of years and vigor. When it is further considered that the Pope must simultaneously keep acquainted with the political and social movements in every corner and quarter of the globe, that he is constantly being consulted and brought into diplomatic negotiations by all the great powers of Europe, and that he has to interest himself in alleviating the poverty of his own unhappily governed countrymen, it would certainly be no wonder if Leo XIII. gave no time or attention to the more subtle

and intellectual interests of modern civilization, to the latest progress of mankind in poetry, painting, and sculpture, in journalism, in astronomy, geology, viticulture, medicine, surgery, electricity, magnetism, mechanics, and experimental physics in general, and the like subjects. And yet in no single range, or even detail, of these matters is Leo XIII. willing to remain even one week behind the latest discoveries and developments.

Attached to the Vatican are ecclesiastics and laymen who rank amongst the most cultured and expert in every branch of modern knowledge. It is their duty, within their several departments, to keep in touch with the greatest thinkers of the world, and to advise the Pontiff concerning every novelty and important modification of hitherto accepted theory or tenet. Every important contribution to science that is issued in literary form is immediately forwarded to the Vatican, for ulterior incorporation in its world-famous library, but first of all for submission to the Pope himself, either directly or through his consultants or readers.

Scientists from all quarters of the globe show a tendency, sooner or later, of finding their way to Rome. The Pontiff is frequently under the necessity of refusing audience to the "great ones" of this earth, great in the matter of rank and title; but he invariably has a hospitable open door for the scientist, the thinker, and the discoverer. And the versatility of the man is apparent, when scientists, interested in the most varied and widely separated fields of research, depart from their interview with the Pontiff declaring amazement at the advanced and almost intuitive grasp of each broad and world-interesting subject which His Holiness evinces.

A PATRON OF PROGRESS.

An humble country priest, it sometimes happens, devotes the leisure that the care of souls allows him to study and research of a novel and interesting character, and comes by results that are not only interesting to the scientist, but important and useful to the public. In that case it is the custom of His Holiness to summon the modest pastor and to cover him with honors and with encomiums, even though it may happen that the particular domain of science or art in which he has labored has no proximate connection with the ministry of the altar.

Thus, a village curate in the Island of Sicily has a turn for

mechanical invention. He puts together a model for an automatic secret balloting machine; he devises ingenious contrivances for the signalling of trains long before they come in reach of the railway station, and he thinks out a number of other similar pieces of mechanism. All these are important, even though in a minor way, to the progress of civilization, and the Pope calls the young country curate—Father Vito Letc—to Rome, receives him in audience, and congratulates and encourages him on the scientific secular work to which he devotes his leisure.

Father Lorenzo Perosi, another young priest in an obscure parish, reveals a genius for musical composition, and the Pope, holding that the world is profited by the musical creations of men, accords his favors to the young ecclesiastic, and urges him to develop the talent which Providence has accorded him in the interests of mankind.

Father Candeo, another priest, has made a special study on the growth of vines. He has become the greatest expert in the matter in the kingdom of Italy, and possibly even in the entire civilized world. His studies and researches have evolved means of diagnosing and of curing phylloxera and other dread diseases of the vine, and, as a result of his discoveries, the production of grapes is once more facilitated, and an exceedingly important element of his country's agricultural industry and commerce is put in a flourishing condition. Leo XIII. invited the good priest to the Vatican, honored and treated him in the most friendly way, and now has him as a periodical visitor, at every opportunity going abroad with him in the Vatican gardens and discussing the problems and difficulties affecting viticulture, and personally supervising experiments for the purpose of testing the good priest's theories. Father Candeo has asserted that Leo XIII. is at this hour one of the most perfectly equipped and expert of viticulturists, and that, were he not Pope, he would be known to the world by his knowledge in this other direction.

AS AN ASTRONOMER.

One domain of science, the science of sciences, that from which the greatest things are expected for the enlightenment of human intelligence regarding the great secrets of the laws of nature—the science, namely, of astronomy—has ever been a predominant devotion of Leo XIII. This fact alone ought to be a significant repudiation of the charge not infrequently made

by the malignant and the ignorant, that the Catholic Church is rather afraid of science, that Faith might have to suffer by its revelations, and that, in a metaphor taken by an ingenious but unscrupulous modern writer from a pagan authority, "Tame birds are kept in a dim light lest, seeing the light and the freedom in which uncaptured birds exist, they desire to fly away." Astronomy, which is the science of the highest and most serene thinkers, would be the one science from which any one upholding a line of doctrine or dogma that ran any risk from the searchlight of truth, would naturally avoid. But astronomy precisely is the science which deserves best of the Catholic Church. The names of Galileo, Copernicus, and Leverrier need only discursively be mentioned to bring one down to the greatest developments in astronomical research in our own day.

The shining light in the field of astronomy during the century which has just elapsed was Father Pietro Angelo Secchi. The modern and violently anti-clerical Municipal Council of the City of Rome has erected in the most prominent part of the Pincian Hill a marble bust with a tiny perforation through it. Glancing along this perforation the human eye, on bright afternoons, can see the orb of day descending in the west over the cupola of St. Peter's. The bust is that of Secchi, the great Jesuit, who turned an eagle eye on the sun, and by study and research gave to the world the result of his investigations in a book which has become the classic on the subject. Every school-boy who now takes up the subject of astronomy quickly learns the number and character of the elements of which the sun consists—nucleus, photosphere, and chromosphere. But before Father Secchi's time not merely the school-boy, but his professors and masters in the science were unaware of these facts.

A little after this great scholar's demise Leo XIII. was able to give to the Vatican Observatory a director well worthy to continue the glorious scientific traditions of Father Secchi. This was Father Denza, under whom the observatory erected by the popes in their private gardens behind the Vatican Palace came to be recognized as one of the most important on earth for its magnificent experimental results. The director-general of French astronomical observatories, a former admiral in the navy, and a man who, as far as religious tenets were concerned, was not inclined to be particularly sympathetic towards the Catholic Church, frankly and publicly admitted on

visiting the Vatican Observatory that, in his belief, no other observatory on earth was more perfectly equipped or more scientifically conducted.

The death of Father Denza a few years ago was momentarily regarded as an irreparable loss, but when the question of filling his place came to be discussed, it was found that the difficulty actually existed in choosing from the midst of a superabundance of magnificent material. Father J. B. Boccardi, an Italian, was chosen for the position, and at present holds it.

The name of this ecclesiastic is well known to experts in astronomy. Although still comparatively young, the work which he has already done gives him a right to rank among the very foremost astronomers of the day. He it was who four years ago determined the path of a new and important asteroid, which, in honor of Leo XIII.'s observatory, he named the "Vaticanum." He also has done remarkable work in the application of photography to astral phenomena, and to him has been apporportioned the preparation of a very important section of the new photographic map of the heavens, which is being prepared under the collaboration of the leading figures in astronomical science. Father Boccardi has also recently been honored with a special invitation to Berlin in order to give advice to the greatest of Germany's astronomers on the most advisable means of perfecting the national observatories and of carrying out astronomical researches.

In all this Leo XIII. has had a direct and controlling hand. Every new discovery and new theory in the region of astronomy is discussed by him with the director of the Vatican Observatory and his assistants, and according to the declaration of Father Lais, the second in command at the Vatican Observatory, Leo XIII. could to-morrow go up to the observatory and, without a word of instruction, take the place of the director and continue with uninterrupted success the business at present in hand.

IN THE FIELD OF JOURNALISM.

The field of journalism is another in which Leo XIII. takes an active and constant interest. "In our times," he recently wrote, "the work of Catholic journalism is one of the most useful, nay, one of the most necessary of the whole world"; and in furtherance of his practice of not only directing and guiding, but, as far as is possible for him, of personally and actively promoting all those things which he considers useful

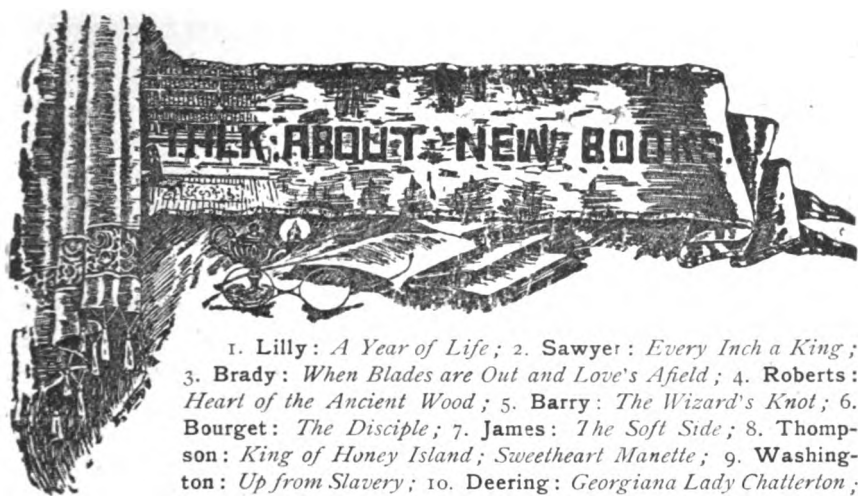
and necessary to the world, Leo XIII. has kept himself to the forefront in the matter of advancing journalistic enterprise. The enemies of the church, he frequently remarks, are armed with newspapers and publications of every description; Catholics must meet their enemies equipped in a like manner, and the Pope is always willing to encourage newspaper editors, and even to advance money for the purpose of giving reliable and modern newspapers to the world, and the Vatican printing-press, over which he keeps a constant personal supervision, is declared by experts to be a model in its kind. School-boys often have the theme set before them of discussing whether newspapers are good or bad, but Leo XIII. trenches the subject with the urgent advice to his flock to read newspapers and periodical literature, but to be careful that those newspapers, reviews, and magazines be of good kind and beneficial to the spiritual welfare of man.

In the domain of sculpture and painting Leo XIII. is admittedly an expert judge, and he is also an enthusiastic patron. Not only does he encourage painters and sculptors in the works which they themselves have conceived and wrought, but he also makes it a point to do the thinking for them and to create new fields for their talent and exertions. Thus, in anticipation of the recent Exposition of Turin, he offered very large money prizes for the best paintings that would be there exhibited on a given subject. The choice of subject is indicative of the originality and keen perceptions of the man. The Holy Family is a subject which has been treated by myriads of artists for centuries back. The idea has been worked out with various degrees of excellence, and few, even of artists, could imagine that there was anything still left to be desired in the matter. And yet when Leo XIII. offered these prizes, and indirectly signified that no existing painting or sculpture of the Holy Family was adequately satisfactory or fitting to be copied and recopied for popular use, the idea seemed an original one, and yet it convinced all those who have given any thought to the matter as being eminently accurate and correct.

In the Vatican galleries, museums, and library there are hundreds of the highest experts in the matter of art, men of all nationalities, laymen, monks, and secular priests, all devoting their best energies to special subjects, and all in more or less direct communication and under the more or less personal guidance of the Pope himself. At intervals he passes

amongst them, reviews their work, offers suggestions, and bestows encomiums and congratulations where they are merited. And when any one with a new and important invention comes along, as recently an American company with a perfected biograph, then the Holy Father is willing to go out of his way to lend his practical encouragement and endorsement of the discovery or invention in order that it may be taken up by the civilized world, and that men's intellects may be bent to the continual task of mastering the mysteries of nature, and drawing out from its bounteous abundance such ideas as may tend to further the progress of civilization.

All this work is done by a man who is daily engaged in the field of politics and diplomacy; in furthering, for instance, the submission of French Catholics to the existing form of government; of opposing Carlist pretensions in Spain; of arguing with the Russian government for the more humane treatment of Catholics in the Muscovite Empire; of seeking the reunion of dissident and schismatic Catholics of the Austro-Hungarian and Ottoman dominions; of writing personal letters to the potentates of Europe, and to the civilized and semi-civilized rulers of Asia and Africa; of controlling and supervising the work of the various sacred Roman Congregations; of keeping account of the state of religion in his own particular diocese—that of Rome—and of attending to myriads of other details, besides giving odd moments to the composition of encyclicals and apostolic letters, and even of Latin verses. All this, again, is performed by a man in his ninety-second year, daily receiving a multitude of visitors from all quarters of the globe, hearing their narratives and querying them, with a minuteness that involves the exercise of a prodigious memory, regarding the details of religion and the progress of civilization in their various districts. The fact assuredly would seem to justify the claim that the man who has accomplished and who accomplishes so much, and who was born in the first and lived through the other nine decades of the past hundred years, so fertile and prolific in great inventions and in the progress of humanity, is undoubtedly the greatest product of the nineteenth century.



1. Lilly : *A Year of Life* ; 2. Sawyer : *Every Inch a King* ;
3. Brady : *When Blades are Out and Love's Afield* ; 4. Roberts : *Heart of the Ancient Wood* ; 5. Barry : *The Wizard's Knot* ; 6. Bourget : *The Disciple* ; 7. James : *The Soft Side* ; 8. Thompson : *King of Honey Island* ; *Sweetheart Manette* ; 9. Washington : *Up from Slavery* ; 10. Deering : *Georgiana Lady Chatterton* ;
11. Stead : *Life of Mrs. Booth* ; 12. Gould : *Louis Agassiz* ; 13. Maitland : *St. Nicolas* ; 14. Delaire : *St. Jean-Baptiste de La Salle* ; 15. Desmond : *Mooted Questions of History* ; 16. — *Jesuit Relations* ; 17. Mathews : *French Revolution* ; 18. Young : *Story of Rome* ; 19. Murray : *Catholic Pioneers of America* ; 20. O'Donnell : *Diocese of Hartford* ; 21. Mrs. Browning : *Poems* ; 22. Law-Soulsby : *Christian Perfection* ; 23. Procter : *Rosary Guide* ; *Crown of Mary* ; 24. Mother Mary Loyola : *Before the Most Holy* ; 25. Ilg-Clarke : *Meditations* ; 26. Blount : *Magister Adest* ; 27. Petit : *Sacerdos rite Institutus* ; 28. Brooke : *Religion in Literature* ; 29. Lings : *Sermons for Children* ; 30. Burton and Mathews : *Life of Christ* ; 31. Groenings-Rockliff : *Catechism* ; 32. Bixby : *Ethics of Evolution* ; 33. Mathews : *Speech-Making* ; 34. Chamberlain : *Songs of all the Colleges* ; 35. Harnack : *What is Christianity?* 36. Young : *Teaching of Mathematics in Prussia* ; 37. Eaglesfield : *Books Triumphant* ; 38. Ollivier : *The Passion* ; 39. Xavier Sutton : *Clearing the Way* ; 40. Sonnichsen : *Ten Months a Captive among Filipinos*.

1.—Mr. Lilly's new novel* is an unlovely tale. Apparently the author's main purpose is to defend the use of different moral standards for men and women ; and in carrying it out he produces numerous pages of very unwholesome reading. As to the accuracy of his descriptions, it is hard, despite the newspapers, to believe that lax morals do really obtain to so fearful an extent, even among the British nobility. And in any event, to find one of the most virtuous and amiable of the characters deliberately formulating and justifying the abominable moral code indicated above will alienate from the author the sympathy of most of his co-religionists. Even in the few religious passages we discover at least a negative indication that the writer is not filled and brimming over with love of Catholic ideals.

Artistically the book has merit. Although the plot lacks unity, the individual characters are cleverly done ; the descrip-

* *A Year of Life*. By William Samuel Lilly. New York : John Lane, The Bodley Head.

tive part is just what it should be both in quality and quantity ; we have some strong scenes, and one or two that are pathetic. For the most part, though not consistently, the dialogue reaches a high grade of excellence, being bright and pleasingly original. But the literary style suffers at times from careless English, and very frequently from careful Latin and French. The reader quickly learns—and is often reminded—that the author has mastered the techniques of many arts ; in fact, that he is a quite competent critic of pretty nearly anything from a woman's gown to a mantel ornament or a French wine.

2.—We await with interest the reception by the reading public of Josephine Caroline Sawyer's new novel.* It is historical in character, and its purpose is to prove that Henry V. has been greatly misjudged. How it can be said to *prove* that such is the case it is difficult to see, as no authorities or references are given, and the reader must rely upon the author's statements. She herself declares that she has ample historical grounds for her contention. It will be remembered that the traditional opinion, immortalized by Shakspeare, represents Henry's character in youth to have been far from savory ; in fact, that he was a dissolute libertine. But there has been some diversity of opinion as to the truth of this. Dr. Lingard seems to accept it because it was "perfectly in unison with the more ancient writers and the traditionary beliefs of the succeeding century"; while C. S. Kingsford, writing in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, declares that it is not supported by any contemporary tradition.

This latter view is the one which our author is bent on bringing out. It is curious enough, though, that while the latter writer claims that the Gascoigne incident is contrary to fact, Miss Sawyer, however, gives the anecdote as an instance of Henry's high-mindedness. It would be interesting to know on what grounds she accepts it.

The details of the romance are interesting and, though partly imaginary, we are told that they are founded on fact. As is usual with a large class of non-Catholic writers, her treatment of things Catholic is a trifle offensive.

3.—Cyrus Townsend Brady's late novel† should add something to his already brilliant reputation as a writer. Carolina

* *Every Inch a King*. By Josephine Caroline Sawyer. New York : Dodd, Mead & Co.

† *When Blades are Out and Love's Afield*. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott Company.

is the scene of the action, and the time is during the Revolution. Plenty of excitement, an amusing romance, and a dash of humor make the reader reluctant to part with the charming Isabel; her friend the brave, pointed-tongued, match-making Sarah; the hero Baird, the English officer Duane, and the always irate justice.

The story is well written. One little inconsistency we have noticed, which detracts slightly from the perfection of the author's art. We can hardly conceive of two lovers fleeing at a break-neck pace from angry pursuers and at the same time carrying on an exceedingly tender and sustained conversation.

4.—There are those who compare Charles G. D. Roberts with Rudyard Kipling; and maintain that the comparison is not to the disadvantage of the former. Now they will have new matter for comparison, and, in our opinion, new ground for their conviction concerning the relative merits of these two geniuses. The new work of Professor Roberts, *The Heart of the Ancient Wood*,* will inevitably be contrasted with Kipling's *Jungle Books*, and it need not dread the ordeal. But it must not be supposed that, because there are points for comparison between these two delightful pieces of literature, that they resemble each other. The truth, rather, is, that *The Heart of the Ancient Wood* resembles nothing we have seen. It is unique—a romance, of which the seat of action is the depth of the enchanting Canadian forest, and in which the principal figures are a maiden, a hunter, and—a giant bear. There is a host of other characters, but with one exception—the maiden's mother—they are all of the "furtive folk" of the silent wood. And these, without breaking the primeval tradition of silence among their kind, make us know and sympathize with their point of view, their likes and dislikes, their feelings, all the psychology of the denizens of the wood, as nearly as it can be conveyed to us. Nature too, "inanimate" we call it, but still so living, so moving, in the pages of this unusual book speaks for herself, or perhaps rather not for herself but by means of the intimately sympathetic interpretation of one who surely knows her through and through and loves her dearly. Only a poet—and not every poet—could have succeeded in a venture requiring such natural, easy, and yet romantic imagination. But, as everybody knows, Professor Roberts is a poet and a poet of

* *The Heart of the Ancient Wood*. By Charles G. D. Roberts. New York: Silver, Burdett & Co.

nature, and every one will grant that in this work he has achieved beautiful results. We shall look for something more concerning this new, fresh world now first disclosed, though, we feel sure, long since discovered and explored by the talented author of *The Heart of the Ancient Wood*.

5.—Dr. Barry, who attracted so much attention and drew so much praise from the higher literary world by his *The Two Standards* and *Arden Massiter*, has again achieved a remarkable success in *The Wizard's Knot*.* On the appearance of the first of these novels many marvelled at Father Barry's intimate knowledge of London society life; in this, his latest work, he shows no less deep and searching familiarity with Irish life. Herein, it seems to us, lies the principal excellence of this writer's literary work: he manages to make his readers see into the inner nature and motives of the classes and the individuals who play the parts in his stories. Not that there is much *ex-professo* character-drawing or psychological analysis; there is indeed very little such in *The Wizard's Knot*, but the souls of men and women reveal themselves in Dr. Barry's brilliant pages. Joan O'Dwyer, for example, is one striking type of the Irish character, Sir Philip Liscarroll is another widely different, and both stand out so clearly drawn, so surely and so consistently developed, that we feel them to be true pictures. So with others of the characters in the present story: Joan's father, the pedantic schoolmaster, the "wizard" who weaves "the knot"; Lady Liscarroll and Lisaveta O'Connor, all are strong types that abide clear and distinct in the mind. Beyond this, we remark that Dr. Barry's well-known literary grace and strength is no less in evidence here than in his former novels, while in conception and execution of plot *The Wizard's Knot* shows a marked improvement over *The Two Standards*. Not the least delightful feature of this story are the incidental touches of humor and pathos which help at once to enliven the tale and to illustrate the happier phase of the Irish character. We feel sure that those who have enjoyed and admired the author's former works will not be disappointed in his latest.

6.—*The Disciple* † of M. Bourget is now presented to American readers in a form much more attractive than before. The new translator's work has been well done, and though one

* *The Wizard's Knot*. By William Barry. New York: The Century Company.

† *The Disciple*. By Paul Bourget. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

meets with a few evidences of forgetfulness, the English is really very readable.

As for the story itself, its fitness remains something of a problem. Certainly it is not suitable for the young of either sex. And there is such an overflow of passion and tragedy, so much of the morbidly introspective, that even mature minds will be inclined to consider it too "French" to pass. Those, however, who can see beyond the mere disgusting details will, perhaps, profit by studying this terrible arraignment of the false prophets who unconsciously poison young minds by their own well-meant but vicious theorizing.

7.—Perhaps no writer has ever written so successfully about nothing as Henry James has done in many of his books in general, and in this volume of short stories* in particular. The naming of the book is an utter enigma. Why it should be called "The Soft Side" sets one wondering, but then one wonders also why he should have written such stories as, for instance, "Paste" or "Europe." In reading the stories in this volume, with the exception of one, "The Great Good Place," one feels all the sensations of sitting in a pleasure hall and watching an exciting scene thrown on the screen by a biograph. Each move; each look, each situation is of the most vital and intense interest, but suddenly it all ends and you sit staring into nothingness. The whole structure is a marvel of invention and skill, though sometimes, to be sure, the marvellous and delicate machinery whirrs and one blinks before a sentence like this: "Among his many friends, gilded also with greatness, were several to whom his wife would have struck those who knew her as much more likely to appeal." Leaving the question of substance aside, however, these stories as a paragon of style must surely be accepted as a valuable and serious contribution to literature.

8.—*Alice of Old Vincennes* was truly its author's swan-song, winning for him wide and enduring favor. Since we can hope for no more of this fine work from his pen, the publishers are re-editing his earlier stories, apparently with the view of encouraging young writers by showing what crude efforts may precede the accomplishment of a master-piece. *The King of Honey Island*, previously published in 1892, is out in a new edition.† It is a melodramatic recital of a family history

* *The Soft Side*. By Henry James. New York: The Macmillan Company.

† *The King of Honey Island*. By Maurice Thompson. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company.

which was mixed up with the battle of New Orleans; the plot is amateurish, the scenes rather poorly drawn, and the main character an utter impossibility, strongly resembling the type worshipped by the juvenile patron of cheap novels. *Sweetheart Manette** has been re-edited too, a decade of years after its first appearance. In it the sentimental is done to death. Children may read it with perfect safety; and we think that any intelligent woman would quite willingly lay it aside to eat her luncheon.

9.—Every one knows that one of the most vital concerns of the day for the people of the United States is the settlement of the race problem. The autobiography† of the man who, in the last thirty years, has done more than any other for the practical solution of this problem must, therefore, prove interesting and instructive. It is an important and even necessary book for all who would be well informed on the present conditions, difficulties, and promises of the work of uplifting the Southern negro. Although as a literary production it leaves much to be desired—the style being very uneven and the plan, at times, badly confused—its defects may be partially excused on the plea that it was written under very unfavorable circumstances. Even with these defects seldom have we enjoyed a book that afforded so much real pleasure and instruction. It holds the reader's rapt attention from the first word to the last without a single dull moment; one is captivated by its simple, straightforward, honest tone, while the pure, noble, and unselfish soul which every page, almost every line, bespeaks must win our sympathy and praise and encouragement. There is a keen sense of humor throughout the book which helps to lighten many a page otherwise saddening and depressing. Mr. Washington tells of his own success in life with a just and pardonable pride, but without giving the least suspicion of conscious superiority over the less fortunate of his race. On the contrary, he has repeatedly sacrificed his own greater success that he might "assist in laying a foundation for the race and a generous education of the head, hand, and heart." The best chapter by far in the book is the one which gives an account of the famous speech by Mr. Washington at the Atlanta Exposition in 1895. One gets from it the best insight into Mr. Washington's character, principles, and motives, and finds too that he is not a dreamer or an enthu-

* *Sweetheart Manette*. By Maurice Thompson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

† *Up from Slavery*. By Booker T. Washington. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

siast. His Atlanta speech was characterized by a leading Southern newspaper as "a platform upon which blacks and whites can stand with full justice to each other."

In a word, the book itself is one of the most genuine autobiographies we have ever read, and in it Mr. Washington shows himself to be the right man with the right idea.

10—Reading the diaries of gifted persons is always a source of edification and pleasure, and we confess to have received not a little satisfaction from the present volume.* It is of peculiar interest as revealing to us one of the souls who, though reared outside the church and taken up with the many cares and distractions of an active social and literary life, are naturally Catholic and of a fine spiritual temper. Lady Chatterton's yearning after the higher and better things of life, her resignation in suffering, her impatience with the modern sceptical mind, all testify to the rare excellence of her soul; and this testimony is supported by that of her husband, to whom the writing of this Memoir must have been a labor of love—and of love such as only the truly devoted husband of a remarkable woman can feel. The volume contains, besides the diary, selections from her poetical works, several letters from Bishop Ullathorne, and also some from Cardinal Newman. The fact that the book has already passed through two editions indicates the lively interest it has excited.

11.—It was, we understand, by request that Mr. Stead undertook his biography† of Catherine Booth. His qualifications for the task included at least intimate acquaintance and personal sympathy with his subject, and an enthusiasm for the propaganda to which her life was dedicated. The present sketch consists chiefly of a résumé of the two large volumes written some eight or nine years ago by Mrs. Booth's son-in-law. Mr. Stead has added some personal reminiscences of his own, invested certain portions of the story with a "psychic" glamour, and couched the whole in his very piquant, if occasionally shocking, style. The volume will give a fairly good insight into the soul of its subject, without being very exhaustive. Mrs. Booth and her "children" form a phenomenon worthy of the study of sociologists and of the sympathy of

* *Memoirs of Georgiana Lady Chatterton. With some Passages from her Diary.* By E. H. Deering. London and Leamington: Art and Book Company.

† *Life of Mrs. Booth, the Founder of the Salvation Army.* By W. T. Stead. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell.

religious people. Their stand for principle deserves high honor, and their spiritual earnestness is most edifying. Though from our point of view they are to be classed among the "uncovenanted," yet few of us would dare to cast the first stone at them. And let this much of a tribute be theirs, that the possession of certain of their qualities is a blessing enviable enough and none too common among ourselves—witness our shrinking when unpleasant work confronts us.

12.—The short lives of famous Americans, now being edited in series under the name of *The Beacon Biographies*, are not so much formal biographies as they are monographs, aimed at providing in short space and in readable form a good idea of the lives and works of the men of whom they treat. In this aim they seem to be succeeding admirably. The latest of the series is devoted to Agassiz.* It is extremely interesting—well done in every respect. The really wonderful genius of the great scientist is brought out as clearly as may be in so small a volume, and his natural character—which everybody knows was kindly and generous and exceedingly attractive—is brought to view. The result of this little book will be to send the interested reader to the larger lives of the great-hearted and large-minded Swiss who gave his soul and his work and his affection to America.

13.—The age in which St. Nicolas lived exhibited a great triumph in the development of Papal power and authority. It was a triumph which opened with the ceremony of the crowning of Charlemagne at Rome in the year 800, and closed some sixty years later with the splendid pontificate of Nicolas I., whose clear-headedness, vigilance, and firm sense of authority won for the Holy See a yet more formal and more general recognition of its complete supremacy in the Christian world. It is with the events in the latter part of this period that M. Roy's little volume† is concerned, and it presents a truly admirable study of the character of Nicolas as pope and of the principal issues of his memorable reign.

The general character of the work is apologetic, vindicating Papal prerogatives by showing that Pope Nicolas neither drew the notion of his authority, nor based the exercise of it, on

* *Louis Agassiz* (The Beacon Biographies). By Alice Bache Gould. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

† *St. Nicolas I.* By Jules Roy. Translated by Margaret Maitland. New York: Benziger Brothers.

the False Decretals, but rather depended on canons actually laid down by his predecessors, St. Leo and St. Gregory, as also on a noble conception of the supreme dignity and power of his office.

The present volume, however, is open to the same criticism we have already passed upon several of the preceding numbers in "The Saints" series. It is scarcely to be called a hagiography. Antecedently the reader is under the impression that he is going to be told something about the sanctity of a holy man, but it turns out that he is reading only a history of the Pontiff, Nicolas I., which, though a most excellent and valuable study, is yet no more than purely historical in character and purpose.

A publishers' note informs the reader that Father Tyrrell has discontinued his editorship of the series. The news is very unwelcome. His prefaces to the preceding volumes have been perfect gems, full of helpful thought exquisitely expressed. Let us hope we are right in understanding that his retirement is but temporary, for the series can ill spare his assistance.

14.—The latest volume in the now lengthening series, *The Saints*,* is certainly one of the most interesting. All the Catholic world has been talking about the recently canonized founder of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, and now comes a timely, well-written, in every way attractive biography of him. It is really a wonderful story. Many, perhaps, will go to it from curiosity to find out whether a modern saint is like or unlike the ancient saints. They will find that the moderns take the same old, well-beaten road to sanctity: mortification, humiliation, poverty, all the folly of the cross, while yet they appeal particularly to the people of their own time as the best *men* of their time, not at all handicapped in the struggle of life by their adherence to the old traditions of what makes life truly great by making it holy. John Baptist De la Salle will thus be a revelation to many. He, like St. Vincent de Paul, dealt with the conditions of life as he found them; he identified himself with the work of the world; he was successful, after much apparent defeat and much real discouragement, yet he compromised not at all with anything like the "modern spirit" of the world, in the evil sense of that term.

This biography places him and those who came in contact with him before our eyes just as they were. It is evidently

* *St. Jean-Baptiste De la Salle*. Par A. Delaire. Paris: Victor Lecoffre.

an honest account, valuable as history, accurate, scientific, done with good literary taste, and at the same time it is sympathetic and written with good understanding of the inner motives of its subject.

15.—We have at hand a new and revised edition of H. J. Desmond's well-known volume of ecclesiastico-historical questions.* It needs no further recommendation than a mention of the previous edition's acceptance as a reliable and convenient hand-book of historical polemics. It has been enlarged by the addition of several chapters and many quotations. It will supply the reader with compact and definite information on those eternally "mooted" questions, Galileo, the Inquisition, St. Bartholomew Massacre, and the like.

16.—At length we have the concluding volume of the great work, *The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents*,† recounting the labors, travels, and explorations of the society in New France, between the years 1610 and 1790. The value and interest of the work as a reliable record of history, geography, ethnography, and evangelization cannot be overestimated.

It gives us an accurate and complete account of the general history of a section of our country and of Canada during the long and important period preceding the American Revolution. It conveys a better knowledge and a truer insight into primitive Indian life and character than will be found elsewhere. It furnishes in many cases the first accounts of great and important explorations. It tells finally the interesting story of some of the most courageous and devoted men of whom we shall ever hear; while directly or indirectly it gloriously demonstrates the truth and charity that reside in the Catholic Church.

We can say of the editors that they have accomplished a splendid and scholarly task, one for which men will always be grateful. For a more extended review of the work, and a more particular idea of the "Relations" themselves, we refer our readers to the March issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE for 1897.

17.—It is true, as Professor Mathews says, in his latest book,‡ that the period of the French Revolution affords

* *Mooted Questions of History*. By H. J. Desmond. Boston: Marlier & Co.

† *Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents*. Vol. lxxi. Cleveland: The Burrows Brothers Company. 1901.

‡ *The French Revolution*. By Shailer Mathews. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

unequaled material for a study in "social psychology." The growing consciousness in the French people, during the century and a half preceding the Revolution, of individual rights and responsibilities, and the constantly increasing sense of natural privileges violated and great wrongs done, were at length to find their expression, if not their vindication, in the terrible upheaval at the end of the eighteenth century.

The exposition of the causes and principal events of the Revolution itself is accurate, clear, and interesting, and while reasonably short, is yet quite complete.

That the Revolution created or helped to effect improved social conditions is not denied; but that there is, as the author hints, a "revision of judgment" to be made in favor of some of the principal persons connected with that dreadful period, or that these individuals are to be credited in any way with the great changes for good which were to follow, is extremely doubtful. The philosophers who played so important a part in the beginning of the revolutionary outbreak were anything but "desperately in earnest," at least in any positive sense. Some of them, like Diderot, were eager only as destructionists and nothing more. No one will say that this sort of earnestness works for "liberty and equality."

Posterity will never change its opinion in regard to the majority of the revolutionists. Marat and Robespierre will always be remembered as infamous, atrocious figures. And if any good came from their unseasonable and unrighteous supremacy it must be attributed to circumstances which were beyond them, rather than under their control.

However, this last criticism concerns a matter in which there is room for an opposite opinion, such as that the author has adopted. The book remains a creditable study of its subject, and well suited to the general reader.

18.—*The Story of Rome* is the title of an extremely handsome little volume* by Norwood Young. Beyond its appearance, however, there is almost nothing about it worthy of commendation. It is simply an abridgment of Milman and Hübner, and a reproduction of their methods. It abounds, therefore, in inaccuracy of historical detail, and above all in an unjust and superficial philosophizing about things Catholic, whenever there is question of the Church or the Papacy.

* *The Story of Rome*. By Norwood Young. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: The Macmillan Company.

One instance will be sufficient to illustrate the author's method. He quotes St. Ignatius as teaching, in his constitutions, that mortal sin must be committed if commanded by a religious superior. Of course there is no reference to show whence this quotation is taken, nor is there in the list of books consulted by the author mention of any work by St. Ignatius. Now, as a matter of fact, this charge has often been urged before, and has as often been shown to be utterly false—so much the worse for the good faith of Mr. Young. But even had the calumny never been exposed, what phenomenal effrontery is apparent in this effort to put forth without verification a statement affecting the very essence of a great man's teaching, and practically implying a charge against his personal honesty. The reader will find many another such blot in this work, and he may be relied on to recognize that Mr. Young is neither scholarly nor fair.

19.—The fact that the pioneers in American discovery, exploration, mission and charity work, patriotism and statesmanship were so largely Catholic, was made the inspiration, some years ago, of an interesting collection of biographical sketches* by Mr. J. O'Kane Murray. The author's object was to offset the partial and incomplete records of non-Catholic historians.

The present revised edition, however, reveals no change in spirit or in method from the original edition; and in these days of critical and scholarly works, like *The Jesuit Relations*, must be ranked as *passée*.

20.—Some time ago a History of the Catholic Church in the New England States appeared in two very large volumes. The publishers are now bringing out this history in a more convenient and useful form, devoting a separate volume to each one of the different dioceses. We take great pleasure in recommending the history of the Hartford diocese,† written by Rev. James H. O'Donnell, a diocesan priest. The progress of Catholicity in the Hartford diocese (which includes the whole State of Connecticut) has been positively marvellous, and its record ought to be a source of interest and just pride to all Catholics. Father O'Donnell's presentation of this story is both scholarly and interesting; he brings to his subject all the requirements of intellect and sympathy necessary to assure a

* *Catholic Pioneers of America*. By J. O'Kane Murray, M.A. Philadelphia: Kilner & Co.

† *History of the Diocese of Hartford*. By Rev. James H. O'Donnell. Boston: D. H. Hurd Company.

worthy treatment. Too much praise cannot be given to him for the absorbing devotion, the patience, the extreme thoroughness, and the truly scientific method to which his pages testify, and which make his work of lasting value.

21.—We are glad to welcome a new edition of Mrs. Browning.* She is an eminently wholesome poet, and although her genius does not entitle her to the first rank of English writers, she has exerted a very wide and always a healthy influence on English verse. Her shortcomings are well known: perverse and innumerable violations of rhyme and rhythm (certainly no poem in the language of equal length can compare, in point of unpardonably false rhymes, with the one which she herself seemed to consider her greatest work, "Pan is Dead"); an over-fondness for political themes, in treating which, as in passages of "Casa Guidi Windows," she sometimes becomes sublime, but oftener descends perilously near to the province of the demagogue; finally, an unhappy weakness in handling blank verse, as illustrated in her ambitious "novel in verse," *Aurora Leigh*, a poem styled by Ruskin the greatest of the century. In one respect, indeed, Mrs. Browning is supreme: namely, in the writing of sonnets. They form her incomparably best work; and in them, we think, she reaches the very highest merit that English verse can boast of in this department. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company are to be thanked for this new service added to many previous ones in behalf of our finest literature.

22.—A beautiful little edition of Law's *Christian Perfection*† is that just gotten out by L. H. M. Soulsby. No one needs to be informed of the high spiritual tone and unbending practical piety of this famous work of the great Anglican divine. It is truly a helpful and edifying book looked at from any stand-point. We might compare it with St. Francis de Sales' *Philothea* and say that the latter work stands in about the same relationship to Law's book as the Catholic Church to the Anglican. This intimates at once its good points and its deficiencies. The present edition is not complete, but an adaptation, much of the text having been omitted as possibly out of harmony with modern conditions.

* *The Complete Poetical Works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† *A Practical Treatise upon Christian Perfection.* By William Law. Edited by L. H. M. Soulsby. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

23.—Timely publications at this season are two books on the Rosary. One * is a little pamphlet by an anonymous author, who contrives in the course of 155 pages to impart a good deal of information concerning the various Rosary Indulgences and similar matters about which all Catholics are apt to be questioned quite frequently.

The second book,† which comes from the pen of the English Provincial of the Dominicans, is larger and more thorough. Father Procter writes very instructively on the proper conception of the Rosary as a prayer, and gives full consideration to that much-questioned point, how to combine meditation with recital of the beads. He also presents a summary of church legislation concerning the Rosary which will be helpful to many priests—although he does seem to bring out in almost undesirably strong relief the special rights and privileges possessed by his own Community. Still these things are facts, and facts, perhaps, should offend no one. As to the history of the devotion, Father Procter holds and offers proof for the opinion that the Rosary originated with St. Dominic. This position, however, at best, is open to question; and in the light of recent discussion some corrections must be made in the arguments advanced in the present volume. It will not do, for instance, to cite Thomas à Kempis as witness to the formation of a Rosary Confraternity in 1475, for he died in 1471. And there is much to be said concerning the arguments drawn from certain Papal Bulls, and from the Will of Antony Sers—for on investigation, as Father Thurston, S.J., has shown, their evidence loses some of its apparent conclusiveness.

24.—Another welcome spiritual book‡ from the Bar Convent, York! This time it is a little volume on Visits to the Blessed Sacrament by the talented nun already most favorably known to us through her excellent works on Baptism and Confirmation. There is nothing exaggerated, artificial, or impossible in the pages before us; they contain merely a collection of musings and devotional monologues written with a directness and spontaneity that will appeal strongly to many who can get little profit out of less natural and more fervent writing. Here and there every reader will meet a paragraph which

* *The Rosary the Crown of Mary.* By a Dominican Father. New York: Benziger Bros.

† *The Rosary Guide for Priests and People.* By the Very Rev. Father J. Procter, Provincial of the Dominicans in England. New York: Benziger Brothers.

‡ *Before the Most Holy (Coram Sanctissimo).* By Mother Mary Loyola. Edited by Father Thurston, S.J. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

gives clear and fine expression to a favorite or impressive thought, and which helps to prayer. Father Thurston's brief introduction is graceful, and will be very suggestive to readers who think.

25.—Compiled by Father Ilg, Capuchin, and edited by the lamented Father Clarke, S.J., an old German meditation book, written in 1712, now appears in English.* The meditations follow the course of the ecclesiastical year, presenting each day three "points" of moderate size based on a scene in our Lord's life. A short and very clear résumé of the Ignatian method of meditation stands at the beginning.

Despite the statement of the preface, the book seems fitted for people in the world as well as for religious; it will suggest matter to preachers too. The text is simple and the style straightforward, though not all in "English undefiled." The illustrations used by the writer are copious, familiar, and pointed; they help to impress and instruct the reader. If not up to the exceptionally high level of Crasset, the present work will nevertheless rank well among excellent books of meditation. Its two volumes together include more than a thousand pages. Unfortunately, the binding is not very good; it is of the kind that cracks.

26.—The idea of *Magister Adest*† is to afford supplementary matter, from the Old Testament, for meditation on our Lord's life and death, and on subjects connected with his advent. The texts quoted cover the greater portion of each page, while the words to which they are collated occupy a small marginal column. The pith of each text, or the particular words to which consideration is intended to be given, are heavily underlined.

The author's work has been most acceptably done, so that one appreciates the deeper and more extensive spiritual and mystical meaning developed in the reading of the New Testament, by this use of the Old Testament.

The typographical appearance of the volume deserves notice, however, and in our opinion not an altogether favorable one. The class of devout persons likely to use this book will find the underlining unnecessary, for they will be able to pick

* *Meditations on the Life, the Teaching, and the Passion of Jesus Christ.* By Rev. Augustine Maria Ilg, O.S.F.C. Edited by Rev. Richard F. Clarke, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Magister Adest; or, Who is Like unto God.* By C. F. Blount, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

out the substance of texts for themselves. Moreover, there exists what seems to be a very just prejudice against underlining in general, as being akin to the offensive practice of explaining jests.

With certain alterations in form the present volume would be a really welcome and valuable book.

27.—Five little volumes* before us make up a series of meditations compiled by a Belgian Jesuit. The first series appeared originally in the *Études Ecclésiastiques*, and was intended mainly for use in the monthly retreats of secular priests—a custom almost universal in Belgium. Father Petit tells us that in the first series he aims to teach the priest how to die; in the second he lays down the principles of the life of perfection; in the third he gives instructions in the contemplation of Christ's active life; and in the fourth he outlines the mysteries of our Saviour's passion and glory. The preface to the fifth series tells us that it consists of three sets of meditations: *a*, On the purgative way; *b*, On the life of the Blessed Virgin; *c*, On the parables with which Christ illustrated his doctrine. The lines of these divisions are not followed with anything like closeness; perhaps because they were made after most of the meditations had been published. This, however, is of little moment. The meditations are pointed, thoughtful, and excellently adapted to attain their original purpose. Even a severe critic would be obliged to assign them a moderately high place among meditation books for priests.

28.—The two essays contained in Mr. Brooke's little volume† are remarkable both for their thought and manner of writing. In the first a wonderfully vivid picture is given of the intellectual history of the century. It really seems as if it could not be done better. The second is a noble plea for conduct as being the thing, after all, of real value in life.

29.—A book like *Sermons for Children's Masses*‡ suggests two things: that there should be in every parish a special Mass for children, and that sermons to children should receive at least as much care as those for adults. In all our large par-

* *Sacerdos Rite Institutus piis exercitationibus mensuræ recollectionis*. Auctore P. Adulpho Petit, S.J. Quarta Editio. Vols. I., II., III., IV., V. Typis Societatis Sti. Augustini, Desclée, De Brouwer et Socii, Brugis et Insulis. M.C.M.

† *Religion in Literature and Religion in Life*. By Stopford A. Brooke.

‡ *Sermons for Children's Masses*. By Very Rev. Dean A. A. Lings. New York: Benziger Brothers.

ishes now the children have their Sunday morning Mass, and no doubt every child in attendance comes away convinced that "there was a sermon." But do the children remember a word? do they know anything more of that divine life that had its sweet childhood too? has the simple winning personality that said "Suffer little children to come unto me" made the least impression on their young lives? Ah, these are the questions that many a zealous pastor must ask himself after leaving the pulpit, during the "children's Mass."

To fail in preaching to children does not necessarily mean tepid zeal, nor slovenly preparation. Many a zealous and love-wrought sermon has set the children to shooting marbles, in fancy. There is a knack in preaching to the young, and all those who have tried realize this well. Dean Lings has the knack. He puts in the market a volume that is complete, convenient, and suggestive to all those in need of a leading-string to the child-mind.

His work contains a sermon (from ten to fifteen minutes long) for each Sunday of the year and the feast days of obligation. Besides he gives two conferences, brief yet fully developed: one, "Advice to the Young on the Last Day of the Scholastic Year"; the other, "Closing Advice to Young People after a Retreat." Few sermons are complete without Scripture and the Saints. In many of these sermonets Christ Himself speaks, so pregnant are they with Gospel-words; and the saints talk familiarly of Jesus and Mary on nearly every page. The book is well and clearly indexed.

30.—A new book* "intended for the instruction of young people in academies and Sunday-schools," is peculiarly interesting as being the first in a series of attempts to apply modern historical methods to religious teaching. Our Lord is here set forth simply as an interesting figure in human progress, and one the contemplation of which "may contribute to the religious well-being" of those who use the book.

The introductory chapters on Jewish politics and religion are clearly and intelligently written. There are many notes also which are sure to prove illuminating to the pupil; but, on the other hand, there are omissions which, it would seem, should have been supplied. An excellent instance of the first is the discussion concerning the name *Petros* (p. 154). But, on

* *Constructive Studies in the Life of Christ*. By Ernest De Witt Burton and Shailer Mathews. The University of Chicago Press.

the other hand, the words "binding and loosing" are described as "familiar Jewish terms" without a hint being given as to the interesting circumstances which made them "familiar." Again, in speaking of the woman with the issue of blood (p. 127) nothing is said as to the ceremonial uncleanness, which is really the whole point of the incident. Nothing is said—not a word—as to the punishment of scourging, or as to the mockery of our Lord; no explanation is given in regard to the leg-breaking—the *crurifregium* of the Roman executioners—the omission of which in our Lord's case accounts for the piercing of his side. The list of books for supplementary reading is not perfect. Edersheim, of course, is excellent, but why Canon Farrar should be recommended in such a volume as the present, it is difficult to say.

Thus much can be said for this book from the Protestant stand-point. Looked at with Catholic eyes, it is altogether unsatisfactory, for it implicitly denies our blessed Lord's divinity.

31.—Father Rockliff's translation of *A Catholic Catechism** introduces to English readers a carefully prepared text book for the use of classes in Christian Doctrine. It is simple, thorough, and well arranged. Though the subject-matter does not allow opportunity for the display of great talent, the work of both author and translator appears to have been careful and conscientious, and the result is satisfactory. A second smaller edition allows of the work being used to advantage in classes not yet far enough advanced to employ the complete text.

32.—Under a new title† Dr. Bixby reissues the volume which, about a decade ago, appeared as *The Crisis in Morals*. The change of title has been made, apparently, for the purpose of emphasizing the second part of the study as compared with the first. The latter is a very able and destructive criticism of Mr. Herbert Spencer's ethical theory; the other part aims at constructing a more logical substitute on the Spencerian evolutionary basis.

It would be damning with faint praise merely to say that Dr. Bixby's theory surpasses in logical consistency and in its correspondence with the facts of the moral life the views propounded in the *Data of Ethics*. The doctor's exposition of

* *A Catholic Catechism for the Parochial and Sunday-Schools of the United States*. By Rev. James Groenings, S.J. Translated by Very Rev. James Rockliff, S.J. (Large and small editions.) New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Ethics of Evolution*. By James Thompson Bixby. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

morality has the positive merit of embodying some of the fundamental principles of Catholic ethics—the existence of God in whom are the origin and sanction of the moral law, and the identification of the moral law with the unchanging law of the universe, interpreted by consciousness. But in his endeavor to adjust these principles to Evolution, his theory becomes strongly pantheistic; and consequently, if pursued to its logical conclusion, involves the negation of personal responsibility and of the intrinsic distinction between good and evil.

Fortunately, however, the doctor refrains from pursuing his principles to their logical conclusions. As an approximation to the truth, his position is a distinct improvement on the hopelessly erroneous views of morality which have been propounded in the name of Evolution.

33.—An enticingly neat and interesting little volume is this* from the pen of Professor Mathews. It consists merely of two short essays, "The Four Ways of delivering an Address" and "The Real Secret of After-Dinner Oratory"; to which are added, in an appendix, practical suggestions on "How to be Heard in Public Speaking," etc. The essays are delightful reading, witty, sensible, practical. There are good points given for the man who speaks "because he has something to say," and for the unfortunate who "speaks because he has to say something." Those who are contained in either of these classes will find, especially if they be novices in public speaking, many helpful suggestions, many ways of lessening or doing away with the worry that attends the preparation and delivery of a speech. Not a few good anecdotes are sprinkled into the text, and the author shows evidence of an abundance of wit, while not injuring the actual seriousness of his purpose. He is to be commended for his sound sense and for his success in teaching while he entertains.

34.—*Songs of all the Colleges*† is the title of a collection of the best known of the college songs, with the addition of a few new ones which we do not remember having seen or heard of before. Scarcely anything else is so universally a source of amusement and jollity as the college "ditty," and if things go as they certainly deserve to, the book will have a wide popularity. We understand that a further series is in press.

* *Notes on Speech-Making.* By Brander Mathews, D.C.L. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *Songs of all the Colleges.* Compiled and arranged by David B. Chamberlain (Harvard) and Karl P. Harington (Wesleyan). Hinds & Noble, publishers.

35.—During the past year few works have attracted so much attention as *Das Wesen des Christenthums*, by Professor Harnack, of Berlin. We have just now received from the Messrs. Putnam's Sons an English version of the book ;* it appears as volume xiv. of The Theological Translation Library, and is to be had at a cost of three dollars. It will receive an extended review in our June number.

36.—A writer well qualified for his task has presented to the public a careful study† of the educational systems in America and Prussia. Though devoted primarily to a consideration of the teaching of mathematics (from arithmetic to conic sections), still it brings out not a few points which teachers of other subjects might ponder with profit. As the author says, a reproduction of Prussian high-school education might not be suited to American needs. But the fact to which we should attend is, that the Germans accomplish as good—perhaps better—results, with less expenditure of time, than we do. Surely something is faulty in our system. Most teachers of mathematics in this country will be surprised to learn that in a German gymnasium the time allotted for private work in mathematics ranges from one to two and a half hours *per week*, while the time given to it at the school is only three or four hours per week. The tendency in America is to cut down the time spent in the class-room, and to demand as much or more work at home than that devoted to mathematics in the school. In the German schools, too, a lesson is assigned in the text-book only after a thorough discussion of the matter in class. Many of our teachers first assign the lesson for study, and then in class are obliged not only to explain it but also to clear away the false ideas the pupil obtains from his private, unaided study.

We trust that this little work will find its way into the hands of our Catholic teachers; and do something to bring about the reform in our schools, the need of which has been indicated by our recent congresses of Catholic colleges. Those who read Professor Young's account of the training of the German instructor will surely regret that the teachers in many of our own schools are selected with such superficial tests of

* *What is Christianity?* By Adolf Harnack. Translated into English by Thomas Bailey Saunders. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; London and Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate.

† *The Teaching of Mathematics in the Higher Schools of Prussia.* By J. W. A. Young, Ph.D. New York, London, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co.

their knowledge and *ability to teach*. Especially in the teaching of mathematics should Catholic colleges look to their methods and men. The German gymnasium has many things to suggest and perhaps some to be copied.

37.—These papers* by Miss Eaglesfield are pretty little essays and will be read with interest. Two have appeared in the columns of THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE; the rest are reprinted from *Self-Culture* and *The Chautauquan*.

38.—There is no more delightful reading than the story of the Passion† when it is rounded out by the erudition of scholarship and the information that comes from an intimate knowledge of the customs and habits of the people of the Holy Land. The Gospels are said to be meagre in detail. To one who is thoroughly conversant with the manner of living and doing in the time of our Lord this is not so, but to us who live at other times and in a different civilization the background and the coloring of the pictures must be supplied. Father Ollivier has done it better than any one we know of. His translator, too, brings to his work an unusual ability in interpreting the French in good idiomatic English.

39.—The non-Catholic Mission movement is giving manifest signs of intellectual activity in the book world. Some years ago, when the movement started, the Catholic Book Exchange issued Searle's *Plain Facts for Fair Minds*, and during these few years the demand for this book has been so heavy that to-day it has reached its 376th thousand. It ranks, for the demand there is for it, among the most popular novels of the day.

Another book,‡ similar in its purpose and yet different in its methods, comes from the Catholic Book Exchange. It is by Father Xavier Sutton, the Passionist, one of the most successful of the missionaries who are devoting their energies to the giving of missions to non-Catholics.

It is a simple and yet comprehensive exposition of Catholic teaching on many dogmatic points. It is published under the suggestive title of *Clearing the Way*. Its purpose is largely to

* *Books Triumphant*. By Carina Campbell Eaglesfield. New York: F. Tennyson Neely Company.

† *The Passion*. Historical Essay by R. P. M. J. Ollivier, O.P. Translated from the French by E. Leahy. Boston: Marlier & Company, Ltd.

‡ *Clearing the Way*. By Rev. Xavier Sutton, Passionist. The Catholic Book Exchange, 120 West 60th Street, New York. 180 pages, paper, 10 cents.

clear away the prejudices and misconceptions that prevent a thorough understanding of Catholic doctrine.

40.—Albert Sonnichsen, who went to the Philippines as quartermaster on the *Zelandia*, gives an intensely interesting narrative of ten months' captivity among the Filipinos.* He relates what he sees in a matter-of-fact, simple way, and his relations in many instances are to the credit of the "little brown people." However, at times he transcends the duty of a narrator and attempts to interpret things which he does not understand. In one case—pages 44-45—he describes an instrument like the old-fashioned stocks of colonial days, and he remarks that every convent was supplied with two or three of them. "Probably," he says, "they were utilized 'to convert the heathens.'" He repeats many of the stories that he had heard about the Friars from the natives, and because they were against the Friars he, with indefinite gullibility, believes them all. "I have entered secret chambers under their convents and seen hideous instruments of torture." He probably got into the wine-cellar and saw the bung-starter. His imagination did the rest. His own picture is printed as the frontispiece, and he looks as though he might be readily deceived.

THE PHILIPPINE ARCHIPELAGO.†

It is hardly possible to say too much in praise of the magnificent work lately printed by the Government Press at Washington, containing the results of the scientific work of the Jesuit Fathers in the Philippine Islands. Even our Protestant friends, whose indignation might at first be excited by the seeming identification of the Jesuits with our Government will, we think, have to suspend criticism at sight of these two splendid volumes, of about 700 and 500 pages respectively, and particularly of the atlas accompanying them. The atlas is the part of which the value is most obvious, for no one can even

* *Ten Months a Captive among Filipinos*. Being a Narrative of Adventure and Observation during Imprisonment on the Island of Luzon, P. I. By Albert Sonnichsen. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† *El Archipiélago Filipino*. Colección de datos Geográficos, Estadísticos, Cronológicos y Científicos Relativos á Filipinas. Washington: Imprenta del Gobierno, 1900. Two volumes in royal octavo. Volume I., xxvi.-710 pages, with 169 photo-engraved plates, bound in full American Russia leather; Volume II., xx.-470 pages, with 118 engravings (maps and half tones), bound in full American Russia leather. Price of both works, \$20. Address: Director of the Manila Observatory, Manila, P. I., or John J. Wynne, 27-29 West Sixteenth Street, New York.

glance at one of the maps without seeing that it is much superior to anything that we have; and it will soon be evident on examination that no improvement can be made on it for quite a long time. In time, of course, improvement will be made, but not until the regular work of the Coast and Geological Surveys have been extended to the islands. The maps, as they now stand, are superior to what most people in this country have been accustomed to regard as first class. This is true not only in regard to their mechanical execution, but also in the amount of information given by them, in matters of physical science even more than in what concerns religion. They show, also, the work that has been done by the fathers in the departments of meteorology and seismology, which are both of the greatest practical importance.

When we begin, however, to examine the two volumes of letter-press, we find that their value is of even a higher order than that of the atlas. The first and larger volume is, no doubt, of the greatest general interest. It treats of every possible subject of inquiry with regard to the islands and their inhabitants, giving in the first place the peculiarities of each region, and then taking up in a most exhaustive manner the subjects of race, language, religion, agriculture, commerce, education, public institutions in general, and history, and then passing to topography, hydrography, geology, mineralogy, botany, and zoölogy, giving all that is known on these matters, which is immensely more than most people imagine. Even by glancing at the numerous and excellent illustrations, without reading a word of the text, one may learn in a short time more than he probably supposed there was to be learned with regard to these new possessions of ours. To mention simply one point, the idea probably still entertained by many that there is such a being as a Filipino in general, or, to speak more precisely, that the shades of distinction between one Filipino and another are too slight to be of much importance will very soon disappear. It will be seen that we have to deal in these islands with a population of absolutely every degree of civilization, presenting varieties as great as are to be found through the whole length and breadth of our own continent. But this, of course, is comparatively a very small piece of information, lying quite on the surface.

The second volume is one rather for specialists; that is to say, with regard to its details, though the results are of the highest practical importance and interest to all whose occupa-

tions or interests may call them to the Philippines, or indeed to any place in that part of the world. It is principally occupied with the subject of meteorology, a considerable part, however, being devoted to those of earthquakes and magnetics.

In a country so subject to earthquakes as that whole portion of the world is, it is evidently of the highest importance to know the regions most liable to them, and to deduce all possible laws regarding them. In this respect the work already done by the Manila Observatory is equivalent, perhaps, to what would require a half century of observation with the means science now places at our disposal, and it is continually being prosecuted with all those means, in which constant improvements are being made. Even in this current year, the present writer has seen a new instrument devised by Father Algué, who has recently been in this country. It needs hardly to be said that independently of the practical value of the science of seismology for the protection of life and property, the subject is one of the highest theoretical importance in our investigation of the laws of the formation not only of our own planet, but also of other worlds.

As to magnetics, the importance of the subject, even from a merely practical point of view, is sufficiently obvious, as every navigator necessarily must know the constantly changing variation of his compass, to make use of it. But it has a value quite independent of that, particularly in its possible, and we may say probable, connection with the subject of meteorology or climatology.

It is in this last matter that the work at Manila of Father Algué and his predecessors has been specially conspicuous. Every one probably is aware of the liability of those regions to destructive typhoons, the course of which it is of the highest importance, or seamen especially, to know. And considering the small number of stations it has been so far possible to occupy, the development and the accuracy of the Manila Weather Service is simply phenomenal, and has excited the highest admiration of the Weather Bureau of this country, which is anxious to co-operate with the work there done, and help to extend it with all the means in its power, and, by increasing the area of observation, make it possible to extend the predictions not only to the Philippines and the immediate neighborhood, but to all the seas and lands of that part of the world. Father Algué's ingenious instruments for the prediction of typhoons (which are really the same as our hurricanes and

cyclones) by private observers, are specially worthy of commendation.

Now finally, if any one wants to know why this Jesuit work is so patronized by the Government, an examination of the work will or should soon convince him that it is not because of any wire-pulling or religious bias, but simply because really scientific men duly appreciate the highest order of science, wherever it is to be found.

There is only one way in which the work, for our use, could be improved, and it is to be hoped that this improvement will be made. Spanish is a noble and excellent language, and in itself better for scientific expression than our own; but unfortunately it is comparatively little known in this country. It would be very desirable that these volumes, with the immense stores of information they contain, should be translated into English, so as to be more available to the many who would be profoundly interested in them, but who cannot hope to acquire a sufficient knowledge of Spanish to thoroughly appreciate them in their present form.



Catholic University Bulletin (April): Dr. Pace writes upon the shortcomings in the present system of teaching philosophy, and indicates how an improvement may be begun.

Atlantic Monthly (April): Charles Dinsmore writing upon Dante's *Purgatorio* defends the doctrine of expiation.

The Biblical World (April): The best article is by Professor Milton S. Terry, D.D., a comment on Phil. ii. 5-11, The Great Kenotic Text. His exegesis is generally satisfactory, especially in view of the wild theories in late years set forth by Protestants concerning this passage. Lyman Abbott also contributes an article, "Are the Ethics of Jesus practicable?" which he answers by saying that they are not only practicable "but that no other ethical principles are so." The article should be read in connection with certain papers in late foreign magazines, where this position is emphatically denied.

The Critical Review (March): Perhaps the most interesting paper for Catholics in this month's issue is the review of Rev. Leighton Pullán's *History of the Book of Common Prayer*. In demolishing the argument of the author, who is a pronounced Ritualist, M. C. Anderson Scott shows the futility of the Anglican theory generally, and so far helps the Catholic side of the controversy without at all meaning to do so.

The Month (April): Father Rickaby, commenting upon the recent Pastoral of the English Bishops, says "it is better to forego for a generation what may appear to a man to be an excellent idea than to divide the church upon it." Father Thurston concludes his articles upon the Rosary with a history of the use of beads inside and outside the church. Father Gerard, who has just resumed the editorship of *The Month*, comments upon an ancient fraud lately resurrected—the so-called "Jesuit Oath."

The Tablet (9 March): Describes the religious condition in Mysore, where "civil death" is the penalty of a Hindoo's conversion to Christianity. (16 March): Recounts how Mgr. Campbell having sued an Italian journalist for libel, the latter was forced to print an apology in all the papers. Copies from the *Daily Telegraph* the account of an interview wherein Mgr. Mignot, Archbishop of Albi, declared the outcome of present condition in France would probably be the separation of church and state. (30 March): Vindicates Cardinal Newman's scholarly accuracy against a criticism in *The Spectator*. Describes the recent controversy on the origin of the Rosary, and decides in favor of Father Thurston, S.J.

Études (20 March): P. Chérot begins to edit some correspondence of the Catholic philosopher De. Bonald, communicated by the present viscount, his great-grandson. P. Brücker defends the justice of his criticism on the *Bibliothèque Sulpicienne*, and answers a writer in the *Revue Thomiste* by adducing evidence that Pope Innocent XI. never forbade the Jesuits to teach Probabilism.

Revue du Clergé Français (15 March): P. Godet devotes thirty pages to the intellectual development and religious rôle of Cardinal Newman. P. Bricont, reviewing P. Gayraud's *Crise de la Foi*, declares there need be no fear of the soundness of the six or eight men who lead Catholic thought in France. To facilitate the return *en masse*

to the church of the thinkers and the people, we need only to regain our intellectual and moral prestige. Reprints from *Revue politique et parlementaire* part of P. Lemère's article on the Bourges Congress quieting the fears expressed by some that the assemblage was revolutionary in spirit. P. Birot defends himself against the criticism of the Bishop of Annecy passed upon P. Birot's speech at Bourges: "The criticism does not judge what I said, but denounces what I meant; . . . of that element I alone am the final judge." V. Giraud, reviewing Father Bremond's *L'Iniquité Religieuse* (see THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE for April, 1901), says: "There are few books which do so much honor to a man—and to an order." P. Boudinhon says that, arguing from analogy, it would seem that the First Friday of April should not be counted as missed, and that those now making their nine First Friday Communions have simply to continue until they make up the requisite number. (1 April): P. Torreilles sketches the history of theology in France from the beginning. P. Bricont says there is thus far no better book than Bougaud's *Christianisme et les temps présents* to recommend for apologetical purposes. P. Leduc, writing on the history of Indulgences, says the charge that the church grants indulgences too easily should be a warning against a tendency to exaggerate. P. Boudinhon writes on the Index: not all the works of an author are necessarily included in the general condemnation which seems to include all.

Revue Thomiste (March): P. Lehu combats a new explanation of the transformation in the Eucharist based upon modern discoveries in physical science. P. Gardeil quotes St. Thomas in support of some reservations necessary in dealing with "the limitations of positive law."

Le Monde Catholique (1 March): Letters of Y to Z attacking Mgr. Dupanloup conclude. Mgr. Fèvre explains the fallacy underlying the doctrine of the "free thinkers."

La Quinzaine (1 March): J. Guiraud deplors the "insipidity and pranks" which supporters of some modern devotions would substitute for the glory and dignity of the ancient liturgy. M. Sangnier describes the work done by the "popular universities," conducted by distinguished Catholics among working-classes of Paris. (16 March): G. de Goyau finds in the latest Papal Encyclical the

call to united social action on the part of Catholics. M. Fonsegrive gives some most instructive lessons on the characteristics of the leading French journals.

Le Correspondant (10 March): P. Thureau-Dangin describes at great length the Catholic revival in England succeeding Newman's conversion. J. Delaporte, reviewing Cairnes' *The Coming Waterloo* (a "Battle of Dorking" sort of affair), finds that in commenting on the French the author's "just criticisms are not new and his new ones not just." M. Béchaux, who replaces Claudio Jannet as the regular collaborator in economics, makes his first contribution, "Economists and Socialists in the Nineteenth Century." (25 March): Continuing his article, M. Thureau-Dangin testifies to the real piety and holiness of certain men who did not come over with Newman—*e.g.*, Pusey, Keble, Church, etc. P. Ragey contrasts Catholicism in Paris, where it is at home, and in London, where it is in exile.

Civiltà Cattolica (16 March): Treating of St. Peter's presence in Rome, explains the title to the earliest possessions of the Christian Church. Comments on the character of historical novels, and in particular the historical accuracy of Manzoni's *I promessi Sposi*.

Rivista Internazionale (March): Reviewing *External Religion*, by Father Tyrrell, S.J., Professor Costanzi declares the book to be opportune, instructive, luminous, and forceful.

Rassegna Nazionale (1 March): Barbara Allason describes the gradual religious evolution of Brunetière's mind as evinced in his writings.

Stimmen aus Maria Laach (March): P. Kneller contrasts Moses and Peter, the leaders of the old and the new people of God. P. Pesch continues his critique of Harnack, pointing out his misstatements and false notions concerning the church.

Ciudad de Dios (Feb.): P. Gonzales, commenting on the present "decadence of the Latin races," declares it is due to their departure from, rather than their fidelity to, the principles of Catholicism.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE "grievous School Question" will not down. A few years ago the suggestion of a religious school was tossed aside by a wave of the hand or an oratorical appeal to "the palladium of our liberties." It was considered a policy instituted by priestcraft to maintain a waning authority over the people. It was said the people were quite satisfied with the public schools, and a system of parochial schools was foisted on them against their will by designing priests. The discussion of the "private school amendment" to the Revised Charter of New York has revealed that there are others besides the priesthood who are asking that some policy be instituted whereby religion shall not be banished from the schools.

It is coming to be very thoroughly understood that religion is after all the only real solution of the vexing social problems, and hard-headed, practical men are coming to see that unless religious truths are in some way or other associated with the teaching of the children they will never mould their character or shape their lives.

The School Question cannot be kept out of politics. It is too close to the heart of the Catholic people not to influence them at the polls. Men of wealth and social position, who know the restraining power of religion among the masses of the people, are insisting that there shall be some settlement of the question a little more favorable to religion. Ministers of the various denominations are compelled to acknowledge that the religious vitality of their people is so thoroughly depleted that they are unable to arouse them even with the strongest stimulants. "The Twentieth Century Awakening," on which they spent so much money and staked so many hopes, has been a flat failure. They are convinced that they must begin all over and with the children, otherwise they are doomed to extinction. Parents look around their families and see the growing children, without reverence for authority or submission to law, drifting away into evil lives. All these powerful agencies will force the school question into the political arena, and will throw the weight of their influence in the same scales with the teaching of the Church and the sentiments of the Catholic people.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

CARDINAL MORAN has been the recipient of unstinted praise for his personal work in organizing and bringing to a most successful completion the first Catholic Congress held, a short time ago, at Sydney, Australia. His opening address was notable for the broad range of thought and the extensive learning which have distinguished his previous historical works. Few will be found to question his capacity to form an accurate judgment on matters pertaining to ancient or modern ecclesiastical history. In the course of his address he used these significant words:

We now come to the United States of America. This, the youngest of the great nations of Christendom, has during the present century, the first century of her independent existence, advanced with giant strides and given proof of indomitable energy. Her vast resources and boundless territory, combined with the energy of her people and her more than seventy millions of inhabitants, cannot fail to assign to her a prominent place in moulding the future destinies of the world. Now, in this flourishing state, the Catholic Church throughout the century has held her own; I should, perhaps, have said that bright and brilliant in the United States above most other countries has been her onward course.

Cardinal Moran then proceeds to show, from the testimony of Bishop Spalding, that the difficulties against which the Church had to contend were manifold. He says:

It would be difficult in modern times to find a parallel for the growth of religion in New York during the present century. New York was one of those States that persistently excluded Catholic priests till toward the close of the last century. And those anti-Catholic laws were not inoperative. We read of even a benevolent Quaker who, under the false accusation of being a Catholic priest, was led to the scaffold. When the new century was being ushered in there was only one priest, an Irish Capuchin, in the City of New York. Special toleration was extended to him as having been chaplain on board of a French frigate that had done good service during the war. There was only one Catholic church, and one school. As late as 1816 the Bishop of New York, Right Rev. Dr. Connolly, writes that there were only four priests in the diocese, which embraced the whole of the States of New York and New Jersey. The same prelate writes in 1818 that the number of Catholics was 16,000. "They are mostly Irish," he says; "at least 10,000 Irish Catholics arrived at New York only within these last three years; they spread throughout all the other States of this confederacy, and make their religion known everywhere." In 1822 the number of priests in the diocese had increased to eight, while there were two churches in the city and five others in the towns of Albany, Utica, Auburn, New Jersey, and Carthage, all in those days comprised in the Diocese of New York.

What a contrast these statements present to the religious condition of things at the close of the nineteenth century! A few months ago the Archbishop of New York, when setting sail for Rome, published the statistics of the diocese accurately compiled up to date, and we must bear in mind that the Diocese of New York of to-day is only one of nine episcopal sees into which the Diocese of New York of 1822 has been distributed. This one diocese now reckons within its restricted limits 1,200,000 Catholics, with a thousand priests who zealously attend to their spiritual wants, whilst 48,000 children attend its parish schools. Many causes may be assigned for this wonderful growth of

religion in New York. There is one which should not be forgotten—I mean the singular piety of the early emigrants who landed there. I will give but a single instance. Through the hardships to which the people of Ireland were subjected consequent on the disturbances of 1798, Irish emigrants began to flock in considerable numbers to the United States. Mrs. Seton, whilst as yet a Protestant, attested the singular piety which they displayed. In the year 1800 some ship-loads of them arrived in New York suffering from the terrible scourge known as ship-fever. They were detained at Staten Island, the then quarantine station, where the lady visited them, accompanying her father, who was the Health Physician to the Port of New York. The piety of those emigrants led her thoughts to the Catholic Church, of which in after years she became a bright ornament. Stricken as the emigrants were with misery in its manifold forms, she writes: "The first thing these poor people did, when they got their tents, was to assemble on the grass, and all, kneeling, adored our Maker for his mercy; and every morning sun finds them repeating his praise." The seeds sown with such piety could not fail to produce an abundant harvest of religion.

Last year several things were said in some of the public journals against the Catholics of the United States as if they held those tenets which were branded as Americanism, and which were most justly and opportunely condemned by the Holy See. Americanism, however, may be truly said to have had more place in the imagination of hostile French writers than in the American mind, and the condemnation by Pope Leo XIII. brought manifestly before the world the important fact that those erroneous tenets had taken no root in the American Church. A writer in the *North American Review* for May, 1900, sets the net result of the controversy in its proper light when he writes: "There are no more thorough, intense papists in the wide world than the Catholics of America. Their Catholicity, their loyalty and obedience to the Chair of Peter, are intensified instead of being weakened by their heretical, infidel, and atheist surroundings, all of which serve as a whetstone to keep their faith bright and keen and free from rust and dross. None know the value of faith so well as those who have before their eyes day by day the evil results of the loss of it. Health is never so highly appreciated as when disease is rampant."

I have dwelt at some length on the progress of religion in the United States, because many writers at the present time extol the intelligence of the American people and the singular spirit of progress and liberty with which they are imbued. Nowhere, as those writers contend, is there a freer scope for the expansion of the human mind, and nowhere do the national institutions combined with the natural advantages of the country so favor a high development of intelligence and activity, and the formation of a great and noble race of men. Well, it is precisely in this so favored Republic, and among those privileged citizens, that the Catholic Church has won its most brilliant victories and achieved its grandest results in this very age of enlightenment and progress.

We strongly commend this epitome of nineteenth century progress in the Catholic Church of the United States to the members of Reading Circles. They will find that Cardinal Moran's statement will bear the most critical investigation, and can easily be supplemented for each diocese by following the plan he has indicated for New York and Boston. The Catholics of Philadelphia are entitled to boast of the fact that at one time a priest was sent from the City of Brotherly Love to attend New York as an out-mission. At the present time it is stated that New York City has a larger population claiming Irish descent than any other city of the world, not even excluding Dublin. At the close of the eighteenth century, however, Philadelphia had the lead in the number of Irish exiles.

M. C. M.

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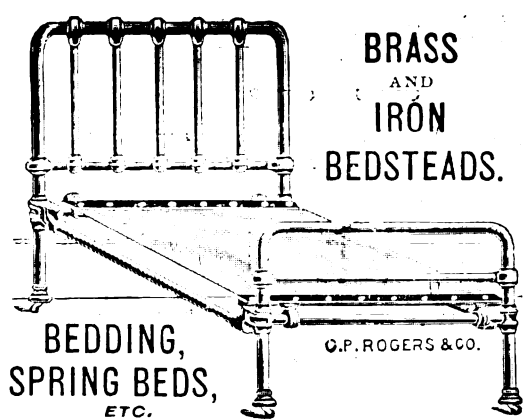
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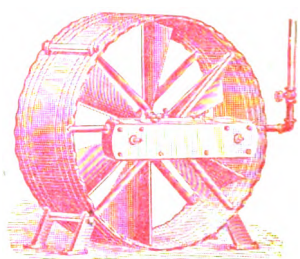
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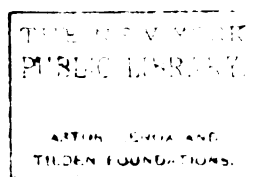
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No. 435.

THE PARACLETE AND THE HUMAN SOUL.*

BY REV. WALTER ELLIOTT, C.S.P.

FATHER LAMBING has rendered valuable services to religion by his devotional and historical writings, and this compilation, drawn from sources the most various, is equal in merit to any of his previous efforts. Many will thank him sincerely for his intelligent and zealous labors. He has placed within convenient reach a large number of the best contributions to the knowledge and love of the Divine Paraclete. First comes the Encyclical Letter of Leo XIII., issued on Pentecost Sunday, 1897, and this is followed by a very careful selection from the official, dogmatic, and liturgical utterances of Holy Church. The rest of the volume represents all orders and kinds of teachers, including prelates, preachers, ascetics, mystics, and religious founders. The industry and good taste of the compiler give us a real treasury of spiritual doctrine of the purest as well as most useful kind.

Besides the editor's own preface we have one by Bishop Maes, of Covington, Ky., which is a marvellously clear and emphatic summary of the benefits, and we may say, the sovereign rights of this devotion. The reader will also profit by the remarks of the American Provincial of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, which precede the text of the volume. We bespeak for Father Lambing's book a wide circulation. Would that every priest and every family of the Catholic

** Come, Holy Ghost ; or, Edifying and Instructive Selections from many Writers on Devotion to the Third Person of the Adorable Trinity.* By A. A. Lambing, LL.D., author of *History of the Catholic Church in the Dioceses of Pittsburg and Allegheny*, etc. With Preface by the Right Rev. Camillus P. Maes, D.D., Bishop of Covington, Ky. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. \$1.50.

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE
OF NEW YORK, 1901.

VOL. LXXIII.—19

Church in America had a copy. We should be glad if what we shall say about the great dogma, its necessity and its value in practical Christian life, should help to circulate this excellent work, drawing, as for the most part we do, from sources necessarily untouched by our author for want of space.

THE HOLY SPIRIT THE LIFE-GIVER.

The Christian faith teaches that all of God's works which are extrinsic to Himself are common to the Three Persons of the Holy Trinity, and that neither of the three Divine Persons does more or less than the others. But the Holy Scriptures, and the saints and theologians of the church, attribute some works to one Person, some to another: as power to the Father, wisdom to the Son, and love to the Holy Ghost; and, again, creation to the Father, redemption to the Son, and sanctification to the Holy Ghost.

Sanctifying grace, by which our very habit of life is made holy, and actual grace, by which our separate actions are done for God's sake, are attributed by Holy Church to the Third Person of the Godhead. "If," says the Council of Trent, "any one shall say that he can believe or hope or love or repent so that the grace of justification shall be given him, without the aid and inspiration of the Holy Spirit going before hand, let him be anathema." Thus the Holy Spirit and the grace of God are as cause and effect in the life of the justified soul; it may even be truly said that the gift of grace and the Divine Giver are one. The Nicene Creed amplifies this dogmatic truth by declaring the Holy Spirit to be "the Lord and the life-giver."

Now, the grace of God is the elevation of the soul into a condition of virtue above its natural power. By it man is "indued with power from on high," a superhuman capacity to know and trust and love God. And this divine power, attributed to the operation of the Third Person of the Godhead, is that "newness of life" by which our motives are made one with those of our Blessed Redeemer, and ability is given to act on those motives, readily and with facility as occasion requires. Therefore the subjugation of sensuality to the dominion of reason, followed by the subjugation of reason itself to the authority of God, and all this in the granting of powers essentially above nature, is the work of the Holy Ghost.

TIMIDITY OF SOME CATHOLICS.

Such is the wonderful significance of the Eighth Article of

the Apostles' Creed, "I believe in the Holy Ghost." And yet some Catholics are afraid of this Article. They would make it a dogma subject to a rigid discipline of secrecy. Holy Church thinks differently. The Catechism of the Council of Trent quotes St. Paul to show that "a distinct knowledge of this Article is most necessary to the faithful. From it they derive this special fruit—considering, attentively, that whatever they possess they possess through the bounty and beneficence of the Holy Spirit, they learn to think more modestly and humbly of themselves, and to place all their hopes in the protection of God, which is the first step towards consummate wisdom and supreme happiness" (Cat. Rom. In Art. VIII. Sym.) The Catholic truth about this doctrine undoubtedly humbles the soul, as the Protestant error about it puffs one up with pharisaical pride.

What, in God's name, should any Christian know better than the fulness of the doctrine about that divine Person, "who," to again quote this high Catholic authority, the Roman Catechism, "infuses into us spiritual life, and without whose holy inspiration, we can do nothing meritorious of eternal life"? No fact is so practically divine to us as that God is united to us more closely in the person of the Holy Spirit than our souls are united to our bodies; no fact more soothing, more humbling, and at the same time more heartening.

It is not a doctrine for mystics alone, nor is it one full of fine-spun distinctions. It is, indeed, occasionally concerned with the obscure, because with the deep things of God. But fidelity to an enlightened conscience and strict loyalty to our interior better impulses are the every-day duty of the Christian, whether learned or simple; let him, therefore, realize that conscience and our inner life are the field of action of God Himself in the Person of the Holy Spirit. This makes religion a personal matter instead of a machinery of laws. To many a soul the vital question of life is whether fidelity to conscience is a legal status or a personal relationship with God. Our appeal to conscience should be like the apostle's: "I speak the truth in Christ, I lie not, my conscience bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost" (Rom. ix. 1).

A DEVOTION NOT FOR MYSTICS ALONE.

That much of even the more mysterious parts of the doctrine of the Holy Spirit is useful to the most ordinary Christian, all competent authorities insist. We quote from a very

high one, a prelate whose practical and literary and devotional gifts were of equal value to religion—Cardinal Wiseman. The following extracts are from his very valuable preface to Lewis's English translation of the works of St. John of the Cross: "We are mistaken if many readers, who have not courage or disposition to master the abstruser and sublimer doctrines and precepts of the first [volume], will not peruse with delight the more practical and cheerful maxims of the second part, and even find exquisite satisfaction in those lessons of divine love, and in those aphorisms of a holy life, which are adapted for every devout soul." And earlier in the preface he speaks of God, as the object, indeed, of the mystic's contemplation, but also as the personal guide of the ordinary Christian in his individual spiritual existence:

"God is a living, active power, at once without and within the soul. Every Christian believes that He deals as such with the individual man; that in his natural life each one has received his destiny, his time, and place, and measure of both by a special allotment; that in his outward being, whatever befalls him, he is the ward of a personal Providence; while in his inward and unseen existence, he receives visitations of light, of remorse, of strength, and of guidance, which can apply and belong to him alone."

Men like Father Lambing would but urge a propaganda of fidelity to this guidance, and that the Catholic preacher and writer and confessor should aid each individual man to deal more and more directly with his Divine Guide, and should show him how to use Holy Church, her ministry, and her Sacraments, for the generation and growth of that absolute fidelity to the ever "active and living Power" of God within the soul.

RELIGION IS PRIMARILY AN INTERIOR LIFE.

Our Blessed Saviour exchanged His visible presence in this world for His sacramental presence in the Eucharist, and for the invisible presence of His Holy Spirit in every loving soul. He affirmed that this was more expedient. "A devout man," says St. John of the Cross (*Ascent of Mount Carmel*, Bk. III. chap. xxxiv.), "grounds his devotion chiefly on the invisible." The religion of Christ is dominantly a secret life. It is loving union with the unseen God. To perfect this union all the divine work of church authority, of preaching and of sacraments, and of vocal prayers, has been given us. Speaking of preaching, the author just quoted says that its "function is more

spiritual than vocal." If this be true of so external a ministry, how much rather is it true of the dealings of the soul with God in the Sacraments and in the Sacrifice of the Mass, in which the invisible God is so nigh to his creature. Without the inner sense of God these holiest of things are ceremonies, and nothing more. Their fruit is too often no better than that of pious custom, sometimes not even that.

It is well known to experienced confessors that many persons really called to a perfect life are hindered because they make use of spiritual things in the order of the outward senses only; and this results from ignorance about the office of the Holy Ghost in the soul's sanctification.

The reader easily perceives that in this doctrine a Catholic learns nothing "novel." He learns simply what, or rather who it is that moves his inner life. There need not be the least danger to Catholic obedience, or to the integrity of holy faith. Our chief endeavor should be to advance the faithful a good long step in the direction of the interior life. Indeed, nothing could better help orthodox faith than the presence among the people of a goodly proportion of men and women with a well-developed taste for spiritual doctrine, a practical use of the more interior methods of sanctification.

It is, to be sure, always in order to remind a people, whose lot is cast amid the very riot of doubt, to cling fast to holy faith. But will not that be all the more efficaciously done if they are taught to obey the inner "witness of the spirit," ever pleading for that same faith? Are there no interior notes of the church's divine constitution?

THE ORDINARY LIFE OF A CHRISTIAN IS THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT.

We are not now concerned with revelations, visions, locutions, or any such mysterious matters. We are considering the ordinary inner life of the Christian, his conscience and his temptations, his tendencies to good, his confessions and Communions, and his prayers and Masses. These are all plain ways. There are inner paths that are dim, even though very glorious, in which the divine Spirit leads with more secret touches; let these be spoken of to the saintly few. Meanwhile there are many who would be very devout did they but have a more vivid knowledge of the personal leadership of God. And there is none so simple as not to be able to understand (if only he be diligently instructed) that the voice of conscience, when it is enlightened by Catholic truth, is the

voice of God the Holy Spirit as truly as was that which issued from the summit of Sinai. It is true there is some danger of delusion. But is there no danger of formalism and legalism and routine in a teaching overbalanced towards the outward order? In St. Paul's time the Galatians were so sadly deluded that they were called "insensate." Yet the Apostle, besides reaffirming his outward mission, did not hesitate to drive them inward for a remedy: "And because you are sons, God hath sent the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying: Abba, Father." And he insists on calling the common virtues of a Christian life "the fruits of the Spirit," and maintains that that life is both to live in the spirit and to walk in the spirit. What thus saved the Galatians saves us: a divinely appointed ministry whose office of emergency is to claim obedience to authority, and whose regular teaching is the interior obedience due to the divine guidance within the soul. Thus it happens that the inner leadings may be tested by external divine authority, for in the last resort personal inspiration does not accredit itself.

"It is the indwelling Divine Presence of the Holy Spirit," says Father Hecker, "which from the day of Pentecost teaches and governs in the Church's hierarchy, is communicated sacramentally to her members, and animates and pervades, in so far as not restricted by human defects, the whole Church." This divine synthesis of the interior and exterior guidance is similarly described in the Meditations of Father Crasset, S.J.: "For how long a time"—he appeals to the imperfect Christian—"has not God called you by secret inspirations, by interior touches of grace, by the words of preachers, by the counsel of confessors, by good books, and by the example of holy men?" (Meditation for January 5).

SAFEGUARDS AGAINST ERROR.

Here, then, is the safeguard. No private illumination of whatever kind soever is to be taken as valid till it is tried and approved by the authority of God in His Church; "for," says St. Francis de Sales, "when God gives us inspirations he begins with that of obedience." Herein the Christian has a plain because an external, accessible, audible criterion of the validity of his interior drawings; and a divine one, because the church was founded by our Lord for the express purpose of infusing the Holy Spirit by her sacraments, of testing it by her authority, and finally—but this is too often forgotten—of

urging us by her incessant admonitions to be wholly guided by it. Obedience to the outer order of God is never reliable till it is intelligent and motivated by love: and who knows and who loves, in the religious meaning of the words, except one who is under God's interior spell?

The very life of the soul is in communing with God interiorly. Why so commune if not to obey Him in both the outward and inward order of His influence? This produces a certain type of character, one capable of the best obedience because sanctified by the best union with God—the kind of men and women needed in our day. "Imperfect knowledge of God the Holy Ghost," says Bishop Maes in his preface to Father Lambing's book, "and of His enduring sanctifying work in the Church, accounts for the weakening of the faith of the many; and lack of appreciation of His sanctifying grace in the soul explains the dearth of spiritual life in the Christians of our generation."

HIGHEST TYPE OF CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

We speak of "a man of principle," "a man square with his conscience," as the typical righteous man. Likewise we should look for a type of Christian character: "a man guided by God's love," "a man true to an enlightened Catholic conscience." Faith is too often a racial uniformity or a family loyalty, rather than that unshaken assent of the mind held firm by the instinct of divine love. And this happy condition offers a noble liberty to every variety of character. For there is something different in each one's way, and God is the author of that difference both in the order of nature and of grace, a variety which is as divine as is His holy uniformity in the church's sacraments and discipline.

The motives that elicit obedience to external authority suffice for acceptance of God's immediate and interior authority. Submission to divine inspirations should be as to God face to face. Once the approval of proper counsel has been obtained we should be exceedingly careful lest we "extinguish the Spirit." The soul then imitates St. Paul's conduct after receiving the inspiration of his conversion: "Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?" It is our only question. As soon as answered, immediately "he rose up" and, though he was blind, he had himself led into the city to the place appointed. "Possessing such dispositions we may be fully satisfied that God will not fail to speak frequently to our hearts

in order to manifest his will to us" (Bellecius, S.J., *Solid Virtue*, chap. iii. art. 3).

NEGLECT NOT THE GRACE WHICH IS IN YOU.

Nor is there any lack of interior signs of God's drawings; even though these cannot stand alone, yet they are of great use. Such movements, if from God, are calm and tranquil. They impart a light and an understanding of a supernatural brightness. It is Satan that breeds the vapors of obscurity or the humors of discontent. He is also traced by dissension among brethren. The true inspirations enable us to fulfil our daily duties with alacrity greater than ever, even though they point to some notable change. They are not productive of melancholy. St. Bernard says: "The surest marks are fervor, humility, and peace." To find out their meaning we should wrestle in prayer as Jacob did at the ford of Jaboc with the angel till he overcame him and obtained his blessing. But God never guides souls away from but always towards a frank understanding with those who represent Him in the external life of the Christian.

God must not be kept waiting. Delay, procrastination, timidity, overmuch counsel—all such things may hinder a right choice of time, or of associates, or of circumstances and localities. Prudence sometimes degenerates into cowardice. Caution becomes indecision. Counsel becomes pusillanimity and human respect. When Tobias thought only of running away from the monstrous fish the angel said calmly, "Seize the fish by the fin and drag him on to the shore."

All that concerns sanctification is the subject of divine inspirations—a deeper repentance, an increase of penance, renewed self-denial, additional fervor in prayer and spiritual reading, the more resolute curbing of an evil propensity: the sincere Christian has but to turn his glances inward and hardly a day will pass but that some plain admonition of the Holy Spirit will advance him farther along these open avenues to perfection. It is precisely this ordinary inner direction that is simplest to understand and most profitable, as well as easiest to follow. This current interior guidance was the subject of St. Paul's admonition to Timothy, recalling to his disciple his grace of Holy Orders: "Neglect not *the grace which is in you.*" And, in due measure, it applies to all who have the graces of Baptism, and those of the other Sacraments, namely, all Christians.

THE MAIN EVIL OF THE DAY.

Neglect of the interior voices of the Spirit of God is the main evil of our day. This breeds externalism. Christians become what the venerable Benedictine writer, Father Augustine Baker, calls "extroverted livers." Religion begins and ends in the outer world. Among ordinary people this leads to utter worldliness, to sensuality, and not seldom even to loss of faith. Among priests and religious it leads to tepidity. All the fearful things said against lukewarmness are true of partial or total disregard of interior movements of grace. Inspirations of God are his immediate will for all classes of souls. Nothing is more miserable than the inner lethargy resulting from failure to respond to them. One may not wholly fall away at once, but instant hurt to the soul is inevitable. Constant disregard of the ordinary movements of grace is like reading in the twilight—difficult reading is certain and sore eyes inevitable if the practice is continued. We quote again from Bellechus's fine work (chap. iii. art. iii.): "Holy inspirations and lights of grace are the indispensable means afforded us by God for the attainment of virtue. Every time that we condemn or slight these heavenly gifts, we neglect one of our most essential obligations—that of striving to become perfect." Relish for virtue and disgust for vice should be motivated upon God's will, proclaimed within the soul's own sanctuary and enforced from his church's high throne.

RESULTS OF THE DEVOTION.

Obedience to the Holy Spirit intensifies all Christian life. It feeds the fires of fervor. It at once steadies and strengthens spiritual heart-action, for it is divine love. It is this interior life that is now needed, for we have many external devotions and pilgrimages. We would have not less of these but more of the hidden humility and intense allegiance of the soul to the Divine Paraclete. It adds to merit immeasurably. For what is the reason of merit? Heaven-meriting action and suffering is due to the fact that we are inspired by God. The sense of the nearness of the inspiring Person purifies because it simplifies the motives of conduct. One objects and says, "A sermon made me do this good deed." I answer, Yes, as the instrumental cause, not as the efficient cause, which is the interior grace of God. Interior life makes religion more real. Nothing is so much needed as to realize the invisible. Are

not all men who are fit to receive Holy Communion in need of knowing the "spirit and life" that is in that *supersubstantial* bread? Are not all children in need of knowing the *deeper* significance, the *invisible* force, of the sacraments of the Eucharist and Confirmation? Can we begin too early to instruct a Christian that his very body is the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth within him on account of those great sacraments? Do all children have an adequate explanation of this their dearest birthright?

The following words of Father Hecker, indicating a missionary aspect of the devotion to the Holy Spirit, will fitly close this article: "The explanation of the internal life and constitution of the Church, and of the intelligible side of the mysteries of faith and the intrinsic reasons for the truths of divine revelation, giving to them their due emphasis, combined with the external notes of credibility, would complete the demonstration of Christianity. Such an exposition of Christianity, the union of the internal with the external notes of credibility, is calculated to produce a more enlightened and intense conviction of its divine truth in the faithful, to stimulate them to a more energetic personal action; and, what is more, it would open the door to many straying but not altogether lost children for their return to the fold of the Church. The increased action of the Holy Spirit, with a more vigorous co-operation on the part of the faithful, which is in process of realization, will elevate the human personality to an intensity of force and grandeur productive of a new era to the Church and to society—an era difficult for the imagination to grasp, and still more difficult to describe in words, unless we have recourse to the prophetic language of the inspired Scriptures" (*The Church and the Age*, p. 40).*

* The reader is referred to Father McSorley's article in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE* for June last, published in pamphlet form, and to be had at this office.



A LITTLE SISTER OF THE ROSES.

BY MARGARET M. HALVEY.



LITTLE lay Sister! They tell her tale
In the convent once her dwelling.
One pictures her aging, bent and frail,
In days of which they are telling.

Still there are countless tasks to do,
And not many vowed to labor ;
Pioneer she, of the tireless few,
Toiling for God and their neighbor.
Often the daylight hours are spent
With never one free for praying,
But the little lay Sister smiles content
Her soundless "Aves" saying :
Tho' thro' her fingers seldom slips
The beads from her girdle swinging,
Mary's praises are on her lips
From dawn unto darkness ringing.

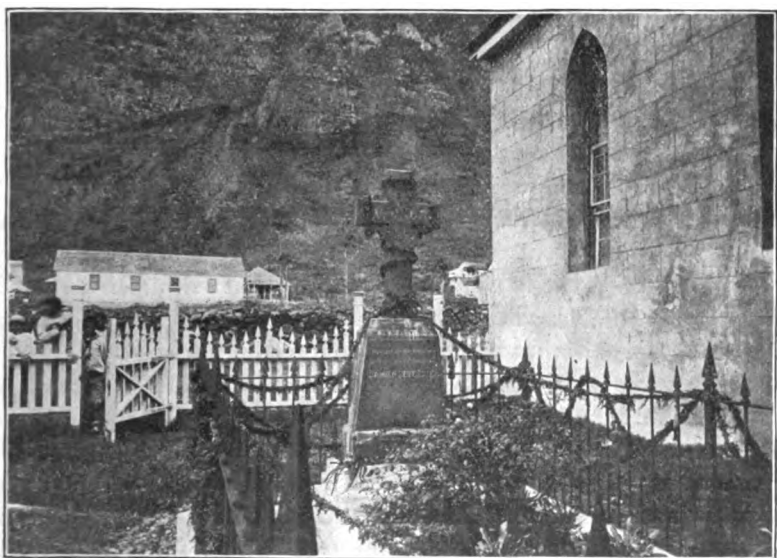
One simple sorrow the Sister hath
Who once was a country maiden,
And yet rememb'reth a woodland path
With treasures of Maytime laden.
If she might be free an hour to stray!—
Oh, now her locks are graying,
But the woods are young as they were that day
When she and her mates went Maying :
They crowned her there—such a rosy maid!
(Ah! pale little, frail lay Sister)
The leaves on her curls, caressing laid
And pink wild-roses kissed her.
Would she might gather such blossoms now!
And stealing to Mary's altar
Wreath it with bloom and screen it with bough!
For longing the tired hands falter—

But tasks await them. What tho' 'tis night
And few are the watchers waking,
There is wheat to winnow, that clear and white
Be the flour for the morrow's baking.
One frail hand seeks the winnowing wheel
The while it is plying and guiding :
See, thro' the other the decades steal
Of a Rosary softly gliding.
Her eyes on the wheel are bended, lest
The pile grow to overflowing—
The beads on a stand beside her rest
And around them—swiftly growing,
A burden whose fragrance fills the room
As the white flour fills the measure,
Whose brilliance lightens the murky gloom—
Toiler, behold thy treasure !

Little lay Sister, glance aside !
Let the frail hand cease its plying,
Fit in truth for a princess-bride
Are the blooms before thee lying.
For every "Pater" and glad "Amen"
Hath a red rose blushed and burned !
Scarce was an "Ave" murmured, when
To blossoming snow it turned.
"These for thy longings so hard repressed"—
A voice like a lute is saying—
"Gathered for thee at the Queen's behest"
"Where the angels go a-maying."
Humbly the Sister kneels beside,
Her heart for gladness bounding ;
They find her so when at Matin-tide
The convent bells are sounding.

Roses around her everywhere
(Pale little, frail lay Sister !)
White ones coifing the graying hair
While red ones, crowding, kissed her !
Soon recalled from her ecstasy,
Hasting with hands a-falter,
She wreathes and piles them plenteously
By the Mother's convent altar.

Many another year she spent
In the self-same paths of labor,
Always serving with sweet content
Her Master thro' her neighbor;
Often when humblest tasks would claim
And leisure was most denied her,
Roses aswoon and roses aflame
Dropped with her beads beside her.
"Sister of roses" they call her still,
Where softly her story is breathed,
And they show her grave 'neath a lonely hill
With roses screened and wreathed.



FATHER EPHRAIM'S SEA-BIRDS: AN EPISODE OF THE IRISH FAMINE.

(Catholic Cameos done with a Pen.)

BY NORA RYLMAN.



SOME time ago, in an American magazine, I tread of a devoted priest who went a long journey on foot in midwinter, alone, to get his starving people bread. Shortly afterwards a mission priest related to me the heroic deed of one whose actions "smell sweet and blossom in the dust," during the time of that great Irish famine which is known as *The Famine*, when the Spirits of Desolation and Tribulation stalked through Green Erin, from County Clare to Clonmel.

In this hut Bryan cried in his anguish: "My son, my son! would to God I had died for thee," in that Rachel refused to be comforted, and yet again in another Rizpah wept for the husband of her youth!

Ah! Soggarth Aroon was to the fore then. He lifted the latch of the fever-stricken cabins. He it was who told Bryan that he would meet his boy again in the land of eternal youth; he it was who said to Rachel, that though her child would *not* come to her, she would go to it; he it was who reminded Mizpah that under the palms of paradise the Angel of the Resurrection reunited parted hands; and he it was who heard the last confessions the pale lips said, who spoke the solemn sentences of committal when the poor fever and famine stricken bodies were laid, like tired children, on the dark brown bosom of Mother Earth; and he it was who welcomed them on the shores of another land, to which they were driven like wing-wearied swallows.

On the bleak and sandy east coast of England, in that district wherein stands some of the noblest abbeys, built and endowed by Catholic Faith, was a small mission; just a handful of the faithful, gathered together to hear Mass, to say the Rosary, and to worship God in the grand and beautiful old way. They were very poor, almost as much so as was that widow of Tarshish of whom we have read. The church was merely a

temporary one; just (I say it with reverence) a consecrated wooden shed. Water fell on the altar, on which was the Immaculate Host; no stone or mosaic floor was there—it was of hardened clay only. It was a veritable Bethlehem manger, of which the glory was Christ.

Now, one day to this poor mission priest, Father Ephraim, came fifty starving Irish emigrants, in need of food, physic, nursing, and shelter. And this servant of God received them in the Name of the Lord who had not whereon to lay his head. They were taken into the humble presbytery, into small homesteads and fishers' cots. The burning hand of fever was on some; these were put by themselves, and nursed through the long hours of sickness by Father Ephraim.

I think that Mary the Mother of Jesus must have stood beside him in the lone night-watches, and have cheered him, as their wives cheer men not called entirely to God. Some of these refugees died as he ministered unto them, and were laid in a wind-swept cemetery within sight of the steel-gray sea. Others recovered. And for these their friend in the cassock found work.

There were children born in this place of refuge, and these our good pastor baptized in the little church.

Think for a moment of his stern self-denial! When the plate went round on Sundays it came back with half a crown on it, or sometimes even two shillings in coppers! The well-to-do yeomen and the rich squires of the neighborhood went to hear the parson. The tithes were the parson's, as was the ancient parish church. Henry the spoliator, and his daughter Elizabeth, without mercy, had seen to that!

For the sake of these exiles of Erin, of these Irish sea-birds, Father Ephraim became a beggar. He tramped miles through dusty or muddy lanes to beg for work and succor. The country gentleman and the prosperous farmer often saw that bent, worn figure, in its shabby clerical attire, making its way through the leafy coppice, or the shady park; and for the credit of human nature, their hearts very often warmed to him, and they made him welcome and helped him. For

“Tears waken tears, and honor honor brings,
And human hearts are touched by human things.”

Could Father Ephraim teach young Larry the duties of a goose-boy or goose-herd?

Of a surety he could; he would show him how to use the clapper himself.

Could he just slip this tiny frock for poor Kathleen's child into his pocket?

Of course he could, with pleasure; wee Deirdra had scarcely one to her back.

These were some of the incidents on his rounds.

When the tempest was overpast, those of the exiles who were left stayed on in their Chanaan. They helped to bring in the finny harvest of the sea. They were hewers of wood and drawers of water. They were reapers, tillers of the soil.

One did one thing, one another. But one thing they all did alike. When the boats lay keel uppermost on the sand, and the ploughs and harrows were put by in the sweet Sabbath stillness, over sandy dunes, and desolate heaths, across corn fields and clover meadows, came Bryan and Margaret, Dermot and Eileen, to the little Catholic church on the marshland by the sea. And they knelt on the rough floor, and blessed God in his angels and in his saints. These were the Irish exiles—Father Ephraim's sea-birds whom he fed and sheltered when the keening was loud, and pestilence stalked through the land.

What of the good pastor, you ask? Well, he rests from his labors and his works do follow him. He sleeps with the palm branch of self-denial in his anointed hand.

Birmingham, England.

BEAUTY.



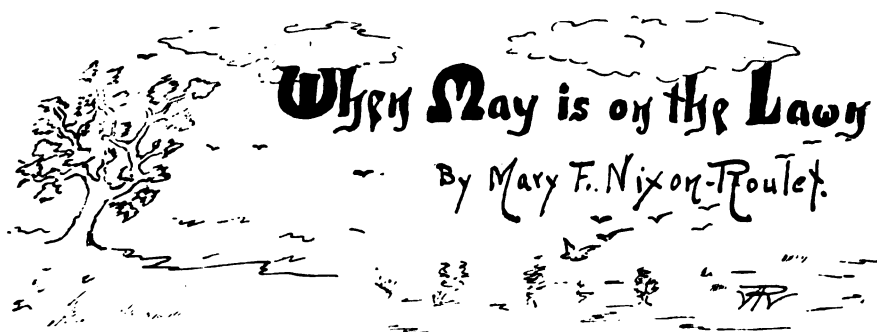
BEAUTY is a passing flower—

Lives from hour to passing hour :

Beauty only of the soul

Masters Fate and Time's control !

JOHN JEROME ROONEY.



FORERUNNER of glorious, glowing summer, bidding a last farewell to dreary winter's blasts and storms, the month of May has long been deservedly famous in song and story :

"The voice of one who goes before to make
The paths of June more beautiful is thine,
Sweet May."

So sang Helen Hunt, and Hood apostrophizes it as

"The birthday of the world,
When earth was born in bloom ;
The light is made of many dyes,
The air is all perfume.
There 's crimson buds and white,
The very rainbow showers
Have turned to blossoms where they fell,
And sown the earth with flowers."

Wordsworth, king of English poets, wrote nothing daintier than his lovely Ode to May :

"While from the purpling east departs
The star that led the dawn,
Blithe Flora from her couch upstarts,
For May is on the lawn.
A quickening hope, a freshening glee,
Foreran the expected power,
Whose first-drawn breath, from bush to tree,
Shakes off the pearly shower";

and English rhymesters have long chanted of the graces of May, fairest of seasons :

"Child of the dainty spring,
With blossoms in her dimpled arms."



"CHILD OF THE DAINTY SPRING,
WITH BLOSSOMS IN HER DIMPLED ARMS."

And streams reflect the blush of morn.
Then, lads and lassies, all be gay,
For May is Nature's holiday."

Chaucer dreamed, "Me-
thought that it was May,"
and Milton speaks of

"The flowery May
Who from her green
lap throws
The yellow cowslip and
the pale primrose."

Keats wrote a fragment
which he called "An Ode
to Maia," composed on
May-day, 1818, and he
appeals to May as the

"Mother of Hermes and
still youthful Maia!"

Thomson, famed for "The
Seasons," writes :

"Among the seasons
changing, May stands
confessed

The sweetest and in fair-
est colors dressed";

and quaint old Peter Pin-
dar sings melodiously:

"The daisies peep from
every field,
The vi'lets sweet their
odor yield;
The purple blossoms
paint the thorn,

For many centuries the month of May, the fifth month of
the calendar, has been regarded as the season of beauty and
freshness, when Nature awakens to new life.

With the ancients, Maia, mother of Mercury, was the god-
dess of increase, and the month was esteemed a particularly

festive season, as it began the time of the earth's fertility. The Latin nations held the month sacred to Apollo, and every day was a festival to commemorate something. On the ninth, eleventh, and thirteenth of the month was held a *lemuria* in honor of the dead. To this custom may be traced the superstition that thirteen is an unlucky number, and also that marriages contracted in May are unlucky. The French say, "*Noces de Mai, nocés de mort*" (Marriage in May is an unlucky marriage), and this superstition prevails in nearly every country of



(From an old print.)

Europe. The old English expression "to climb up May-day," meaning to surmount difficulties, may have arisen from the Latin superstition, or from the fact that in England May weather is uncertain and by no means to be counted upon.

The Feast of Flora, goddess of flowers, called *Floralia*, was held by the Romans on May first, and among the Latin nations the custom of May-day celebrations seems to have been the outgrowth of this festive occasion, though antiquarians insist that the festival was originally East Indian.

Virgil speaks of the Roman celebration, telling us that upon that day, sacred to Flora, houses, gates, and even tem-

ples, were adorned with flowers and branches of olive and orange trees. To this day the Italians celebrate the first of May with great gaiety, calling it "Calendi di Maggio." The ancient Florentine ceremonies were the most beautiful imaginable. Villani writes: "In the year of Christ 1283, on the Feast of Flowers, the city of Florence being in a good and peace-



MAY-DAY FESTIVAL AT FLORENCE (*Wagren*).

able condition, very tranquil and useful for the merchants and artisans, and especially for those of the Guelf party, who were in power, there were assembled in the suburb of Santa Felicita, on the other side of Arno, where dwelt the Rossi and their allies, a noble and rich company, dressed all in white, with a leader who was called Love. And in this party nothing was thought of but games and pleasures, dances of ladies and of cavaliers and other honorable people, going about the city with trumpets and other instruments, in great joy and gladness, and with many guests

assembled to dinner and to supper. No stranger of renown, worthy to be honored, passed through Florence who was not invited by these companies and detained as long as possible,

and, accompanied on foot or horseback as he liked, passed through the city or the surrounding country as he liked."

As Italy is a land of flowers, the flower-feast is a thing of beauty, and the Florentine ceremonial was unsurpassed. In France the old May-day customs still exist. As early as 1323 the troubadours and trouvères of lovely, fertile Langue d'Oc were wont to assemble on May-day at a Court of Love, there to compete for the prize—a golden violet—awarded to the one singing the best chanson in praise of May. In 1540 one Clémence Isaure left her whole fortune to perpetuate this custom of fair Provence. Even to-day, in the French villages, some such ceremony is held, and one of the quaintest of French May-day doings is that of having "Mays." These are little girls, dressed all in white, wearing wreaths and carrying sceptres of lilies. Each one is throned upon an altar, all in different parts of the village, and there is left in lonely grandeur, visited during the day by the little peasants, who consider this a method of honoring the Blessed Virgin, whose month it is.

In ancient Britain the Druids lighted huge fires upon their cairns which crowned the hill summits, and from the earliest times in "Merrie England" May-day was the time for revelry and feasting, for laughter and song. It must have been a gladsome sight. As early as the times of King Arthur and his knights it was observed, for an old chronicle tells us: "Now, it befell in the moneth of lusty May that Queen Guinever called unto her the knyghtes of the Table Round, and gave them warning that early in the morning she should ride on Maying unto the woods and fields beside Westminster"; and in Chaucer's time

"All menne ande women faire
Went out at dawn of daye
To fetch the flowers fraise."

Shakspeare makes a yeoman in Henry VIII.'s time complain of the crowd at the christening of Elizabeth:

"'Tis as much impossible,
Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons,
To scatter 'em as 'tis to make 'em sleep
On a May Morning."

Hall's *Chronicle* says that Henry VIII. and Queen Catherine "rode a-maying with manye lordes ande ladyes from Greenwich to the highe ground of Shooter's Hill"; and Stow in his

Survey of London, written in 1603, says: "In the month of May, namely, on May-day, in the morning, every man, except impediment, would walk into the sweete meadows and greene woods, there to rejoyce their spirites with the beauty and savour of sweete flowers, and with the harmony of birds praying God in their kind."

In London May-day was celebrated by various pretty charities. Milkmaids had a holiday, and an old rhyme says:

"In London thirty years ago,
When pretty milkmaids went about,
It was a goodly sight to see
Their May-day pageant all drawn out.



GARLANDED WITH FLOWERS THE MAIDENS RETURNED TO THE VILLAGE GREEN.

"Themselves in comely colors drest,
Their shining garland in the middle,
A pipe and tabour on before,
Or else a foot-inspiring fiddle."

The maidens expected a *douceur* and the chimney-sweeps likewise looked for a present. They strutted about the streets like vain little peacocks, dressed in fanciful attire, to which was sewed strips of gaily colored paper.

One Mrs. Montagu—a charitable Londoner—gave them a feast each May-day, and when she died a poet of the time wrote :

“ And is all pity for the poor sweep fled
Since Montagu is numbered with the dead?
She who did once the many sorrows weep
That met the wandering of the woe-worn sweep!
Who once a year bade all his griefs depart,
On May's sweet morn would doubly cheer his heart.”

In the metropolis the day was celebrated with feasting and jollity, and bonfires at night; but in rural England the day was looked forward to all the year round and its festivities were a merry sight.

At earliest dawn the lassies rose and hastened to the woodland meads, fresh with primrose and cowslip, to bathe in May-dew to preserve their beauty, while less poetical and more practical dames gathered it to use for whitening linen, it being supposed to have remarkable qualities in that respect. Quaint old Pepys says: “ My wife went down with Jane and W. Heever to Woolwich in order to a little ayre, and lie there to-night, so to gather May-dew to-morrow morning—which Mrs. Turner has taught her is the only thing in the world to wash her face in.”

Laden with branches of the pink and white May, as the lovely hawthorn bush is called, and garlanded with wreaths and chains of the “rathe primrose,” the “rare blue violet,” the harebell slim and “daisy pied,” the maids returned to the village green, there to bedeck the May-pole and choose the queen for the festivities.

In the midst of the village green stood the pole, and it was wreathed with garlands, and streamers of gay silk were tied at the apex, the other ends being held by the dancers, who wove them in and out as they tripped charming figures in time to the village music.

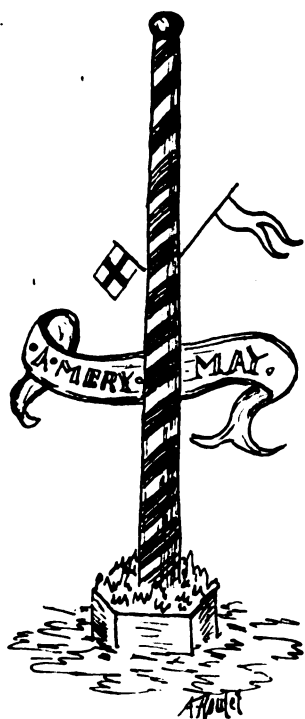
The earliest known picture of a May-pole is found in the *Variorum Shakspeare*, and represents a pole at Betley, in Staffordshire, in the days of Henry VIII. The pole is painted in alternate stripes of black and yellow, is planted in a mound of earth, and has affixed to it Saint George's red-cross banner and a white, pointed pennon.

Gertrude Atherton, in an article on “May-day with the Poets,” writes: “Our ancestors held an annual assembly on

May-day, and the column or pole of May was the great standard of justice in the Eyecommons, or field of May. Here it was that the people, if they saw cause, deposed or punished their governors, their barons, or their king. The judge's bough

or wand, and the staff or rod of authority in the civil or the military, are both derived from May-day emblems; also the mayor received his title from the month which is the synonyme of power. The crown, a mark of dignity, or symbol of power, is the equivalent of the garland or crown hung on the top of the May-pole."

A May Queen was elected and crowned with a coronal of flowers by the queen of the preceding year, and, with her train-bearers and maids of honor, she held court through the day in a flower-bedecked arbor. Tennyson has immortalized the May Queen in verse by his well-known lines:



THE EARLIEST KNOWN PICTURE
OF A MAY-POLE.

"You must wake and call me early,
call me early, Mother dear;
To-morrow'll be the happiest day in
all the glad New Year,
In all the glad New Year, Mother,
the maddest, merriest day,

For I'm to be Queen of the May, Mother, I'm to be
Queen of the May."

A lord of the May there was also, and Fletcher says:

"The shepherd boys who with the muses dwell
Met in the plains their May lords new to choose,
(For two they yearly choose) to order well
Their rural sports the year that next ensues."

And the lords' duties were to superintend the May-day sports: morrice dances, archery contests, etc., and arrange for the crowning of the queen.

Different customs prevailed in different shires, every custom quaint and interesting. In Lincolnshire it was considered good luck to change servants on May-day, and bad luck for a maid

to leave a place unless she had a new one into which to step immediately.

Horns blown on the mountain tops ushered in May-day in the Isle of Man, and there the May Queen was attended by the Queen of Winter, a man dressed in woollen hood, fur tip-pet, and dark wool garments. A mock battle took place upon the village green, and Spring invariably conquering, she and her retainers drove drear Winter from the field, while the victors gaily disported themselves about the May Queen's throne.

In Ireland the peasants used to drive the cattle between bonfires, as they did in Germany, and in Dublin the maidens placed a stocking filled with yarrow beneath their pillows and chanted :

"Good morrow, good yarrow, good morrow to thee,
I hope 'gain the morrow my lover to see ;
And that he may be married to me ;
The color of his hair and the clothes he doth wear,
And if he be for me may his face be turned to me,
And if he be not, dark and surly may he be,
And his back be turned to me."

In Lancashire the waits went about to sing May carols as they sang of the Christ-Child at Christmas, and one of the quaintest of these songs was sung on the eve of May-day, and is called the "Old May Song":

"God bless this house and harbour, your riches and your store,
For the Summer springs so fraise, greene, and gaye ;
We hope the Lord will prosper you both now and evermore,
Drawing near to the merry month of May."

The music for this carol is simple and pretty.

"I wish you the merriment of the May" was the pleasant greeting upon the May-day morning, and May festivities were the delight of all England until the grim and gloomy days of the Cromwellians.

Those Puritans who, as Macaulay cleverly said, "disapproved of bear-baiting, not because it hurt the bear but because it gave pleasure to the bystanders," disapproved of the May-pole and its innocent delights for the same reason, and May-day celebrations were suppressed by act of Parliament April 6, 1644. Great was the indignation of the people, and one of the songs of the day complains :



"Gay scenes and sounds once blest my eyes
And charmed my ears, but all are vanished;
On May-day now no garlands go,
For milkmaids and their dance are banished."

At the Restoration Charles II. annulled this act, and all England rejoiced. In London a May-pole was erected where now flows the teeming traffic of the Strand, and never had there been such a festival as that which greeted the return of the beloved Stuart to England's throne.

How the Puritans should have objected to the *festa* upon the two-fold ground that it was "a Popish and an irreligious procedure," will always remain a mystery to logicians. Irreligious its innocent merriment certes was not, and many of the May songs have a distinctly religious element, as may be seen from the following, one of the quaintest and prettiest of all the old *Chansons de Mai*:

THE MAYER'S SONG.

Remember us, poor mayers all;
And thus we do begin
To lead our lives in righteousness,
Or else we die in sin.

We have been rambling all this night,
And almost all this day,
And now returnèd back again
We have brought you a branch of May.

A branch of May we have brought to you,
And at your door it stands;
It is but a sprout, but it's well budded out
By the work of our Lord's hands.

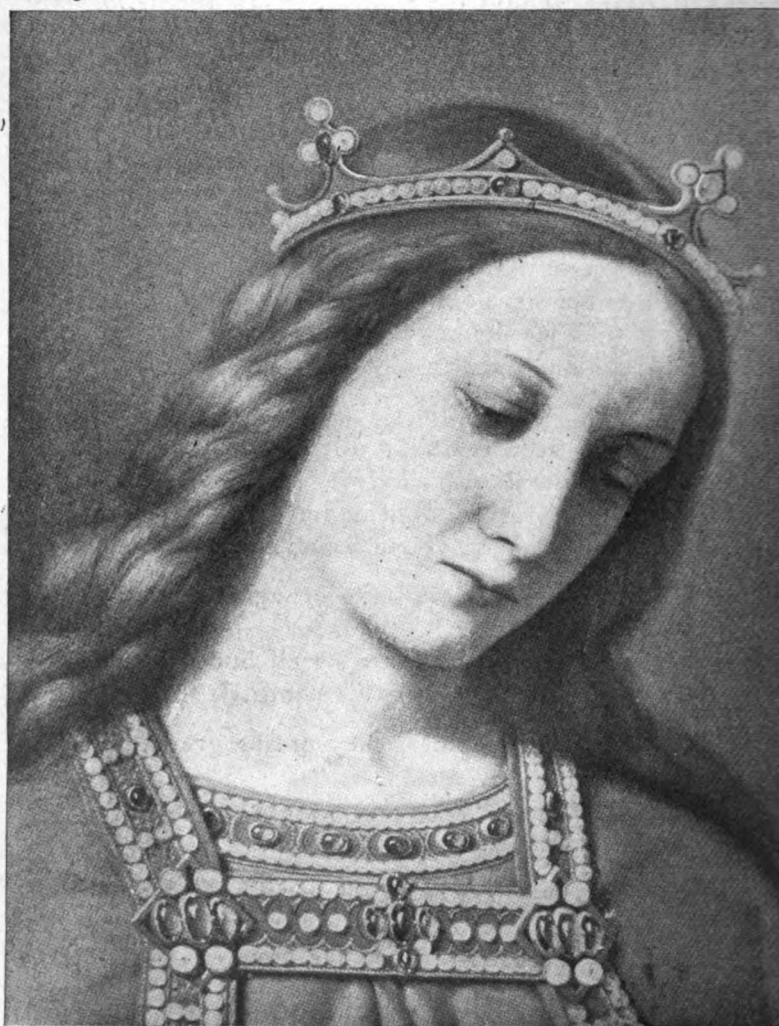
The hedges and trees, they are so green,
As green as any leek,
Our Heavenly Father He watered them
With His heavenly dew so sweet.

The heavenly gates are open wide,
Our paths are beaten plain,
And if a man be not too far gone,
He may return again.

The life of man is but a span,
It flourishes like a flower;
We are here to-day and gone to-morrow,
And are dead in any hour.

The moon shines bright, and the stars give a light,
A little before it is day;
So God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May.

"Popish" to some extent the festival certainly was, at least in later years, and especially so in its outgrowth.



THE QUEEN OF MAY.

What is the exact origin of "May Devotions" no one seems to know, but it has for some years been a pious custom of the Catholic Church to regard the month of May as sacred to the Blessed Virgin, and to decorate her altars with flowers and candles during the month.

The priests, who smiled upon all innocent pleasures, sought by means of them to turn the thoughts of their people to higher things, and in many places out of the old May customs grew the idea of celebrating that day with a p

sion of white-robed maidens, bearing banners and garlands, which last they placed upon the Virgin's altar, singing hymns to Mary, Queen of May.

The Catholic Directory says: "A custom has arisen of addressing public prayers to the Blessed Virgin Mary, decking her altar with flowers, singing hymns in her honor, etc., daily during the month of May. The prayers used are from popular books of devotion, for the church does not recognize this "Month of May" by any change in the Mass or Office. However, Pope Pius VII., in a brief of March 21, 1815, granted an indulgence of three hundred days daily to those who practise this devotion at home or in church; and a plenary indulgence on any one day in the month, on condition of confession, Communion, and prayer for the intention of the Pope."

Much farther back than this was the Blessed Virgin regarded as the patroness of the month of May. In art she is frequently represented as the Queen of May, while Spenser, Sidney, and several of the poets of Herrick's school mention her in this connection. Even old Dan Chaucer writes of her as "May," and of one of his characters:

"To hevyns blys yhit may he ryse
Through helpe of Marie that milde May."

In the "Man of Law's Tale" he says, referring to the Blessed Virgin:

"Thou glorie of womanhehe, thou fayre May,
Thou haven of refut, bryghte sterre of day."

Emerson sings:

"Wreaths for the May! for happy Spring
To-day shall all her dowry bring,
The love of kind, the joy, the grace,
Hymen of element and race,
Knowing well to celebrate
With song and hue and star and state,
With tender light and youthful cheer,
The spousals of the new-born year."

All this is May! 'Tis the month of blossoms and fragrance, of new-born joy and gladness, of sweetness and light. What could be more fitting than that it should be dedicated to one who brought joy to the world, and who was herself the Queen of all the flowers of Judea—a Lily among thorns?

PRE-COLUMBIAN AMERICA.*

BY WILLIAM STETSON MERRILL.



WE are apt to think of America as first discovered in the fifteenth century, having previously lain unknown and unsuspected in the western ocean while dynasties rose and fell in the ancient world, and the times of the Crusades passed into the period of the Renaissance in Europe. The Icelandic sagas, indeed, have always had their tale of western voyages and settlements by the Norsemen; but Europeans were long ignorant of these obscure traditions of the far North, and it is only recently that the discussions have passed into popular knowledge.

Less widely known, again, have been the isolated claims made for discovery by other nations: by Irish, by Welsh, by Chinese; while the speculations as to the origin of the aborigines have interested few beside ethnologists or theologians seeking the lost tribes of Israel. These inquiries, moreover, have been published in monographs, not generally accessible to the general reader.

We have now, however, the great mass of evidence relating to these matters gathered together and digested into a work called *The History of America before Columbus*, written by P. De Roo, a Catholic priest, and a man of wide attainments and erudition. He has amassed references, allusions, narratives, and documentary evidence bearing upon the subject in all its phases, but especially in its religious aspect. This material he has obtained in the course of extended researches in public libraries of this country and Europe, and from manuscripts and documents preserved in the Vatican archives at Rome. The number of works cited by him in support of well-nigh every statement advanced in the text is two hundred, a list being given and serving as a valuable bibliography of his subject. Besides these, over five hundred authors are quoted and

* *History of America before Columbus, according to Documents and approved Authors.* By P. De Roo, member of the Archæological Club of the Land Van Waes and of the United States Catholic Historical Society, Honorary Member of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1900. Two volumes.

some fifty archives and manuscripts referred to. Exact page references are given in each case.

The first volume is devoted to the American Aborigines, the second to European Immigrants—all prior to Columbus, be it noted. "I have paid special attention," the author says in his preface, "to all such facts as are either difficult, or not at all to be found in former literature in any methodical form."

WAS AMERICA KNOWN TO THE ANCIENTS ?

Plato in his dialogue called *Timæus*, and again in his *Critias*, relates a wonderful tale of an island in the western ocean called Atlantis, once inhabited by a numerous people, who invaded the Mediterranean countries and were valiantly repulsed by the Athenians. Beyond this island, he says, is a land so large as to merit the name of a continent, and an elaborate description is given of the wonderful state of civilization of its inhabitants.

Commentators have been divided in opinion whether to treat the story of Atlantis as a myth or as a true tradition, which latter is what Plato claims it to be. Our author holds that it embodies an ancient tradition, laid over with fanciful details; that there was, moreover, knowledge of and communication between America and the ancient world over a great ridge of land stretching nearly from Africa to America, now submerged and traceable on the ocean bottom. The Sargasso Sea, a region of comparative shallows and floating vegetation, is in fact, he thinks, directly over a portion of the lost Atlantis.

AMERICAN VOYAGES TO EUROPE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

Passing now into later times, we find some curious legends of voyagers stranded upon the western coasts of Europe, and such incidents are given some plausibility by historic accounts of Esquimaux blown across to the British Isles and picked up by vessels. The language of the Basques, a people dwelling at the base of the Pyrenees, and quite isolated in speech and race from other European nations, bears a marked resemblance in grammatical structure to some American aboriginal languages. It is possible, therefore, that they originally came from the American continent.

ST. BRENDAN'S ISLE.

A famous legend is told of St. Brendan, an Irish saint of the sixth century of our era, who is said to have sailed

south-west with sixty companions in the year 535, and after forty days' sail westward from an island itself twelve days' distant from Ireland (Azores?), to have reached the shores of America. The account of this voyage includes a number of marvels, not to say fantastic absurdities, that no one claims to be true; but our author claims for it an original basis of truth, and says that "if the voyage of St. Brendan is not a myth from beginning to end, it is probable at least that the saint has crossed the Atlantic Ocean and set foot on the American continent" (ii. 25). The Bollandists separate this story from the accounts of other voyages among the Hebrides very probably made by St. Brendan and his companions, and admit it to be a fabrication. It seems arbitrary to select certain portions of the story as true and treat the rest as fable, merely because they are marvellous. Why, we would ask, should the *direction* and the duration of St. Brendan's voyage be accepted without question, while the story of his celebrating Easter on the back of a whale be treated as a fabrication?

These mysterious lands beneath the setting sun, Atlantis, St. Brendan's isle, Island of the Blessed, the Seven Cities, Brezill—some without doubt to be identified with the Canaries, the Madeira Isles, and the Azores—whether mythical or not, actually affected the course of discovery by directing it westward, and these ventures prepared the way for Columbus's far more daring exploit.

PRIMITIVE INHABITANTS OF AMERICA.

There are traces of several races in America ante-dating our Indians, or Red-Skins. Earliest is an ancient "Long Skulled" race of which we know nothing except the shape of their heads. Following them came a race which have left behind them, as evidence of their mode of living, great shell-heaps called Kitchen Middings—really the refuse of the shell-fish upon which they subsisted. These heaps are found scattered along the Atlantic coast from Nova Scotia to Florida. Similar remains are to be found in Denmark, and this fact suggests community of origin in some mysterious way. To these succeeded the Cave Dwellers, who drew pictures of animals upon fragments of bone. These drawings are quite remarkable when compared with the work of other races as low as they in the scale of culture. It is a curious fact that the Esquimaux of the present day possess this artistic faculty in a greater degree than any other of our American aborigines,

and it is possible that we have in them the descendants of those ancient and prehistoric people, the Cave Dwellers of Europe and America.* This supposition is supported by the allusions to them in the Norse sagas, which describe them as "Skraelings," "swarthy men and ill-looking, and the hair of their heads was ugly; they had large eyes and broad cheeks; when pursued they sank into the earth"—i. e., fled to their cave dwellings.

THE MOUND BUILDERS.

The so-called Mound Builders have long figured in our histories. The numerous mounds scattered over Ohio, in the South, through the Mississippi Valley and elsewhere, have been thought to be the work of a long extinct race—the view, also, of our author. While we find trees of great age growing upon some of these mounds, we know, on the other hand, of similar mounds constructed by our aborigines in historic times, some of whom were found inhabiting them by our early explorers. Moreover, the objects of art found in the mounds closely resemble the handiwork of Indians.

Major Powell, of the Bureau of Ethnology, holds, therefore, that there is no doubt that the builders of mounds were of one race with our Southern Red-Skins. We find that while the northern tribes were nomadic in their habits, the southern took to agriculture and to village life; and the Pueblo Indians of the south-west to-day build great communal houses, some elevated above the plain on mounds similar to those of the ancient race. Our author has a rather naïve view of the purpose of the so-called Animal Mounds that abound in the West. These have the shapes of animals—the tortoise, the snake, birds, and beasts of prey, and our author finds here "an indication that they were intended for pleasurable rather than for utilitarian purposes." But surely the view of Peet † and others, that they were emblematic, i. e., represented the totems of the tribe, is the more scientific.

Our author studies these questions too much, we think, from a literary point of view, rather than from archæological and comparative scientific evidence.

THE CLIFF DWELLERS.

In New Mexico and Arizona, perched high up in the side

* Fiske, *Disc. Amer.*, i. 17, 18, referring to Dawson's view.

† See his splendid work *Prehistoric America*, vols. i.-iii., 1892-99. He but partially shares Major Powell's view of the identity of the Mound Builders, however.

of cliffs above the river bank, we find wonderful dwellings of stone built by the Cliff Dwellers, accessible only by narrow and steep paths from the plain below and guarded by watch-towers. Doubtless this peaceful people retreated to these strongholds when pressed by their fierce adversaries, the Apaches, and other wild tribes of the plains.

MAYA CIVILIZATION IN YUCATAN.

It is in Mexico and Central America, however, that we find the most remarkable architectural and sculptural remains of our aborigines. The early travellers in the dense forests of Yucatan were amazed to come suddenly upon great stone structures laid out upon an immense scale, built in several stories, and adorned with grotesque figures and undecipherable hieroglyphics.* They described them as palaces of some extinct civilization. Morgan and Bandelier, after careful studies among the Village Indians of our South-west, believe these structures to be communal houses, the abodes each of a single tribe, but their view has not been widely accepted.

CHRISTIANITY IN AMERICA BEFORE THE NORSEMEN.

✓ The civilizations found by the Spanish in Mexico, Central America, and Peru were described by their historians. The religious rites, ceremonies, and beliefs excited the amazement of the Spaniards by their remarkable resemblance to Christianity; just as the early missionaries to Thibet found there another pope of a heathen religion, with convents and bells and rosaries. The Spaniards and the Jesuits who reached Thibet could not account for this remarkable fact unless, forsooth, Satan had himself taught these people Christianity out of spite! We shall speak presently of some of these points of similarity.

AN APOSTLE IN AMERICA.

Our author's explanation of them is novel. He claims that Christianity was introduced into America before Columbus, before the Norse even, and introduced by the Irish monks, whose widespread missionary labors are so well known. He believes also that the Apostle St. Thomas actually visited our shores, and that St. Brendan in his famous navigation did the same. Through some one, or perhaps through all of these ager-

* De Roo speaks of these inscriptions as still undeciphered (i. 88) in spite of the labors of Brinton and other Americanists who have found them to relate largely to the aboriginal calendar, religious festivals, and mythology. Brinton has lately published a *Primer of Mayan Hieroglyphics*, 1900 (University of Penn. Studies).

cies, the doctrines of Christ—in fact of Catholic Christianity—were introduced and taught to the natives, by whom they have been preserved. The following is a summary of the points of resemblance which De Roo claims to prove an early evangelization of America.

THEISM AND PRIMITIVE TRADITION IN AMERICA.

The Mexicans and Peruvians believed in one God, and there are traces of a belief in the Blessed Trinity. The story of the creation is told in their famous book called the “Popul Vuh”; so also man’s First Fall, the immortality of the soul, intercessory prayer for the dead, rewards and punishments hereafter, resurrection, and the Last Judgment.

The account of the Deluge is wide-spread, and its very universality in America has been urged as proof of its actual occurrence; in fact, the advocates of a partial deluge must square their theory with this tradition preserved in tribes separated by great oceans from the scenes to which they would restrict the Flood. Even the Tower of Babel figures among the traditions of the Nahuas, Cholulans, and tribes of Central America and California.

CHRISTIAN FAITH AND PRACTICE IN AMERICA.

Turning now to distinctively Christian teaching, one can almost reconstruct the life of Christ, in its theological aspects, from the aboriginal records. Yet more: we find the sacraments of Baptism; Holy Eucharist, with its attendant fasting and Communion; Penance and auricular Confession, with its requirements of contrition and its complement absolution. We find an organized priesthood, duly ordained, vested, and maintained; we find celibacy, religious orders, convents of nuns, hermits, pilgrimages, holy water, exorcisms; nay, the New Fire and liturgical prayers.

WIXIPECOCHA, THE REFORMER.

It is to be noted that the Aztecs had some practices of a very different character from Christian celibacy and cloistered purity, and the latter practices were admitted by them to be anomalies in their system. According to the Zapotec tradition, they were really foreign features introduced by an early white-skinned teacher or apostle, “who came by sea, bearing a cross in his hand, and debarked in the neighborhood of Tehuantepec.” This stranger, whom they called “Wixipecocha,” is described as “a man of a venerable aspect, having a bushy

white beard, dressed in a long robe and a cloak, and wearing on his head a covering shaped like a monk's cowl. Wixipe-cocha taught his disciples to deny themselves the vanities of this world, to mortify the flesh through penance and fasting, and to abstain from all sensual pleasures" (i. 503).

QUETZALCOATL AND HIS WHITE COLONY.

A similar tradition is that of the Aztecs relating to Quetzalcoatl. A hero-god, he comes from a foreign land to Mexico, venerated under divers names all over Central America, nay, perhaps canonized in Europe, De Roo says. His name signifies "Beautifully feathered serpent." He is described as "a white or pale-faced man, of portly person, with broad forehead, great eyes, long black hair, and a heavy rounded beard" (i. 542). He was reserved in his manners, spent much time in prayer, ascetic and celibate. His date is perhaps the eleventh century or earlier, for aboriginal chronology is obscure. His works were converting the natives and teaching them the arts of civilized life. Accompanying him were a number of companions, or disciples, who imitated their master in mode of life. Their success may be measured by their fame preserved in wide-spread traditions, and by the reverence in which their memory is held. He taught the unity of God, the Creator and Lord of heaven and earth; condemned idolatry, and especially human sacrifices. Peace and charity were the cardinal virtues of his creed. "From these few details of Quetzalcoatl's teaching one naturally feels induced to believe that all the vestiges of Christianity of which we have spoken had their beginnings from him and his disciples, or co-laborers, in the American mission" (i. 550). These reforms were not accomplished without opposition from the established priesthood, who finally forced Quetzalcoatl to retire to a western province, where he passes from view. A belief in his future return lingered among the people, and some of the later Christian missionaries were received peacefully under the belief that they were the great hero-god with his disciples, returning to his own.

Was this remarkable figure a mere leader of a colony from the north-east? (so Bandelier); or was he a personification of a nature god—in fact, a sun-myth? (so Brinton); or was he the Apostle St. Thomas? (so Sahagun); or, finally, was he an Irish monk with a colony from over sea? The last is the conclusion of De Roo, who finds in these aboriginal traditions a confirmation of European allusions to the Irish occupancy of America.

A DANGEROUS LINE OF ARGUMENT.

The points of resemblance outlined above between Christianity and the American religions are certainly remarkable, and they establish the fact to our author of an early evangelization of America. Is he aware that precisely this line of argument has been followed to prove the derivation of Christianity from Buddhism, from Mithraism, from Essenism, nay, from the Greek mysteries? Does he claim that the Abbé Huc was anticipated in his travels to Thibet when he found, to his amazement, a pope—the Lama—a hierarchy, religious orders, penance, bells, and rosaries? Let him read the following passage relating to the religion of Mithras, an old solar deity, probably older than Zarathustra, who was worshipped in Persia in the time of Alexander the Great.

"Like the Christians, the adherents of the Persian God [Mithras] lived in close relationship with one another, using the terms 'fathers' and 'brothers.' Like the Christians, they had baptism; a kind of communion; they taught an imperative morality; preached continence, charity, self-abnegation, and self-control. They speak of a deluge, believe in the immortality of the soul as well as the resurrection of the dead, in a heaven of blessed ones and a hell inhabited by the powers of evil."*

We quote this passage, not to establish anything regarding the relations of Mithraism and Christianity—for the discussion of these *ethnic types* of Christian truths, if the term may be used, cannot be introduced here—but to show how dangerous, not to say illusory and baseless, it is to argue from similarities to origin. Our author's literary erudition is immense, but he seems to have paid less attention to the methods and advances in our knowledge attained by use of the comparative science of religions, in which Catholics have a name of greatest eminence—the late lamented D'Harlez, of Louvain.

We have no space left for discussions of such interesting topics as the origin of our aborigines, whether this is to be sought in Asia or Europe, as we wish to trace the fortunes of the Norsemen in our western hemisphere.

ICELAND AND ITS LITERATURE.

Iceland was discovered by the Scandinavians about 860 and settled in 874. In 930 the soil was tilled by Irish, Swedes, and Danes. Slavery formed part of the social system, and it

* F. Comont in Roscher's *Lex. d. Gr. u. R. Myth*, quoted in *Monist*, April, 1900, p. 358.

was by Irish slaves that Christianity was introduced. In fact, according to the sagas, the first Norse settlers found the Irish already in the island and proceeded at once to dislodge them. The Irish monks, or "Papás," as they were called, seem to have retired so precipitately that they left behind them sundry books, bells, and staffs, articles of great value at the time, which they would not have voluntarily abandoned.

Missionaries began to visit the island about 981, and Christianity was established in 1000. Letters were introduced, and while the saga-men still recited the warlike deeds of their pagan ancestors, a Christian literature also arose, beginning with lives of the saints. There were schools, two Benedictine and four Augustinian monasteries, and two convents for Benedictine sisters. A line of bishops held the see up to 1580, when Jonas VI. Arassen suffered martyrdom at the hands of the Reformers. Such was the land whence came the early settlers to Greenland and the early explorers of our New England coast.

GREENLAND SETTLED.

If we take a map of the world represented in hemispheres, the two great continents of North and South America seem to be quite isolated and cut off from the lands of the eastern hemisphere excepting at the point where Asia touches Alaska. Greenland, laid down on the extreme north-east, appears far removed from Iceland and the British Isles. But turn now to a map of the globe known as Mercator's projection, by which the surface of the globe is delineated as a rectangular plane, and we see at a glance that Greenland is really nearer Iceland than Iceland is to Norway. Iceland and Greenland thus appear like stepping-stones across the Northern Atlantic, and 'it was by making these points in easy stages that the Northmen reached our own shores.

About the year 876 a certain Icelander named Gunnbjörn, driven westward from Iceland, sighted a group of small islands off the east coast of Greenland.

In 982* Eric the Red, father of the famous Leif whose statue in bronze now stands in Boston, banished from Iceland for several murders, sailed for Gunnbjörn's rocks, but reached instead the coast of Greenland. He rounded the Southern Cape, now called Cape Farewell, and wintered at a point up the west coast. The next season he retraced his course to an inlet in 60° 45' north, which he called Eiricksfiord, where he

* De Roo (ii. 144), by a typographical error, reads 882.

established himself. After his three years of exile were passed, he returned to Iceland, and in 986 brought out with him a party of colonists.

This was the beginning of Greenland's Östrebygd, or East Settlement, later the location of the episcopal see of Gardar and the point of departure for several Catholic missionaries to the shores of American Vinland. Catholic missionaries in America in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries! Yet such is the record of the sagas and of the northern historians.

THE CATHOLIC HIERARCHY IN GREENLAND.

To Leif Ericsson, the Norse discoverer of Vinland, belongs also the honor of having introduced Christianity into Greenland. Converted to the faith by King Olaf Tryggvason while on a visit to Norway, he returned to the Greenland settlements accompanied by a priest named Thormod. By God's grace the new faith spread rapidly, and soon a "regionary bishop" was appointed for Greenland.

The first "titular bishop," with his see at Gardar, was Arnold, consecrated in 1124.

His successors continued to occupy or hold the see for nearly three hundred years, until the decline of the Greenland colonies. De Roo gives a valuable list of these bishops, numbering thirty-three, with their dates; but the last bishop known to have visited Greenland was Eskill, in 1394; he is said to have died there in 1410.

GREENLAND'S PETER'S PENCE IN 1327.

Settlers were attracted to Greenland by the favorable reports brought back to Iceland and Norway, and soon there was a second, or western settlement, called the Vestrebygd. We have no means of estimating the earlier population of Greenland, but fortunately we have the data by which we can, by a curious calculation, ascertain the number of families in the year 1327. This we learn from an accounting of the Peter's Pence collected in Greenland in that year, preserved in the Vatican archives. We know from other sources that each family was expected to contribute one penny to the fund. Now, the document referred to states that the amount received by the Papal treasury was 6,912 pence. Hence we know that the number of families was not far from seven thousand.

ANCIENT RESOURCES OF GREENLAND.

How, we may ask, could so many colonists subsist in a

country of glaciers, its southernmost point but six degrees south of the Arctic Circle? The answer is: first, that the climate of Greenland as a whole has become much colder since the fourteenth century—so much we know from scientific evidence; secondly, the portion of the great island occupied by the colonists was the extreme south-west shore, which is washed, and thereby tempered, by the Gulf Stream. The central and eastern parts of Greenland are indeed the most inhospitable, perhaps, in the world, if we except the Poles.

The supplies of the colonists were limited in variety, but otherwise plentiful. They burned driftwood, and even coal; there was abundance of game and fish; pasture-land for their cattle, which they brought with them. Grass was found to some extent along the shore, and crops of hay could be raised during the brief summers.

There was a flourishing trade in butter, cheese, furs, teeth of walrus and other fruits of the chase. Among the articles sent to the metropolitan see of Drontheim, as payment in kind for tithes, was a wood called "mösur"—probably bird's-eye maple. Now, there was no wood in Greenland except driftwood, hence "mösur" must have been obtained by the colonists from the neighboring coast of North America. And so, not only is this wood a confirmation of the visits of the Northmen to America, but it is evidence that there was a regular trade, or at least trading voyages, to its shores.

THE SCANDINAVIANS IN AMERICA.

The first European to sight the American continent is said to have been Bjarne Herjulfson, who in 986 was blown westward on his course, and is thought to have sighted Nantucket, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland.* It was Leif, the son of Eric the Red, however, who first landed on the continent. Converted to Christianity by Olaf Tryggvason, he was sent by that zealous king to win over the little settlement at Eiricksfiord in Greenland. He succeeded, and the next year—1001—he set out upon an exploring expedition to the south-west. Ere long they made land, a stony coast that they called Helluland. This is thought to have been Labrador, and Little Helluland, reached next, to have been Newfoundland. They then coasted along Markland, usually identified as Nova Scotia, and gathered honey-dew on an island—perhaps Nantucket,

* This voyage is considered doubtful by some recent writers. See J. Dieserud, *New Discoveries in America*, 1901.

where it is said to be found to-day. Passing westward between Nantucket and the Barnstable peninsula, they entered Narragansett Bay in Rhode Island, and landed at the mouth of the Pocasset River, at a spot which they called Mont Haup. They erected "booths" and passed the winter here; the season is described as very mild, with no snow. Grapes had been found inland, and from that circumstance they called the land Vinland, or Wineland.

This is De Roo's identification of the site of Leif's settlement, in which he follows the famous Danish historian Rafn. The latter's learned calculation of the latitude reached from the length of day described in the sagas has been accepted as one of the strongest proofs of his argument. Other localities have been as confidently named, however—notably the Charles River—by Professor Horsford, of Cambridge, Mass. Mr. Dieserud, in a paper read before the American Geographical Society, makes out a good case for Cape Breton Island and Nova Scotia as the localities described in the sagas. There are certainly some difficulties about Rafn's identifications which De Roo passes over in silence.

LATER VOYAGES TO VINLAND.

The colonists returned to Greenland the following spring, their vessel loaded with grapes and building timber. The same year—1002—Thorvald, a second son of old Eric, took his brother's ship, and with thirty sailors spent the winter at Leifsbudhir, where Leif had been the year before. In the spring of 1003 they explored the shores toward the south and west, and Rafn claims that they reached Maryland. No human habitations or inhabitants were found save "a shed or barn built of wood, and presumably destined to shelter corn or other produce, in one of the westernmost islands."

On another exploring cruise, toward the east and north, Thorvald was blown upon a promontory, perhaps part of Cape Cod,* where he came upon natives—"Skraelings," as the saga calls them—"whom they fell upon and slew all but one, who escaped." But Thorvald was mortally wounded by an arrow, and his companions buried him on shore—perhaps Point Allerton, north-east of Boston Harbor. In the spring of 1005 his sorrowful companions returned to Greenland.

The next man to sail out to the new lands is the Iclander Thorfinn Karlsefne, who set out in 1007 with a crew of 160

* We continue to follow De Roo.

men, accompanied by his wife, whom he had recently married in Greenland, and six other women. Coasting along the Massachusetts coast, they reached Mont Haup.

The Skraelings visit them and barter until frightened away by a bull belonging to the Norsemen, which suddenly comes bellowing out of the woods. They return in a hostile mood, and by the use of a machine consisting of a huge ball poised upon the end of a pole, they strike consternation into the settlers. One woman, named Freydisa, natural daughter of Eric, displayed an unexpected boldness and actually caused them to retire. We shall meet her again displaying her warlike spirit in a worse cause.

A child is born to Thorfinn and his wife in 1008, and named Snorre.

Dissensions arose among the colonists, and in 1011 Thorfinn returned to Brattalidha, Greenland, with a cargo of great value.

The warlike Freydisa now takes her turn at colonization, and with a view of increasing the profits of the expedition, goes on shares with two brothers, Helge and Finnboge, with two vessels and crews of 65 men. They proceed to the old spot in Vinland, but the two Icelanders are crowded out of occupying Leif's booths by the unscrupulous Freydisa, and build separate huts. Estrangement follows between the two factions, and at length a terrible tragedy is enacted. Freydisa secretly asks both brothers to give her their ship; the request proves to be only a pretext for a quarrel. For, although they consent at once, she goes home to her caitiff husband and accuses them of having denied her request, and of having attacked her with violence. With the aid of her men she surprises the brothers, binds them, and has them massacred in her presence. She then orders the immediate death of the five women in their company; and when her followers refuse to obey her, she calls for an axe and murders the prisoners on the spot with her own hands.

Her followers are horror-stricken at the crime, and when Freydisa resolves to return to Greenland, she divides her profits with them to procure their silence. Soon after their return, however, ugly rumors got afloat, and before long the whole story was out.

Leif Ericsson, her brother-in-law, although ruler of the Greenland settlement, could not bring himself to punish her; but she and her husband "finished their days crushed by each

other's contempt, and the abhorrence of their countrymen." Such was the fearful ending of the Norse attempts at settlement on the American coast. We read of a number of subsequent voyages; in fact, European writers seem to refer to traders' voyages undertaken from Greenland for some time after.

IRISH AND WELSH IN AMERICA.

The voyages of the Norsemen are well authenticated. Claims of a prior occupancy of the country by the Irish are made, based upon incidental testimony afforded by the very sagas on which we rely for the Norse voyages.

We have not space to mention these accounts, but our author observes that "there are no reasons wanting to make us accept as an actual historical fact the early discovery and settlement of the New World by the Irish nation."

These early explorers are said to have given their name to a region called *Irland it Mikla*, or Great Ireland, lying beyond *Vinland*—perhaps along the Middle Atlantic States.

As the Irish were Christians at the time, the honor would seem to belong to them of having introduced the faith into this country.

Other claims have been made for pre-Columbian discoveries of America. De Roo thinks that of the Welsh, under Prince Madoc, is well sustained. Some of these discoveries by way of Behring Strait, or the Pacific, belong rather to the question how the American Continent was populated.

Father De Roo has given us a work of erudition, less critical in its treatment of sources and statements than we would like to see, but encyclopædic in its stores of facts and references. Whether the author's conclusions are generally accepted or not is very immaterial as regards the permanent value of the work, which might be called a literary history of pre-Columbian America, so full is it of authorities; while the appendix of ninety-three original documents illustrating the subject is a veritable boon to the student. We must the more regret the absence of an index to a work of this character.

American Catholic scholarship is holding its own. Now that De Costa* is one of us, we may name as the triumvirate of Catholic historians of America, Shea, De Costa, De Roo.

*No author is more frequently quoted by De Roo, or in fact by any writer on the subject of the early voyages to America, than B. F. De Costa, LL.D., a recent convert to the Catholic Church. It is a pleasure for us to refer here to one of us who has long had among Protestants so great a name for scholarship.

FATHER WALWORTH: A CHARACTER SKETCH.

BY REV. WALTER ELLIOTT, C.S.P.



ON the evening of March 21 a public meeting was held in Albany* to commemorate the virtues and public services of the late Father Walworth. Many Catholics were present, but also many non-Catholics, one of the speakers being the Episcopalian Bishop of Albany. Father Walworth had labored for God and man many years, dying at the age of eighty, most of his long life having been spent in charge of St. Mary's parish, Albany. Those who knew him best loved him most, and those whom he had caused to know how staunch a Catholic he was, including his Protestant fellow-citizens, gladly bore witness to his services to his town and State as a public-spirited citizen.

Clarence A. Walworth was born at Plattsburg, N. Y., May 30, 1820, being fourth child and eldest son of Reuben H. Walworth, the last chancellor of the State of New York. His early education was received at the Albany Academy. He attended Union College, Schenectady, and was graduated in 1838. At the earnest wish of his father he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1841. But his religious tendencies were too powerful to be resisted by any human ambition however laudable, and after a brief period of law practice he entered the Protestant Episcopal Theological Seminary in New York City, and studied there for three years. He was received into the Catholic Church in 1845, and soon after entered the Redemptorist novitiate in Belgium, being accompanied by Isaac T. Hecker, who had come into the church about a year before. In 1848 Clarence Walworth, having finished his studies, was ordained priest in Holland. The next two years were spent in England engaged in mission and parochial work as a Redemptorist; after which, again accompanied by Father Hecker, he returned to America. These two young Redemptorists, joined by another convert, Father Augustine Hewit, began to give missions in the United States in 1851, being trained thereto by Father Bernard Hafkenscheid, a Dutch Redemptorist, and one of the most distinguished mission preachers of his age.

* This article is an enlargement of an address given by the writer at this memorial meeting.



REV. CLARENCE A. WALWORTH.

The band was afterwards joined by Fathers George Deshon and Francis Baker, both converts. In 1858 these five missionaries became the first members of the Paulist Community, of which Father Hecker was chosen Superior. The excessive fatigues of his fifteen years of continuous Catholic missions were, Father Walworth believed, the means of breaking down his originally robust constitution. His continued ill-health, with

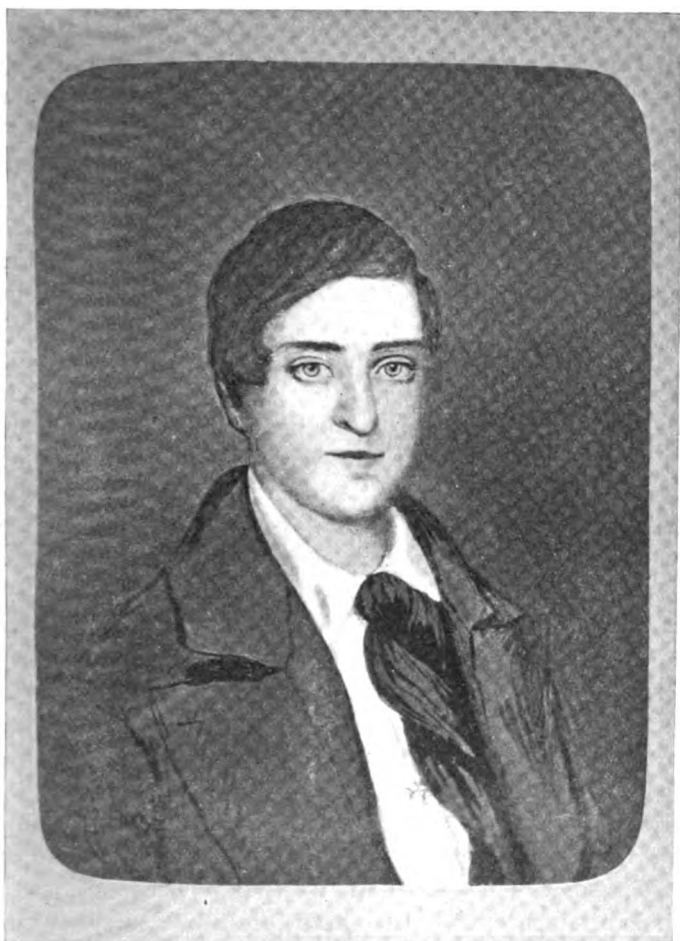
occasional attacks of very severe illness, finally led to his leaving the Paulists. Returning to his native diocese, he was for a time placed in charge of St. Peter's Church, Troy, and in 1866 was made rector of St. Mary's Church, Albany. After a career in that parish, of remarkable usefulness both to his parishioners and to his fellow-citizens generally, Father Walworth departed to his eternal reward September 19, 1900.

Such is a summary of the chief events of the career of a man of distinguished natural ability, priestly piety of the most edifying kind, and zeal for the virtue and good order of the civil community the like of which is seldom witnessed.

HE WAS TENACIOUS IN FRIENDSHIPS.

Father Walworth, though he spent his best energies in fighting vice—and he always fought with the onset of a born soldier—was yet naturally of a gentle disposition. His manners were kindly, his conversation was toned with deference for others. He was a positive man, but not self-opinionated, and no one could be a more pleasant companion among priests or laymen. His love of kindred was deep. He could, indeed, give them up, as in fact he actually did when he went abroad to the Redemptorist novitiate, for his supernatural motives were distinctly perceived in all his social relations; as a Christian and a priest and a missionary Father Walworth had taken God for his father and his brother and his spouse. But this was not to the deadening of natural sentiment; he loved his kindred with the Christian's motives, and was attached to their interests, enjoyed their company. Needless to say that they loved him well in return, but especially his niece, Miss Nelly H. Walworth, who was his secretary during many of his later years, having been given him by a manifest provision of divine Providence for his time of trial and suffering.

His early friendships were very tender. They endured to the end. All who knew him intimately, listened with pleasure to his accounts of his school days, especially those spent at the old Albany Academy under Dr. Beck and other professors. His tendency was not naturally critical, and the better traits of old friends dwelt longest in his mind and were most frequently recalled in his conversations about early years. He had a warm admiration for the solid Dutch character. Many of his school and college mates were of that stock, and we have heard him praise their earnest natures, their steady purpose, and their slow but resolute minds.



WHEN A STUDENT AT THE GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,
CHELSEA SQUARE, NEW YORK.

What kind of friendship he was capable of is shown by his life-long love for Edgar P. Wadhams.* This distinguished convert was Father Walworth's fellow-pilgrim in search of the truth even from the first painful suspicions of being deprived of its blessings. Along the narrow way and through the strait gate that led to the Catholic faith Walworth and Wadhams journeyed on together, their loyalty to conscience, their

* About ten years ago Father Walworth published in this magazine a series of articles, *Reminiscences of Bishop Wadhams*. These have been put into book form by Bishop Gabriels, who succeeded Bishop Wadhams in the see of Ogdensburg (Benziger Brothers). Bishop Gabriels has added a preface which is eloquent and appreciative. The book is among the most valuable of its kind in our American Catholic literature.

iron will to be wholly right about God's church, their practical purpose as shown in daily efforts towards Christian perfection—in all that is meant by the most painful processes of conversion—these two were as one. Their souls were knit together like David's and Jonathan's. Walworth worshipped Wadhams, who loved him as deeply in return. I know of no higher praise of one or of the other than that they were mutually worthy of such sacred affection.

Courage, sincerity, and openness, candor almost to a fault, were characteristic of Father Walworth. In private life one of the most attractive of his personal gifts was that you saw to the bottom of his soul. Seldom would one meet so manly a nature. Although he fought for many years the trickiest of enemies, the liquor-dealers and their political representatives in high places and low, he never stooped to their methods. He never ambushed his foe, he always fought in the open—as unflinching an enemy as he was an honorable one. But he was relentless against public wrong-doers, loyal to friends through thick and thin, fair to foes.

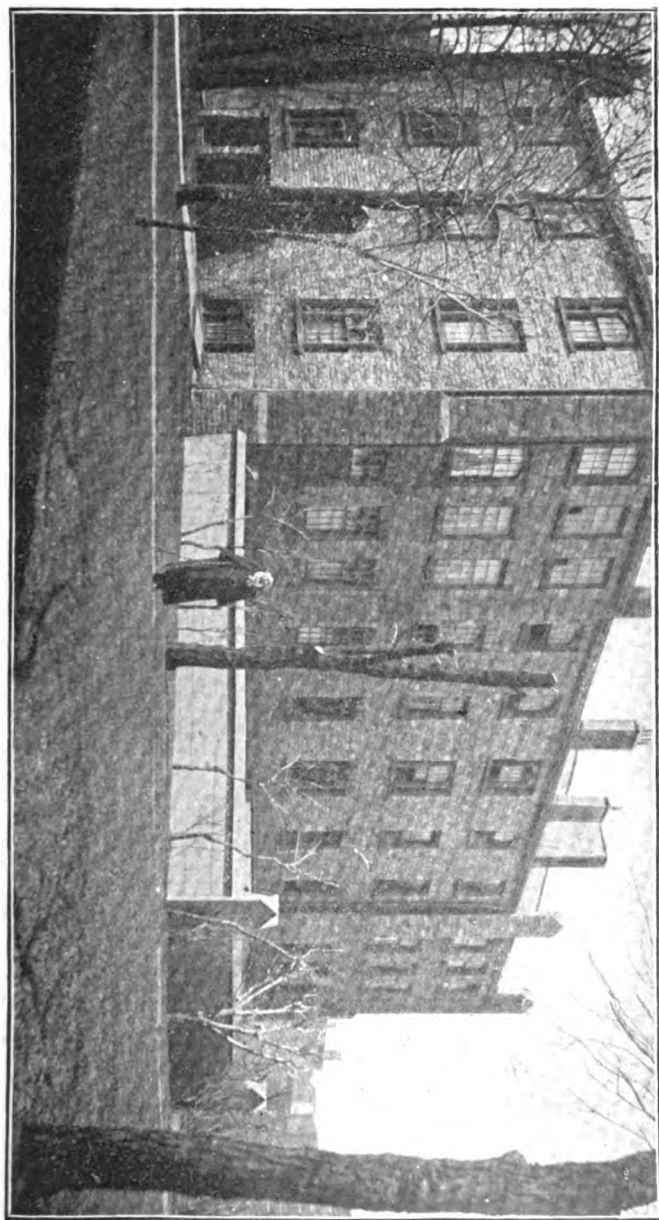
God gave him a fearless heart which served a clear, calm mind. He valued peace indeed, but justice and right above all. God loves a man who, appointed to a public trust like that of the Catholic priesthood, never blenches in face of evil and never quits a good cause. Such a one was Father Walworth all his days.

"'Tis conscience makes cowards of us all," says the dramatist; but this can be true only when we are meditating wrongdoing. Conscience in a man like Walworth makes heroes. This positive nature was the man of the Yea, yea, and Nay, nay of our Saviour. What was good had Walworth's instant "All hail!" and held his final allegiance. What was bad must suffer his anathema. Such men have to fight and to endure; but they do not fight against God's voice in a reproving conscience. Even the loss of old friends on account of fidelity to duty, is sometimes the painful lot of men like Walworth; and in later life this is the saddest of all sorrows. But early and late a man must be true, even when compelled to resist the admonitions of timid prudence.

But with right-minded men, such Catholics as Father Walworth and Bishop Wadhams stand for all that is best in our American character allied to the truest Catholic tradition. Courage to dare any foe for God and for the people, and yet with a conservative temper consulting the due forms of law

and wary of the methods of fanatics; candor so downright, truthfulness so candid as to shame timid associates in public

THE OLD SEMINARY, WITH WALWORTH IN THE FOREGROUND.



life: these are traits that give public men peace of soul and win them the applause of honest citizens of all religions.

Associated with his hearty square dealing with all the world, one may say as its reward, was Father Walworth's spontaneous and uniform good humor. The Psalmist's words applied to him: "Thou hast loved justice and hated iniquity, therefore hath God, thy God, anointed thee with the oil of gladness." He was ever an agreeable companion, always entertaining in conversation on graver and lighter topics, as well as a pleasant associate in common enterprises. But these qualities are, for the most part, inherent in all fine natures. It is as a Catholic, a parish priest, a missionary, that Father Walworth commends himself most to us and offers the best example for imitation. Strong as he was by nature, he knew our nature's weakness, and from his earliest childhood he sought God and His true religion. He valued natural gifts, he was conscious of possessing them, and he knew how to use them; but we have seldom met any man who more clearly appreciated the shortcomings of our poor humanity, or who in his own case knew better how to substitute religious motives for merely human ones. His fine, natural endowments he dedicated unreservedly to the uses of religion and morality. His spiritual character was remarkable for downright personal loyalty to Jesus Christ as revealed in His Church.

There are some to whom religion is a refuge and nothing more; in it they seek to avoid personal responsibility, for if they strive to be self-reliant they are in danger of becoming rebellious; and for such as these obedience is apt to be servility. Not so Walworth. He was full of initiative and yet entirely submissive to lawful superiors. He lost nothing of his native independence of character in giving up the false liberty of Protestantism and entering the Catholic Church, nor yet in living many years under the rules of religious communities.

Bred a Presbyterian, the young lawyer became an Episcopalian, being drawn that way by his perception of the divine truth in the idea of a church. He perceived that the religion of the Creator and Redeemer of all mankind should be an international society as well as a system of teaching, and that the organism should have the same divine guarantee as the faith itself, for the same Lord is the origin of both. In Walworth's youth the whole religious world was astir with that question. Newman was moving onward at the head of the Tractarians, with resistless force of reasoning, towards his conversion and that of many others. He left after him the present state of

minds in the non-Catholic English-speaking world, viz.: a vast portion of Anglicanism penetrated with various Catholic truths hitherto violently impugned. The straight-out reasoners, Newman in the lead, passed over, and such minds are yet passing over into the full Catholicity of Rome. Walworth was one of these. He hung on to Anglicanism till conscience became peremptory. He finally tired of trying to revive "a breathless corpse by blowing a little wind into its nostrils," to use his own language. For him to remain an Episcopalian meant duplicity, a vice totally alien to Walworth's nature. Nor was it ever dreamed by friend or foe that either his loyalty or aversion could be half-hearted. He despised a trimmer. High views of duty and of principle always guided him. And so he took the final step.

The following letter, written on the eve of his conversion, we give as a rarely beautiful specimen of friendship at its best, as well as of candor and humility:

"YOUR STUDY, May 5, 1845.

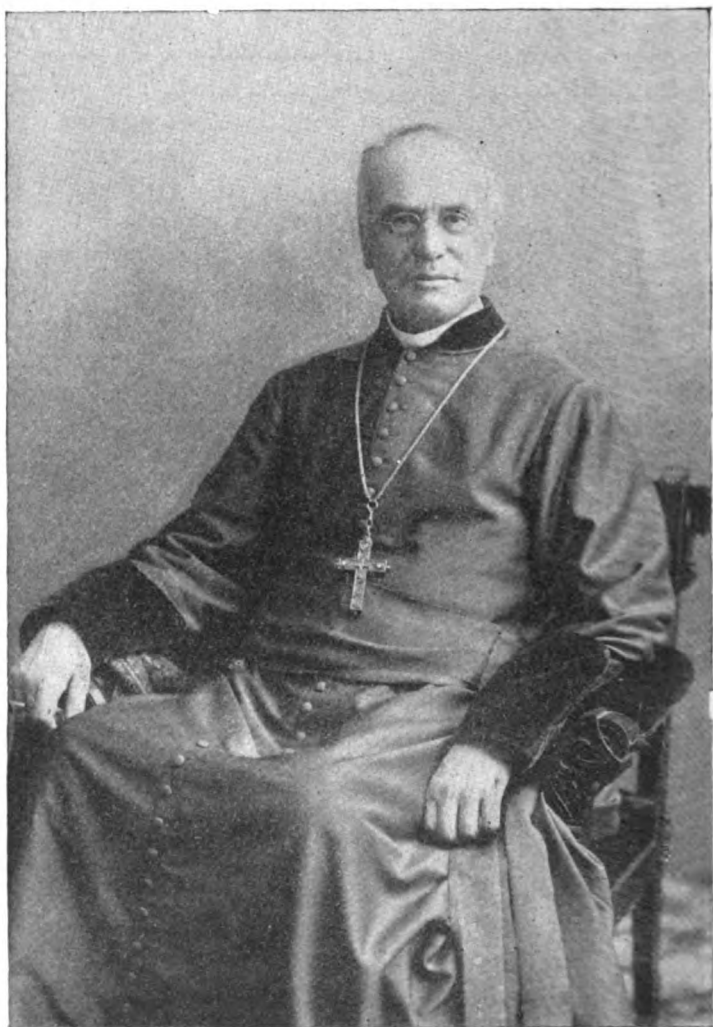
"DEAR WADHAMS: In a few minutes I shall be gone—and oh, as I lean my breast against your stand, how wildly something beats within! It seems as if I were about to separate from everything I love, and my poor heart, faithless and unconscientious, wants to be left behind among the Protestants. I am not manly enough to make a stout Catholic; but it is a great privilege to be a weak one. Well, do not you forget me. Indeed you cannot—you have been such a good, kind, elder brother to me, you would not be able if you tried to forget me. When hereafter you speak of me, speak freely of me for truth's sake, with all my faults; but when you think of me alone, try to forget all that is bad for love's sake, and although your imaginations should in this way create a different person, no matter, so you call it by my name. We have stormy times before us, dear W——; but may God grant us the privilege to ride the storm *together*. Farewell until we meet again, and *when* and *where* shall that be?

"Lead Thou us on."

"C. W."*

In a letter telling of his reception into the Church he writes that "the Creed of Pius IV. sounded most musically in my ears, and I took pleasure in repeating it very slowly and distinctly. I was then freed from the curse of excommunication

*From *Reminiscences of Bishop Wadhams*.



RIGHT REV. BISHOP WADHAMS.

which you remember used so to trouble us. . . . My inward joy and satisfaction at being in the very Church of God and communion of the saints, I cannot express. . . . So far as I have learned, Puseyism is still alive at the seminary, wearing its own colors. It is scouring away at the outside of the cup and platter very bravely, as you remember it in our day there. The young Anglo-Catholics are acquiring the dyspepsia by fasting, buying up rosaries and crucifixes, which, nevertheless, they have no idea of using, and enjoy the satis-

faction of knowing how frightened their mothers would be if they knew what their darlings were about. Perhaps this may seem to you somewhat *cross*, but indeed I am out of all conceit with Puseyism, whether ornamental, sentimental, or antiquarian. Christ is one and undivided, and must be sought for in His undivided church, which He inhabits and inspires. God grant that you and I may soon meet upon that Rock which rests itself upon the Rock of Ages." *

The following month he wrote: "Oh, what shall I say to you of the joys of Catholic communion, the frequent and the *real* Sacraments, the privilege of daily Mass, and constant access to a confidential director? How miserable do all the unrealities of Puseyite speculation appear to one who is a Catholic in fact and not in dreams!"

It was when he joined the Redemptorists that he first knew Father Hecker. Their meeting, as well as their departure for Europe, is thus described in the *Reminiscences*:

"Father Hecker was not one of our seminary set and had never been an Episcopalian. McMaster and I met him for the first time at the Redemptorist convent in Third Street, after our reception there. He was himself only a year old Catholic. He had had nothing to do with Puseyism, and knew very little about it. His chief experience lay in the New England school of Transcendentalism. We little understood at first the full value that lay concealed under the long yellow locks that hung down over his broad shoulders and behind the bright eyes, which shone with an openness of enthusiasm which made us smile. On concluding to join us he had just sufficient time to hurry off to Baltimore, where Father de Held then was, get accepted, and hurry back again before the ship left port. We considered it as contrary to holy poverty to go as first-class passengers; Hecker's brothers, however, took care to have a special room built up for all three in the second cabin."

His journey was begun in mingled joy and sadness. "As happy as I am," he wrote to Wadhams, "to breathe the holy atmosphere of the Catholic Church, it is a bitter thing to leave my country—which I love all the more dearly for its pitiable religious destitution—and so many kind friends whom I may never see again in life."

WALWORTH AS A REDEMPTORIST.

His vocation to community life was indubitable, nor was it

* From the *Reminiscences*.

at any time shaken, even when, most reluctantly, he left the Redemptorist Order. The following energetic expressions, written from his novitiate in Belgium to his friend Wadhams, describe his state of mind as a religious from first to last: "No, there is no romance about it. For a man who is not in earnest to save his soul, who has neither the fear of hell, the love of God, nor the desire of holiness, it is dull play. But for one who is disgusted with his sins and mourns the hardness of heart and sensuality which separates him from God, who loves the character of Jesus Christ, and burns with desire to imitate it, this Congregation of St. Alphonsus Liguori is a 'treasure trove,' to which he will cling as a drowning man clings to whatever will support him. . . . For my part I would shudder to submit the welfare of my body and soul to any other authority than that of God, and that authority we Catholic religious find in our superiors."

A clue to the strength of his vocation is found in his words about the Puseyite monastic venture of himself and Wadhams in the North Woods: "I, who had no other property but myself either in possession or in prospect, had only myself to bequeath, and I did it with a will."

I have heard him describe his time of novitiate in Belgium as a period of unmixed joy. He was, to be sure, a typical American, self-reliant in character, full of open-eyed inquiry; so that his fellow-novices nicknamed him Brother *Pourquoi*. But he was also American in his submissiveness to authority. He could say, with his fellow-novice Isaac Hecker, that whilst he was under the Redemptorist rule he never had so much as a temptation against his vows; and he was twelve years under that strict regimen.

He was never guilty of the least aversion for any man on account of difference of race. There was a sense of the universal brotherhood of the human kind in Father Walworth, whose spirituality emphasized God's fatherly providence over all his children. This was what one would expect in a man changed from a separatist in religion into a Catholic; and this sentiment was highly developed by his contact in the Redemptorist community life with men of various nationalities. He loved them all, he appreciated all their good qualities, he found much to admire, much to pattern by, in all the Fathers, Englishmen, Flemings, Germans, Hungarians. He never dreamt of drawing racial lines across the fair unity of his religious affection, which was sunk deep in his inmost heart. The

same, of course, is to be said of Father Hecker and the other American Fathers.

In consonance with this, Father Walworth was a favorite with all his brethren. No one was more in request for a companion at recreation, none could work better in harness with whomsoever obedience or Providence associated him. He never had a single personal difficulty in the Redemptorist Order; and when the trouble came which led to the Holy See consenting to the formation of the American Fathers into the Paulist Institute, he and all of them left their old associates with a regret which was quite as mutual as it was unfeigned.

WALWORTH AS A MISSIONARY.

On landing in America in 1851 Father Walworth at once displayed the powers of a great missionary. The band gave missions all over the country and in several cities of Canada, Father Walworth everywhere reaping a great harvest of penitent souls. It is literally true that many a time they who came to scoff remained to pray, ay, and what is infinitely more, remained to confess their sins with sobs of grief. The most abandoned wretches were melted into tears of penance under Father Walworth's preaching. His voice was marvellous. It was of medium pitch, clear, musical, but it had a quality of its own; it was wonderfully winged as if with a preternatural magnetism. His sermons cut to the division of the soul and the spirit. His manner, though unaffected, was yet full of dignity. Seldom was a preacher so eloquent by his looks and bearing as was Father Walworth; and his action on the platform was a perfect match for his great themes, his ringing voice, and his well-chosen matter. If one can make the distinction, he was dramatic without being theatrical. Meanwhile his sermons were models of missionary composition. Although he was steadfast in his loyalty to the traditions of St. Alphonsus, he used the liberty kindred to that supreme missionary's spirit in preparing his discourses. He suited his choice of matter to the times and the people, yet without departing from the sound forms of previous generations of missionaries. But he could drive the fear of God into sinners' souls with more resistless force than, perhaps, any missionary we have ever had in America. His sermons broke the adamantine crust of self-assurance which vice had formed over the sinners' hearts, like an egg-shell.

His voice was the best preaching voice I ever heard.

Father Walworth had a voice that could stop an army; but he had a heart of grace to inspire his tones with priestly tenderness. He could both affright sinners and soothe their despairing spirits with that organ of many divine strains. We have emphasized his imperious power over his hearers, but it should be known that if he vanquished the sinner he did not fail to win him. The effect was religious fear, not slavish terror. The psalmist's words describe it: "All my bones shall say, who is like unto the Lord?" We might add the words of the bride in the *Canticle*: "My heart melted when he spoke." To be afraid under his preaching was to be afraid of God, not of the preacher. Nor would the most panic-stricken of Walworth's converted sinners dread to go to him to confession. The most abandoned wretches, after sitting under his preaching pale and nerveless with terror, would often enter his confessional by preference. They had felt something of love vibrating amid the commanding tones of that voice.

Nearly thirty years ago the present writer while serving at a mission in St. Mary's Church, Albany, had many conversations with Father Walworth on mission sermons and instructions, their matter and their delivery. He knew the whole subject perfectly. His knowledge was not only that of a careful student of our vocation but it was the very inspiration of the holy platform and the mission cross. I adopted every one of his suggestions, and, I am not ashamed to say, I still use some of his sentences word for word. They stand the test of long experience. But one may not hope to acquire the magic of his voice, the majesty of his bearing, the force of his irresistible appeal to sinners.

Father Walworth had the true stand-point of a missionary. He not only knew but he vividly realized that he stood for God. He was thrilled with the conviction that men's immortal destiny depended on how fitly he represented God's rights to their sinful souls. It is this state of mind, this mental, or rather this spiritual, attitude that really makes the missionary. It made Walworth an ideal one. He impressed the sinner not so much as an advocate as an ambassador of Christ, an ambassador bearing the divine ultimatum. This sense of standing for God did infinitely more for his success than the noble beauty of his face and form, his splendid rhetoric, the amazing strength of action in his delivery. His tones were the perfection of human vocal power, but they rang with a more than human power in the service of a heart inspired as his was.



FATHER WALWORTH AS PASTOR OF ST. MARY'S, ALBANY.

By the exhibition of this supernatural motive it was that many were led to say that they never knew a man who had so fully assimilated the rules of the divine art of winning sinful souls to God as Father Walworth.

He owed much as a preacher to the lessons and example of the great Redemptorist Bernard Hafkenscheid, who was the missionary mentor of both Father Hecker and Father Hewit besides. The American Redemptorists took the missionary methods of their order as they found them, and although ready to improve them, they were more ready to perpetuate them: they stand to-day a monument to the genius and inspiration of St. Alphonsus, preserving as they do, and that very rigidly,

the proper setting of the divine topics, their order and relation to each other, while leaving undimmed the jewel of individual initiative amid the color and brilliancy of personal gifts.

Father Walworth appreciated fully that a missionary can tolerate no compromise with vice, public or private. He must have no different treatment for sinners high and sinners low; no hesitation to lay the axe to the root of the tree; that is to say, to cut deeper and deeper till the penitent soul was delivered wholly from his sin by being made not only sorry for the evil deeds themselves but equally repentant of their causes and occasions. As, for example, avarice and human respect notoriously minister to drunkenness and impurity, so does the true missionary launch the terrors of the divine wrath against not only these latter vices, but also against the saloons, and the dance halls, and the "variety shows" which, for the sake of money-getting, are their occasions.

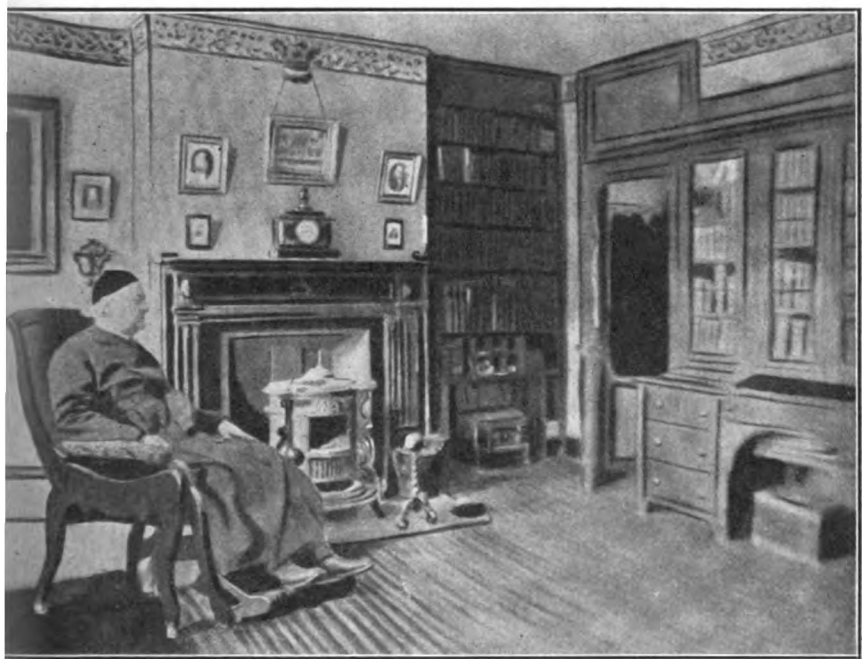
It was not as a missionary preacher, however, that he was best known in his later life, but as a parish priest. He was a devoted father to his parishioners for thirty-four years. As a pastor Father Walworth was full of vigilance and of love, as was well shown by Father P. H. McDermott, an old and affectionate friend, in his funeral sermon. He made it his duty to know all the hard sinners in his parish, he loved them better than any other class, he sought every means to save them. He was ever kind to the poor, and no one could be more sympathetic with the sick, more affectionate and careful in the care of the children.

It was while pastor in Albany that Father Walworth did his great work against public vice and against its political attorneys. In union with Bishop Doane and other public-spirited citizens he waged incessant war against the liquor-dealers' lobby in the Legislature.

Some Catholics objected. Why should a priest meddle in politics? they asked. Because God's enemies do so, was Walworth's answer, and we must follow them up and resist them everywhere. For a long series of years he thus labored among the members of the Legislature, and addressed committees at every or nearly every session. The good of it was manifest in the defeat of several bills whose purpose was simply the rule of rum, the very riot of vice.

Father Walworth felt that in this line of action, and in his interference in the same spirit in Albany city politics, he was but fulfilling the duty of a Catholic citizen of prominent place

and powerful influence. I am too good a Christian, he seemed to say, to allow my faith to narrow my sphere of usefulness; I am too good a citizen to allow my citizenship to cripple my priestly zeal. The people of Albany will not easily forget



FATHER WALWORTH IN HIS LIBRARY.

Father Walworth's attack on a certain candidate for mayor. He was a big brewer, and his canvass was carried on, in accordance with his trade, by processions of beer-wagons and the glorification of beer-drinking. It is a consolation to know that this high-priest of what Father Walworth called the god *Gambrinus*, achieved the infamous success of becoming chief law-maker and law executive of that city only after such a protest from the pulpit of St. Mary's Church as will never be forgotten.

Unremitting industry gave his life the fulness of a zealous priest's reward. The laggard type of character was his very opposite. His leisure was occupied in writing for the press on religious and semi-religious topics, wandering over the hills in practical geological research, reading, nay, studying the classics of English and Latin literature. Although essen-

tially of an active temperament, he was fond of intellectual occupation, and his knowledge was accurate as well as widely extended. His style was like himself, positive, and, again according to his nature, it was illustrated by fine imagery as well as bright touches of humor and sarcasm. His spoken and written language was always the expression of a man who meant what he said, and knew how to say it vigorously and beautifully.*

Father Walworth's life was prolonged, indeed, nearly to the extreme limit, but was full of much physical suffering. An affection of the eyes, with which he was troubled pretty seriously even as a young man, developed in his last years into almost total blindness. And to this affliction was added deafness. Finally, about eight months before his death, a stroke of paralysis almost destroyed that wonderful organ of his Master's love, that charm of all his living intercourse with men, his glorious voice. Upon occasions he could utter a few words, but this was rarely. Once, as he felt the vocal chords released for a moment from their fetters, he exclaimed: "Lost my voice!" Those who heard him will never forget the pathos of his tones. Blind and deaf and dumb—what other trial remained for this heroic soul?

His refuge was the Redeemer whom he had so ardently loved and so courageously served his whole life long. He received Communion frequently, and prayed as best he might vocally, and was recollected as well as his sufferings permitted: he could at least caress his crucifix and press it to his lips and to his heart. His physical deprivations but forced him, a willing victim, deeper into his own secret sanctuary, and gave him a more interior union with the Holy Spirit.

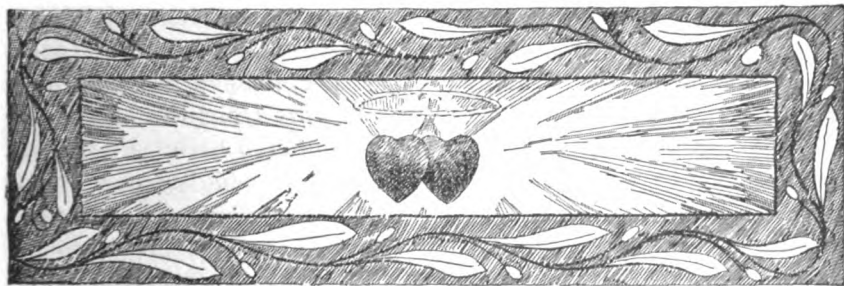
More than once during his illness he spoke of John Henry Newman's death and of his characteristic last words, "All is light!" Father Walworth had himself related the most edifying death of his friend Bishop Wadhams, especially calling attention to the Bishop's dying message to his clergy: "The priest is for the people, not the people for the priest." Father Walworth's career is an example of the manner of man that

* The following is a list of Father Walworth's publications in book form: *The Gentle Skeptic*, Appletons, 1863; *The Doctrine of Hell*, Catholic Publication Society, 1873; *Andiatorocle and Other Poems*, Catholic Book Exchange, New York, 1888; *Reminiscences of Edgar P. Wadhams*, Benzigers, 1892; *The Oxford Movement in America*, Catholic Book Exchange, 1895; *The Walworths in America*, The Weed-Parsons Printing Company, Albany, 1897; and a large number of pamphlets and sermons, which it is hoped will be edited and reprinted in book form, for many of them are of great and permanent value. Among the Sermons in the volumes by the Paulist Fathers, Appletons, 1861-65, some of the best are by Father Walworth.

God chooses in his priesthood for His own honor and the saving of His people.

May Father Walworth's heroic figure serve as an incitement to all Catholics to live and work in a spirit worthy of their faith. Especially may his example stimulate us priests to greater and greater courage in advocating right and in combating wrong. Let us not be deceived. Neither for citizen nor for Christian is it the main thing to be smooth, nor the chief aim to be respectable, nor the highest praise to keep out of notice. True men should be strong men. Men in a holy office should be leading men in all that helps holiness and hinders wickedness. Walworth's life lesson is that we should have convictions as well as opinions, that we should have obedience as well as conformity, and courage equal to conviction, as well as loyalty equal to obedience. To lie still and do no harm is indeed better than to advance and blunder. But it is no boast for one holding a public trust like God's priesthood that he has never blundered. God and man will ever demand of such a one, What good are you doing? Burying talents saves talents, but the Lord who gave the talent will demand not only its return but its increase.

God rest the noble soul of Clarence Walworth! As man, citizen, priest, missionary, he was faithful and true to God and Church and fellow-citizens.



THE RESPONSIBILITY OF BOOK-REVIEWERS.

BY REV. WILLIAM SULLIVAN, C.S.P.

RECENTLY looking over the *curiosa* of a city book-shop we chanced upon a volume with the title: *No 'Beginning'; or, The Fundamental Fallacy. A common-sense Demonstration of the non-existence of a First Cause, thereby identifying God with Nature.* Another glance disclosed that the book was in its second edition, and had received extraordinary encomiums from divers gentlemen with learned titles but no reputation, and from various periodicals with learned names and a very respectable reputation. And so with a certain feeling that we had placed our finger-tips upon the pulse of a great thought-movement, destined perhaps to sweep away from many minds intellectual and spiritual convictions that we cherish, and to bear the race in a direction whither we should deplore to see it drift; and besides having, ever since the days of our metaphysical infancy, when we wrestled with *ens ut sic*, an uncommon fondness for speculation, we purchased the deadly volume, sat down and read it.

A PSEUDO-PATHFINDER.

The first printed words in the book are a salutatory: "To Liberals, Secularists, and Reformers," whereof the third paragraph stands thus: "We believe that supernaturalism is the source of most of those inhumanities and cruelties which have cursed the world in past ages and which, even to this day, make 'countless thousands mourn.' We believe it is inimical to governments, deriving their just powers from the 'free consent of the governed,' in that it encourages belief in written laws alleged to have been dictated by a power higher than men; that by belittling human reason and producing an inflexible and intolerant state of mind among the people, it stands in the way of needed reforms and checks intellectual progress." And therefore the conclusion is irresistible—though, lest we should remain in the region of the transcendental and emotional and forget it, the author puts it down in black and white—that every noble heart that beats for humanity and shrinks in horror from superstition should forthwith send to the author all

or part of the following: "price post-paid to all parts of the world: Single copy \$0.75; 2 copies \$1.20; 3 copies \$1.50; 4 or more copies \$0.45 each. Special discount to agents and dealers."

Now, but for one reason we should have thrown the thing aside and read no further, and made new resolutions to avoid book-stores whenever it happily betided us to have money in our pocket. For no man who can rave so is a fit object for a thoughtful man's attention, and a very difficult object for the charity of even the most devout. Let a man's belief or lack of it be what it will, we shall respect him always if, in the discussion of the vast problem of our origin and end, of God and the world unseen, his mind be cautious, his speech temperate, his spirit reverent, and his soul sincere. But a coarse atheist, a thumping-phrased demagogue, and an untrained sophist—with such there is no argument. With Kant and Fichte we never can agree, but both we hold in tenderness and sympathy, for they trod as in a sanctuary and spoke their guesses at great mysteries in whispers of awe. But Ingersoll and all of the dehumanized sect that laugh with him, the jesters at what should make us tremble, the wits of the platform and the arrow-shooters of poisoned paragraphs, these sorely sadden the lovers of their race and the believers in an ineradicable goodness in every human heart that beats. But one reason, we say, stopped us in the very beginning from classing the author of "No Beginning" with this latter type of degenerates, and from flinging his book into the fire with disgust. And this reason was the language of the criticisms passed upon the work by the titled gentlemen and the pretentious periodicals already referred to. When several physicians and lawyers, one Christian minister, the *Review of Reviews*, the *Arena*, *Boston Ideas*, the *Chicago Herald*, and the *Critic* write of a book as though it were a pathfinder for humanity unto regions of new thought and unattained civilization, one feels that there is need of caution in pronouncing judgment even when there seem to be plain reasons for severity, and one is willing to read on and on, despite many a shock and many an explosion of impatience at obvious stupidity, lest perchance one should miss the fine tracings of keen philosophy belauded by so many and such distinguished reviewers. And so we read the book, and herewith submit a few considerations on the author and his tilt at metaphysics, and a few animadversions on his critics and their attempt at philosophy.

A DAUNTLESS COLUMBUS.

The writer who would relieve the race of their yoke of superstition and place upon the dunce's stool all thinkers from Aristotle to Herbert Spencer, who have held that an uncaused First Cause is a necessity of reason, is, he tells us, "one of the people," one who "risked his life voluntarily in war for union, freedom, and equality," "a law-abiding citizen," and one to whom "for years past one of the wonders of the world has been the fact that so many educated and good people were believers in the Apostles' Creed." This lordly astonishment that people should not all become atheists; this simpering wonder that he himself should be so far ahead of his fellows and his age, is a thoroughly disgusting characteristic of this author from his first page to his last. Thus he imperially informs us that the question of the origin of things is not intricate but easy, once we adopt his point of view. And he thus goes on in a passage fit to make a man's gorge rise: "It is, as will be shown further along, not really for lack of argument, but largely from a sort of superstitious fear of forming just and necessary inferences, that mankind do not even now quite generally accept the true solution of the question." So the majority of mankind are idiots, and a "law-abiding citizen" of Chicago is the dauntless Columbus who dares to sail the sea of sense and discover new continents of reason! *Stultitia stultorum est infinita.*

A FALSE PHILOSOPHER.

In the first ninety-five pages of the book there is not a word as to the First-Cause argument. What those pages do contain would be a wonderful and weird story to tell. For one thing, there is a dissertation on pure Being, wherein the author imagines that he has scored heavily against believers in God because he makes the point that pure Being devoid of all form and attributes, Being of which nothing can be predicated, cannot exist. He seems to think that the God of the Christian theist is Herbert Spencer's Unknowable and non-Related, and that the objections valid against the agnostic destroy likewise the fundamentals of theology. We suppose that the gentleman who has undertaken to write a book on philosophy would open his eyes if he were to be told that the mental abstraction which Spencer styles the Unknowable is as far from the God we worship as his own work is from the first fifty pages of St. Thomas's *Summa*. Doubtless he would

hesitate to credit us if we informed him that God can and must have relations with finite things; and possibly a new light might dawn upon his intelligence if we mentioned that it is not by relations of existence that the absoluteness of the Absolute is impaired, but by relations of dependence; and that consequently our God is the very and true Absolute because relations of dependence upon other beings He can never have.

. SOME VAGARIES.

Of the other philosophical discoveries scattered generously along this introductory avenue to his *magnum opus* let us select a few. The author quiets the apprehensions possibly felt by "the deepest religious natures," whose eyes are opened by his book, by telling them not to worry because the Deity which he discloses to them is, instead of their old personal God, the impersonal "totality of things." For, he says, "the impersonal is necessarily greater than the personal." Now, as intelligence and free will constitute personality, our champion and liberator of reason is seen to defend the strange position that a Deity in possession of intelligence, in possession of free-will, is inferior to a Deity destitute of both; though it is in the highest degree likely that by personality he means legs, arms, viscera, hair, and an apparatus for digestion. The following luminous reflections decidedly supply long-felt wants: "A truth is a verity; a reality as distinguished from a conjecture, a hallucination, or a belief." "A truth is a thought of God, if there is a thinking God; and an imperishable souvenir from the depths of the illimitable ocean of time that will never decay, whether there is a God or not." "Some truths are self-evident, because in the present highly developed condition of the human intellect, they have become primary judgments of the mind and are universally accepted without proof." How happy our fate that we lived, not in ages of a less "highly developed condition of the human intellect," when the proposition, "The whole is greater than any of its parts," would not be accepted till we had covered a whole blackboard with proof! And how thrilling a sense of human progress it gives to realize that nowadays we accept such statements and demand no more demonstration than if a man remarked it was a warm day! Apropos of the proposition that the sum of the three angles of a triangle equals two right angles, our Socrates has a *jeu d'esprit* that is positively cute. Quoth he: "A triangle formed by a pope, the while praying his God

to enable him to put to shame the reason of man by producing a figure that would be an exception to the proposition before stated, would, as certainly as the one accidentally drawn by a child, be found to attest the truth of the foregoing proposition as man had found it." And finally, tucked away in an obscure page, and neither capitalized nor double-leaded, is an *obiter dictum* which we must regard as the key to the entire production: "That a knowledge of the laws of thought is not essential to correct reasoning, needs no other proof than the fact that but few of the men who have given the world its greatest discoveries have been metaphysicians, and the further fact that the great masses of the people who reason correctly about the ordinary affairs of life know nothing of any such science. Very similarly, as good sight is entirely independent of any knowledge of optics, so is good reasoning independent of a knowledge of the modes of thought." Ergo, let us add, any "law-abiding citizen" can write a book on philosophy. Alas! too true. But let us suggest to the sapient author that as defective sight is often vastly improved by consulting men who *do* possess a knowledge of optics, so might a man to whom the laws of thought are a realm unvisited and unknown derive untold advantage for himself, and confer an inestimable boon on his contemporaries, by a brief association with men who have heard of Logic and could point out to him the danger-spots in the quicksands of philosophy.

THE FUNDAMENTAL ARGUMENT.

But now to the argument; to the great "demonstration of the non-existence of a First Cause!" Strange to say, this "demonstration" is given only five pages for its formal statement, so strong is the author's bent to discuss things in general rather than anything in particular. We will follow his lead and despatch the matter as summarily as we can. The proof is simply the hoary and thoroughly threadbare "infinite series." It is "*Parturiunt montes*" over again, only this mouse is unusually ridiculous. Things have causes; those causes were themselves caused, and so on for ever, and where is any need of a creator? No finite thing, the author concedes, has in itself a sufficient reason for its own existence, but scramble all finite things together, and straightway the lump has in itself a sufficient reason for its existence. Thus, ten blind men are blind of course; but put uniforms on them, band them together, and style them the Blind Men's Protective Association, and straightway they get sight. Of five hundred beggars not

one has a copper for the purchase of a bowl of soup; but form them into half a regiment, and forthwith they possess wealth enough to live in independence for ever after. But with stuff like this we cannot waste paper and patience. Still there is one subterfuge employed by the Chicago sage so ineffably monstrous that we cannot pass over it without a gasp. While it is evident, he says, that each particular finite thing has a cause, the totality of things needs no cause, because the totality of things is not a thing. And why? Because the totality of things is the sum of existence, and outside of it is nothing, and as nothing can produce nothing, why you must rest in the totality, and can never get beyond it. So the earth rests on the elephant, and the elephant rests on the camel, and the camel rests on the turtle; but take earth, elephant, camel, and turtle all together, and they need nothing to rest on—they just hang!

BLAME FOR IRRESPONSIBLE REVIEWERS.

Now, we have not noticed this production for its own sake nor for its author's. We have no time to spend over every atheistic pamphlet written by unhappy men who imagine that they have found a light which will shed sunrise into the hitherto tenebrous minds of the race, and who presume to talk on profound metaphysics when they had better be reading the history of the United States, or something as harmless and as helpful. But we desire to call every thoughtful man's attention to the character of the reviews of books appearing in some of our notorious periodical publications. Here is this book styled "No Beginning," a work intended to destroy belief in God; a piece of printed matter to strike dumb with wonder every thoughtful man; the veriest lunacy, of which not one page discloses power to think deeply; the shreds of philosophic rags cast to the rubbish heap centuries since, even by men who would eliminate the supernatural; here is this unspeakable mess praised as profound and valid by magazines which appeal to the support of men of sense! Says the *Review of Reviews*: "He employs the resources of both logic and scientific discovery in a convincing and common-sense way, and ought not to offend the feelings of the most orthodox who is willing to argue honestly." Says the *Arena*: "The argument is unanswerable." Says the *Saturday Evening Herald*, of Chicago: "To all thinkers who are not content to attribute existence to a great mystery that may not be solved without incurring divine displeasure, the book will be found as a well

in the desert" And *Boston Ideas*: "As a champion of reason one of the very strongest essays we have ever read." Finally, the *Critic*, of New York: "It is not necessarily atheistic in its outcome. . . . The growing conviction of devout thinkers that the world is God manifesting Himself is gradually rendering obsolete what has been called the carpenter theory of creation."

To characterize criticisms like these there can be no limit of severity. They are shameless and abominable, and are for evermore enough to raise a smile among people of intelligence whenever the critical opinion of the journals in which they appeared is cited as an authority. Not that we would object simply because a magazine praised an atheistic work—by no means. We ourselves have read many and many a book against revelation and religion, and expressed admiration for the author's acumen, learning, and clever argument. But to advocate the circulation of a production that puts forward the exploded theory of the infinite series, and even this in four-term syllogisms; that exploits the absurdity that a lumping together of finite things gives a result which is neither finite nor a thing; that can perpetrate a paragraph like the following: "If ever there was a time when nothing was, we cannot, owing to our inability to conceive of nonentity as the antecedent of what now is, reasonably affirm such a proposition; and if not, no first cause is demanded, and does not in reason exist"; that can assert the impossibility of an uncaused First Cause, because "this would destroy the reality of the *quality* of causation and undermine all reasoning on the question"; that struts about with this vulgar bragging: "It has now been established, by proofs as incontrovertible as the universally accepted demonstrations of mathematics, that no 'first cause' or 'beginning of things' . . . ever did in fact exist"; that stultifies itself with such definitions as: "To think is to know, and to think is to have our organism acted on by matter in motion. Knowledge comes from and is produced by matter in motion." "Now, the senses deal with things; consciousness with what is perceived through the senses," "Consciousness is content, for she feels only things, and their forces and relations"; to advocate the circulation of such a monument of folly and such a colossus of disgusting arrogance, as though it were a classic of lofty speculation, is an everlasting disgrace. How any one who is either a man who respects his own intelligence or a Christian believer can ever have aught save contempt for the opinions of these journals, we should like to see some grounds for maintaining.

AN INDIGNANT PROTEST.

It is fully time to protest publicly against such insults to good sense and religious convictions. When an empty pamphlet against the most ineradicable and most elevating conviction of humanity is fostered by reputable periodicals, when every shallow employee of a newspaper who undertakes to write an editorial in which the name of our Saviour is mentioned cannot refer to that august Person without an incidental phrase that covertly attacks the divinity of Jesus, there rests on men who despise the pretentious cant of "advanced" views, and there rests on Christians whose most sacred feelings are thus sported with, the duty of indignant protest. The sneerers at religion, and, what makes it so hard to endure without irritation, the ignorant sneerers, are doing entirely too much to form a public opinion and a public conscience. We must be prompt with voice and pen to expose their folly and resent their insolence. But *proh dolor!* where do we find some Christian ministers when we read the following eulogy of our atheistic "argument" standing at the very head of the two pages of praise?—"I consider it one of the greatest masterpieces along its line ever written. With one blow the author knocks out the First Cause theory for the material universe, and with the clearest and most logical reasoning he causes the veil of orthodox superstition to rend from top to bottom. Several laymen in my church have read the book, and all alike pronounce it a power for truth. Every liberal thinker ought to read it. . . . In the nearly two hundred pages in the book the author clearly demonstrates the non-existence of a First Cause, proves Genesis a myth, and leaves theology as an empty dream" (Rev. P. M. Harmon, Ph.D., D.D., LL.D., Pastor of the People's Church at Spring Valley, Minn.)

When we recovered after reading this, we found our curiosity roused to indefinite activity regarding one point. It was not a curiosity to know what this "Christian minister's" belief is; or how many atheists like him are occupying "Christian" pulpits; but to know this: From what university between the five seas did that man receive the alphabet hitched to his name? Vast in sooth ought to be the congratulation of the metropolis of Spring Valley, Minn., that it should have captured and should enjoy so prodigious an intelligence as he, to the chagrin of less illuminated New York, or Boston, or London, or—Timbuctoo.



FORD MADOX BROWN.—THREE OCTAVES.

BY ARTHUR UPSON.

I.—THE PICTURE.



HERE is a picture,—you have seen it oft;
 The Master at unwilling Peter's feet
 Ennobling evermore and making sweet
 Each humble service wrought with mind aloft.
 Such mystic splendor shines serene and soft
 ('Twas dreamt out slowly and thus made complete
 From richest fancy) that it seems most meet
 You turn away and find your base self doffed.

II.—THE PALETTE.

He who this limned is gone. They treasure still
 The wooden wafer once he loved to hold,

Which—can we question?—now his hand is mould,
Yearns ever for that touch of tender skill.
This ochre, longs it not to meet his will
About the head of Jesus aureoled?
And that sad patch of umber some slight fold
Of Peter's garment would so gladly fill!

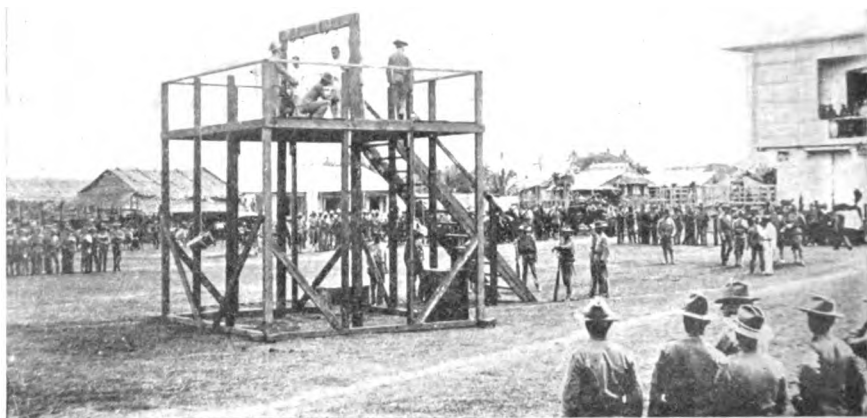
III.—THE ABSENCE.

Even so our fancies' colors, keen of yore,
When one we loved doth quit this earth-constraint,
Upon our palettes do wax dull and faint,
Fulfilling not commissions first they bore.
For he is gone, and never holy lore,
Nor shining nimbus of transfigured saint,
May anywhere the fragment ochre paint;
And the rich umber waits for evermore.

London, 1900.

NOTE.—The famous *Christ Washing the Feet of Peter* hangs in the Tate Gallery, London. The artist's palette, just as he last used it, is preserved in the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square.





THE PRADOS MEETING THEIR FATE.

MASIQUEN LAOAK : A CHAPTER OF PHILIPPINE WARFARE.

BY FIRST LIEUT. PAUL B. MALONE.



SHORTLY after the arrival in Dagupan, Luzon, P. I., of the first detachment of American troops Vicente Prado, native ex-insurgent governor of the province of Pangasinán, presented himself to the commanding officer.

He was kindly received and assured that his past relations to the insurgent government would not be considered against him if in the future he remained faithful. Protection was guaranteed. He had but to ask, and a whole company would rush to his assistance and fight to the last ditch, if necessary, to shield him from the touch of a malicious hand. Finally he was urged to go among his people and bring about the pacification of the province. Poorly clad in a cheap native suit, the ex-insurgent chieftain, author of many books—fanciful, erotic, imitations of florid Spanish—sat upon the edge of his chair and leaned eagerly forward, as if anxious to catch every precious word of pardon and conciliation which fell from the commanding officer's lips. His bristling mustache stood straight out from his lips as he spasmodically drew back the corners of his mouth, revealing a line of long yellow teeth; his eyebrows played rapidly up and down as he crooned in an almost servile tone his acquiescence in the officer's thoughts. There

were yellow shades where the clear white should show in his eye, and his erect, bushy hair was slightly streaked with gray. A more malicious face I have never seen. Vicente Prado's childhood had been spent in a convent as servant to a *fraile*, his master and teacher. As a man he had become an atheist, a hater of religion, a fanatic, a dreamer.

The interview terminated, Vicente Prado expressed his



VICENTE PRADO AT HOME.

thanks for the kindness of the reception in most fluent Spanish, and, bowing obsequiously, left the house.

What ideas were revolving in his half-savage brain during those moments no one shall know, for Vicente Prado is dead; was hanged in front of the very house he had left nearly a year before, a free man, and with brilliant prospects for the future.

Two months after this interview news was brought to Dagupan that Vicente Prado was organizing a band of insurgents, levying contributions, and vehemently preaching lawlessness and disorder. Before him the ignorant native stood in

speechless fear, for Prado dared God and yet stood unscathed. Had he declared light darkness, the world his footstool, he himself God, a quaking multitude of natives would have moaned prostrate before him, "Yes, it is true. Spare us, O God!"

Prado had entered an outer *barrio* of Dagupan, and at night I went to capture him. Inaccurate information caused me to miss him by just one shack. He fled to Inlambo, a *barrio* of San Jacinto, and called his clans together. The lowland cities were too perilous. He must go to the mountains. There were fifty-nine rifles and about one hundred and fifty bolomen. To Inocencio Prado, his son in all probability, and his coachman, during the days of his civil governorship, was confided the immediate command of the troops, and to him he gave the title of "comandante de zona." Eugenio Fernandez

and Benito Amanzec were made "lieutenants," while Juan Magaldan was styled "captain of bolos."



A WATER-CARRIER.

Up in the mountains between Alava, Rosario, and Tubao there was a nook in which another robber and assassin had found a safe retreat in the days of the Spanish. Here the new bandit chief decided to pitch his camp. Inocencio Prado went into Alava and seized Ciriaco Lagmay, Calistro Batarino, Ambrocio Pangonilo, Francisco Boada, the most expert workmen of the town, and some twenty laborers, and proceeded to the site, where buildings were begun for "Macào-ley," the king. Leaving Ciriaco Lagmay, the master workman, with a few soldiers, Inocencio Prado and the rest of the marauders scattered over the province, killing, robbing, capturing. No marks of their calling appeared upon their person. To American soldiers they were harmless natives, laborers in the field, appealing to their protection. Once past, however, concealed

rifles were pulled out, daggers appeared in the belts, and the innocent laborer became a demon. A reign of terror began. Every night natives were dragged from their houses, under the very noses of the soldiers, beaten into unconsciousness and carried off to Inlambo, where they were either killed or re-



THE TRAIL OF THE REBEL CHIEF.

tained as slaves to work on the new home of the bandit chief. Much of this was done under the pretence of punishing friends of the Americans, hence traitors to the Filipinos, and some were punished to such extremes that to escape further agonies and face the inevitable they falsely accused themselves of the crimes alleged, and implicated others who in turn were seized and punished. The terror-stricken families dare not speak, and, astonishing as it may seem, this kidnapping continued for two months before natives had the courage to appeal for help; even then assistance was asked in a panicky fear, and nothing could elicit more than that their friends had been taken away, they supposed by Vicente Prado.

Unaware of the dangers besetting the road, Private Kane, Company K, 13th Infantry, strayed away one night from the bull-train which he and others had escorted into San Jacinto, and he never returned. On the 20th of March Private Anthony Gurzinski, Company C, 13th Infantry, alone, in violation of orders, attempted to ride from San Jacinto to Manaoag.

He was but twenty minutes ahead of a large escort to a ration train. Dismounting, he asked a native for a drink of water, when suddenly two natives seized him by the wrists, two others fell upon his legs. Some ten, led by Pedro Acosta, bound him hand and foot to a bamboo pole and dashed away. Two natives, Pedro Meneses and Jacinto Retube, saw the act. The escort having passed, these two natives were seized and, with Gurzinski, were carried to Baraoas of San Fabian, where Inocencio Prado stood waiting, pistol in hand. "Oh, you sons of Americans!" he cried. "Oh, you sons of light!" (a terrible execration). "We have you dogs at last." And with Eugenio Fernandez he distributed rewards in money for the gallant service of the morning.

The catch was greater than had been anticipated. The game to have been stalked was the Presidente of San Jacinto. Gurzinski passed before him, and thus he escaped a terrible death, for Masiquen Laoak had ordered that he be impaled upon a bamboo stick and roasted alive over a slow fire, like a pig. The excitement of getting an American drew off the assassins.

Inocencio Prado decided that the two witnesses should be killed, but finally listened to their pleading and let them go. Gurzinski's clothing was distributed to his captors and he was sent on to Alava under charge of Pedro Acosta, while Inocencio went to Inlambo to report to his chief.

The quarters in the new camp being now ready for occupancy, on the last day of March the outlaws withdrew to the hills. From Alava to the Igarrotte pueblo of Esperanza there is the semblance of a road, which, beyond this point, breaks into a precipitous trail which only the most experienced can follow. There are high jutting peaks, and sudden gulches; stretches of some hundred yards run along the bed of precipitous mountain streams, and finally a clear ascent, scarcely marked on the edge of the precipice, defies the further progress of the horse.

Here Vicente Prado dismounted his fagged brute and addressed himself to his thoughts. Across this thread he would pitch his trenches, and before them he would pile the slain of any American troops that dared the ascent. Below in the valley lay San Jacinto, Pozorrubio, Alava, nests of traitors; beyond lay Dagupan, with the white gulf stretching out beyond Bolinao to the Yellow Sea, and all that vast territory quivered at his touch, trembled at his name. His savage



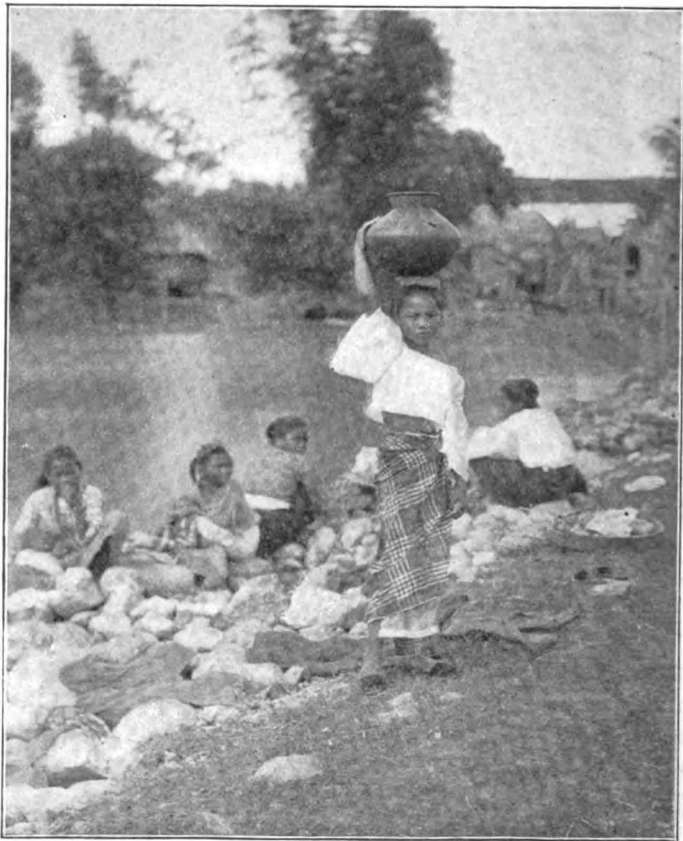
TYPES OF FILIPINO WOMEN.

bosom heaved. On their knees natives and Americans alike would respect the name of Vicente Prado, King of Northern Luzon. And no king of ancient history breathed more proudly than Masiquen Lzoak as he moved on to the heights a mile beyond.

Within the arms of two small streams lay an open space some three hundred yards square. One tiny trail crept on beyond the bluffs and fell away miles beyond in the Igarrotte country. A Katipunan flag floated before a square bamboo building—"the Government House," from which the king would rule his empire, and in which he would retain his prisoners. One hundred yards to the east stood a *cuartel* for his troops, adjoining a small unfinished house for himself.

On the morning of April 2 the attention of Ciriaco Lagmay and his workmen on the roof of the *cuartel* was called to Inocencio Prado and Eugenio Fernandez entering camp with two American prisoners, with arms bound behind them. The prisoners were Gurzinski and, in all probability, Kane. Ino-

cencio and his comrade went to report to Vicente Prado. Leaning over the *batalan*, or balcony, of his house, Vicente Prado peered down at the two American prisoners, stripped of all clothing except their shirts, and cried out, "Patayen mora ta sicaray contrario tayo"—"Kill them because they are your



ON THE BANKS OF THE STREAM.

enemies." His two henchmen joined the crowd of dogs below, but they stood back, afraid to touch the white flesh, when from his seat the savage Vicente again shouted his command, and Inocencio Prado drew his sword and, striking his soldiers over the head and back, shouted "Kill them, kill them, I say! What are you afraid of? Kill them, for such is the order of our chief." The lust of blood suddenly seized the multitude, for they fell savagely upon the prisoners and hacked them to death with bolos. Their feet were then bound, and they were

carried across the stream and buried within a hundred yards of Vicente Prado's house.

A few days later Pedro Acosta arrived at the camp. "You have come late," said one of Prado's men; "you won't get any meat."

"Did you kill a beef?" asked Acosta.

"Yes," was the reply, "we killed two white bulls, and you are too late for the feast."

Out along the Pozorrubio road another soldier had been murdered—Dawson, of B Co. Benito Amanzec and his men had seized him, bound him to a tree, and forced one of his men to place his rifle underneath Dawson's chin and fire. Dawson's rifle and equipments were carried into Prado's camp, where Benito received the congratulations of his chief.

Bruno Arcangel, who had figured in some of these escapades, fell under Prado's displeasure and was killed.

These successes led to high aspirations. From his mountain den Prado wrote in the following strain to the Presidente of Pozorrubio:

"MY DEAR LITTLE COUNTRYMAN: You wonder why I do not address you in Spanish, in which we used to converse in happy days of the past? Well, Americans can read Spanish, and we must be careful, my beloved countryman. You alone of all my *subjects* are truly faithful. You alone I can trust. I know your high-toned patriotism. I know how ardently you long to redress the wrongs of our land, my little countryman. Together we weep.

"And now we must act. Easter is coming, and our faithful *subjects* are at work on the church close to the quarters of our oppressors. They have bolos, axes. All will be ready. Act. Speak the word. My beloved friend I await your achievement, your message that all is done and well.

"MASIQUEN LAOAK."

"Masiquen Laoak" (old desert!). What a pathetic pseudonym in real truth! An old desert indeed was Vicente Prado, in which no oasis could be found of pity or mercy in all the wide range of his cruel, vicious view of life; a level stretch of blood-stained sands; a waste of distorted imagination, decrepit intelligence, erotic fancy.

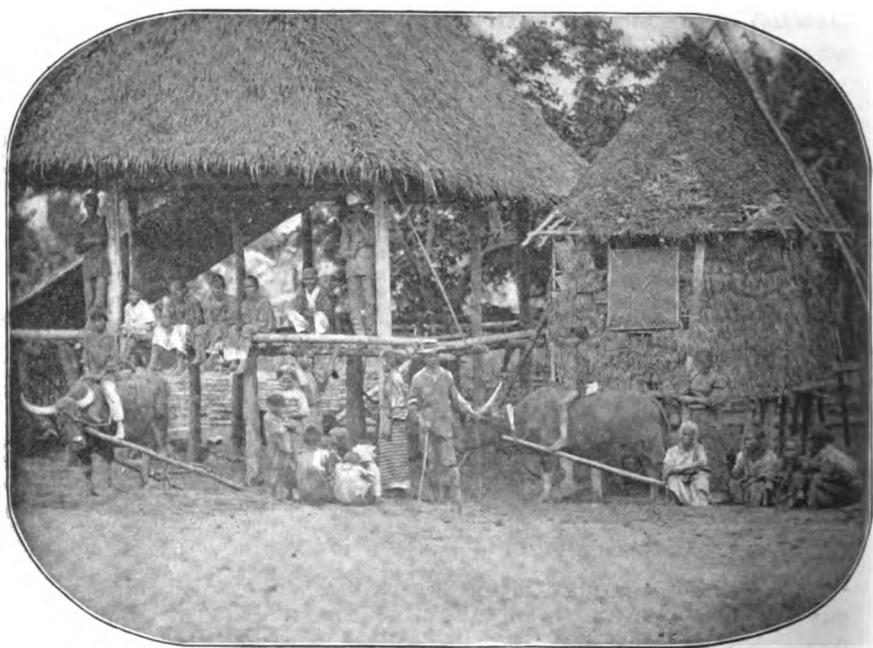
The Presidente of Pozorrubio handed that note to the commanding officer and became an ally. The hunt for the

crow's nest began, but in all that town of slaves not one had the courage to say he knew where to find his master, even though his bones ached and his back bore the mark of the lash.

The presidente received notice that he would be murdered at the first opportunity.

And now Prado decided to burn out the Americans in San Jacinto—his native town.

Inocencio Prado and Eugenio Fernandez left camp on the 21st of April, and a Gatling gun left Dagupan at the same time. It had scarcely reached San Jacinto when fire was



BEFORE THE DEPREDATIONS OF WAR.

opened. Unarmed men from Pozorrubio were forced by Inocencio Prado to advance, set fire to the houses, and stand this murderous fire and that of the Krag rifles, while he at a safe distance poured long-range volleys into the town. Aside from destroying over one hundred native shacks and terrorizing the inhabitants nothing was gained by this insane manœuvre.

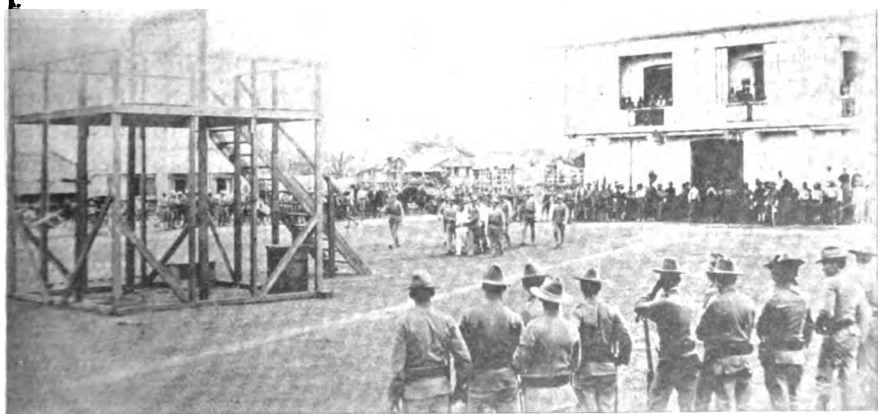
Shortly afterwards a patrol caught some of Prado's men on the wing, killed a few and captured their rifles. Prado professed to believe that an Igarrotte and his wife had given the information which led to his loss. Inocencio Prado led them

into camp on the 3d day of May. They were condemned to death without evidence, and hacked to pieces with bolos by Benito Amanzec and his soldiers. Benito was but twenty-one years of age, five feet in height, and weighed about one hundred pounds; but within that small frame were concentrated all the murderous instincts of a demon, combined with the activity, daring, and recklessness of his youth. Eight murders during his brief career as a lieutenant of Prado were proved against him, and he was hanged at Pozorrubio on December 14.

On the night of May 3 Inocencio Prado left camp with all his soldiers and, under the orders of Macaoley, the chief, went to Rosario to bring back the presidente thereof; "and if he resists," said Vicente Prado, "kill him."

Inocencio surrounded the presidente's house about half-past twelve at night. The house was occupied by men, women, and children. Without warning of any sort Inocencio Prado began pouring volleys through the floor of the building. The presidente ran to the window shouting "Tulisanes," and was shot dead. The assassins had already shot two of their own companions by their nervous fire, and ceased firing.

Juan Alambra, a native of Santo Tomas de la Union, went



MARCHING TO THE SCAFFOLD.

to the door and begged that they shoot no more. He was ordered down stairs, where Inocencio Prado accosted him: "Ah, Juan Alambra of Santo Tomas! God has put you in our hands to punish you for your treatment of my father (referring to Vicente Prado). You are my prisoner." (Juan Alambra

and the people of Santo Tomas had repudiated the mad schemes of Masiquen Laoak and had attempted to capture him).

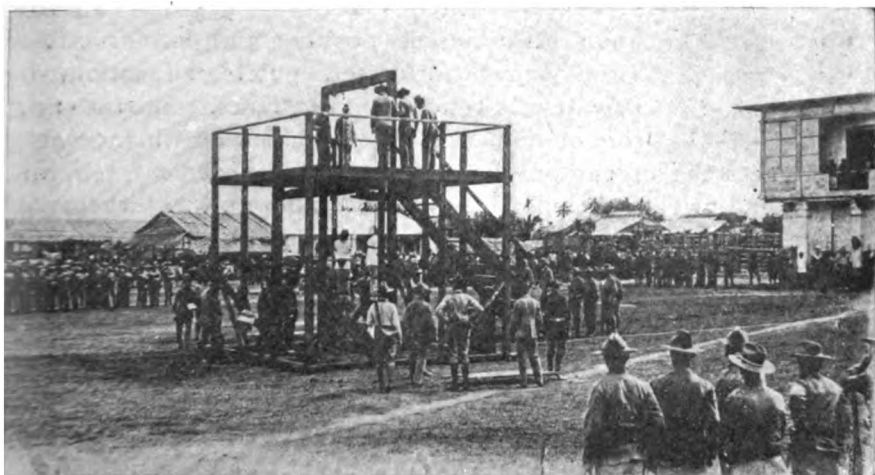
The presidente's wife and all the rest of the household were carried prisoners to Prado's camp, and, with Juan Alambra, they were all witnesses of what occurred. Juan's clothing was saturated with the blood of Francisco Favia, the presidente's son, beside whom he was sleeping when the first volley through the floor killed the boy. Upon seeing this Masiquen Laoak hastened to give him clean clothing. Before the commission which tried him, of which I was judge advocate, and which sentenced him to death, Vicente Prado endeavored to establish the impossibility of his guilt by dilating upon this act of *kindness* and *consideration* in getting rid of the bloody marks left by one of his victims. He was only a guest in the camp, he declared; a subordinate to his coachman, whom he had created to the command of all his troops; a refugee begging protection from the unexplainable persecution of both Americans and Filipinos. This declaration was, however, somewhat inconsistent with the fact that on the following day he sent Eugenio Fernandez to Alaoa to assassinate the presidente, lieutenant of police, and secretary of the town. Lieutenant Hughes, 13th Infantry, having received news of the presence of the murderers, hastily mounted a detachment of soldiers and policemen at midnight and succeeded in reaching these men in time to save them from being buried alive.

This was Prado's last recorded outrage. On the 6th troops of the 48th Infantry attacked him from the north. He, with several of his prisoners, fled to Pozorrubio, where Captains Styer and Wild, of the 13th Infantry, surrounded and captured him. An old man was found crouching upon his hands and knees in the corner. He was a prisoner taken in San Jacinto. Suspected of friendliness with the Americans, he was stripped, tied to a tree, and beaten with rattan until his body was raw from head to foot. He could rest only upon his hands and knees, and for three days he had been suffering these tortures without sleep. He was turned over for medical treatment and lived to testify against his torturers.

Vicente and Inocencio Prado were tried and convicted, beyond the shadow of a doubt, of all these crimes, and were executed at Dagupan, November 30, 1900. Benito Amancac was hanged December 14, 1900, at Pozorrubio. Before the proceedings in the case of Eugenio Fernandez had been promulgated Juan Magaldan had been captured, and proofs of

many additional murders were brought to light, for which Fernandez has stood a second trial. Results are not yet known.

Reference has been made herein only to such atrocities as were established by the most complete proofs. The mind becomes confused in following the intricacies of all the crimes



THE END OF THE REBEL CHIEF.

committed by these men, and the intelligence sickens as with the sight of a slaughter-house. It may be noted, however, that Prado caused the execution of a mother and a month old child in his camp, for which proofs were somewhat lacking, and in all about seventy-five natives were assassinated during the few months' reign of this one insurgent chieftain. The history of every insurgent camp in the islands is but a repetition of the above, with slightly new settings, different modes of execution, and new names to fit the victims. The difference is usually in the lesser intelligence of the leaders.

And all this is done in the name of Independence, Liberty, while by the process the chief assassin rises from the rank of petty thief, or kitchen scullion, to that of insurgent general, colonel, or governor of a province.

There can be no more eloquent argument upon the incompetency for self-government of the Filipinos of to-day than the records of the military commissions now and formerly sitting, of which this is a short extract from memory.

THE ENCYCLICAL ON CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY ANALYZED.



HE impress which Leo XIII. has left already upon his times is positive and indestructible. Each encyclical letter, public allocution, or private talk touch with gentleness some festering sore on human life. He classifies with far-seeing acuteness the urgent problems of political government, religion, faith, and private action. No phase of philosophy, no theory of science, no interchange of relationship of persons has escaped the dissecting energy of his keen intellect. Whether he declares to the statesmen of France that no name or form of government is in conflict with the teachings of the Catholic Church, or prescribes the healing power of Christ to the advocates of Godless education; or whether he calls the world back to Jesus Christ, the Way, the Truth, and the Life, or demands consideration for the rights of God from the Socialist clamoring for man's rights—every spoken word or document of his carries an important message to mankind.

THE FALLACIES OF SOCIALISM EXPOSED.

In the encyclical *Rerum Novarum*, acknowledging the sincerity of those who called themselves Socialists, he recognized that the great mass would be moved by calm, sincere, earnest conviction. Sincerity may be misdirected, but it must be respected. The Holy Father, therefore, put away mere denunciation, and treated his opponents as sincere. Clearly exposing the many fallacies of Socialism, he pointed out the remedies and, as was fitting, gave special approval and blessing to those zealous Christians and true lovers of their country and humanity who, in various parts of the world, had come together to study these social problems, and to further such harmonious action on the part of both governing and governed as would best promise remedy for existing evils. The exposure of Socialism in its destructive forms was a crushing blow to its advocates, while the approval given to social reform gave rise to various institutions and organizations, among which were so-called Christian Socialism and Christian Democracy. Under these titles were

hidden many dangerous, anti-Christian deformities. But Leo XIII. was not to be deceived. Again he speaks to the people.

In the encyclical *De Re Sociali* he reiterates his warnings against the dangers of Socialism. The confidence expressed in the previous letter, that the Gospel teachings provided remedies that were in every way efficacious for the defence of faith and justice, and for the removal of all conflict between the different ranks of citizens, had been strengthened. By the open confession of men of all creeds, convinced by facts, he was reassured that to the church belongs the credit of looking providently to the "welfare of all social classes, and especially the outcast." That each one may do his part, he writes to clarify the mental atmosphere of the fog of doubts that has fallen upon it. He declares that the term Christian Socialism is a misnomer, and should not be used. Carping critics will say that this is too radical a position: it will impede progress in the work for the amelioration of mankind. But names do not make works. The church, true guardian of social welfare, is the rightful exponent of Christianity. Christianity is not a political party, nor a labor bureau, nor a temperance propaganda, nor a society for the prevention of crime or suppression of vice. But it is all of these; but not of these alone, nor of one more than the other. It everywhere buds, flowers, and bears fruit at last into everything that makes for human betterment and for the final perfection of human society. Christianity is as wide as the needs of the world.

CHRISTIANITY TENDS TO TRANSFORM AS WELL AS TO REFORM.

A Christianity that aims directly and solely at mere social and civic ends never reaches the maximum of its power. Its spiritual dynamo is not powerful enough to generate the higher currents. The foremost work of Christianity is not to reform but to transform, not to evolve goodness out of men but to create it within them by supernatural help. The notion that Christianity is essentially socialistic, or, as Herr Todt expresses it, "Socialism has its root in Christianity," is often asserted. True, the communistic life of the Apostolic Church was, in fact, an outcome of Christianity; but its real origin lay in the religious fervor which was abroad at the time. The idea of the Brotherhood of Man came with Christ, and Christian agencies have spread and protected it. Its leavening power has wrought mightily, and its latent force, once aroused, will accomplish much more. It is not to be wondered at, then, that eager natures, awakened

to the existence of social distress, should attempt to enthrone this idea as supreme. Nor can it be thought strange that, after the telling exposure of Socialism by the Supreme Pontiff, these natures, prompted by loyal obedience to authority and as well by a desire to distinguish themselves from the Socialist proper, should adopt the name Christian Socialism. The confusion of Socialism proper with social reform accounts in a measure for this anomaly. But the incongruity of the term is evident. For Socialism holds the laborer's right to the full product of his labor, the abolishing of all property rights, the overthrow of thrones and the disestablishment of existing social order, and this the Holy Father has clearly and conclusively shown to be unjust. On the other hand, Christianity not only implies justice but is in every way just. Therefore we ask, in the words of a former encyclical, "what participation has justice with injustice, or what communion light with darkness?" Social justice may be the spring of clear water from which Socialism proceeds, but error or fallacy which makes turbid this clear water is really injustice. To muddy the pure water of Christianity with the injustice of Socialism is a violation of right.

DIFFICULTIES WITH NAMES.

The Holy Father then turns his attention to Christian Democracy. At the very outset he states the forebodings of "the some" to whom it was "a strange and evil sound." The etymology of the word gave cause of distrust to republic, empire, and monarchy. For, say they, what other is democratic tenet than the overthrow of existing forms of government, the placing of the power into the hands of the people, a hidden purpose, under the name of the church, to establish a particular form of government. To others, jealous for the scope of Christianity, which is as wide as the needs of man, it was an effort to limit the arena by concentrating itself on the welfare of the masses. To narrow the borders of Christian influence is contrary to Truth and Religion. Again, to the lover of obedient and loyal citizenship it savored of a complete casting off of authority. That the energies of these good people should not be wasted by useless fears, and that the efforts for the betterment of social conditions may be more advantageous, the Holy Father points out clearly that there is nothing in common between Social Democracy advocated by Socialists and Christian Democracy. While both agree as to the lamenta-

ble social conditions of the masses, and of the necessity of efforts to better these conditions, yet neither in the principles exploited nor in the means proposed is there any common ground. Social Democracy is political. It aims, through state control, to secure its end. It proposes the destruction or dismantling of existing forms of government, the making of a state of equality by legislative acts, the reducing of all the rights of man and God to a voting standard. "The struggle of the working classes against capitalists," says the Erfurt programme, "must of necessity be a political struggle. They can neither carry on nor develop their economic organization without being invested with political power." In contrast with this the Holy Father declares that Christian Democracy cannot be political. He reiterates the statement made to the French leaders, that the church, *a fortiori* Christianity, does not insist on any one particular form of civil government. For the very character of natural and divine law transcends all human acts and independence is necessary for it.

CHRISTIAN VERSUS SOCIAL DEMOCRACY.

Christian Democracy, therefore, is not narrowed by local strictures nor straitened by the ambitions of crafty statesmen, but seeks ever a union and harmony with all governments founded on the principles of honesty and justice. Social Democracy, he says, does not take any account of the supernatural. "Socialism" (*a fortiori* Social Democracy), says Rae,* "is not of a religious origin. Its advocates have turned their back on religion and the church, 'We are not atheists, we are simply done with God.'" The rights of man with nothing of his duties are the supreme consideration. The Creator is made second to his creature. In other words, Social Democracy would construct a human society without God, void of moral principle and conscience. While amid the "universal culture" of Bellamy, religion, the science and art of worshipping God, the exponent of man's rights and duties, the repository of the kind and providential care of Almighty God—religion would be but a product of economic life. Against this Christian Democracy, from the very fact of its being Christian, is necessarily based upon supernatural faith. Its primary considerations are the rights of God. Its endeavor is to develop a world with God, a humanity created by God, belonging to God, and destined for God; in fine, a humanity directed by

* *Contemporary Socialism.*

God and aiming for God. The evident burden of Socialism seems to be not only to separate man from God, but to separate man from man, to widen the breach existing between the masses and the classes. Ever asserting the hostility of Capital and Labor, the fulness of its zeal consists in advancing the welfare of the lower classes and neglecting the upper, although, as the Holy Father asserts, they are of no less importance for the preservation and perfection of society.

THE VIRUS OF SOCIALISM.

The half-truth contained in the Socialistic proposition, All men should be equal, and the conclusion deduced from it, that the inequalities which exist are manifestly unjust, the creation of the classes, is the more dangerous because it is relatively true. Every one will grant that inequalities do exist, and will continue to exist among men with regard to their natural faculties, natural talents, moral qualities, and their personal uses of the liberty they possess. Nor can one reasonably call them manifestly unjust. That men are equally rational beings, endowed with equal supernatural privileges, created by the same Father, redeemed by the same Lord, destined for the same end, that humanity is one great family, no one will deny. In this sense, then, they are and should be equal, and the anomaly of caring for one and neglecting the other, the Holy Father declares, is contrary to the law of Christian charity. Christianity includes all mankind. Christian Democracy must, therefore, include all classes. The field of work must not be straitened. The good done must be for all, that the benefit may be to all. Hence mutual union, cemented by Christian charity, would do only that good for one which would be of advantage to the other. But no family or company of beings can attain to the highest good or secure the greatest advantages except in so far as it practises obedience to legitimate authority. Contempt for both civil and ecclesiastical authority is one of the distinctive features of Socialism. It advocates the overthrow of existing civil powers because they are, they say, unjust, class governments. The Socialistic doctrine of man's rights prompts insubordination to those placed in authority over them. That this is contrary to natural and Christian law scarcely needed the assertion of the Holy Father to confirm it. Respect for and obedience to the different civil powers in their just commands is a fiat given by Christ Himself, and enjoined upon man by apostolic teaching. Obedience to and conformity with

the just laws of the government is the duty of all citizens, and he who refuses these forfeits the guarantee of his rights.

HATRED OF THE CHURCH.

However, it is against ecclesiastical authority that Socialism is most virulent. Hatred of the church is its watchword. Timely indeed is the warning of the Holy Father against those who, with Blatchford, proclaim: "As for the church, we will have none of her patronage or interference." Religious and profane history furnish us with many dark pages resulting from the spirit of obedience. Our first parents, revolting against God's authority, bequeathed hard labor and suffering to mankind; Israel, forgetting God, despised the authority of Moses, and wandered and died in the wilderness; a rebellious monk in the sixteenth century defied the authority of the Church of Christ, enthroned individualism, and gave to humanity the innumerable divisions and lamentable disunity existing to-day in the religious world; the South, disobedient to Federal authority, sacrificed a million lives by her act, to say nothing of homes destroyed and fortunes lost. The apostolic command, "Obey them that rule over you and be subject to them," is still in force and binds man to its fulfilment. Obedience is essential to successful reformation.

ITS TRUE PROGRAMME IS MATERIALISTIC.

Having shown the true sweep of Christian Democracy, and having clearly stated the absolutely different scope of its work from that of Socialism, the Holy Father proceeds to point out its true purpose and programme. He strikes at the vital point of Socialism when he affirms that the needed work of the age cannot be done by emphasizing only external things and means. Socialism seeks only material goods. Its efforts are only for the acquiring and enjoying of those goods which are the acme and fulness of human happiness. There is but one life, and happiness, to be obtained, must be obtained here or not at all. All the evils common to man are the result of economic inequalities, say their advocates. Every treatise on the subject urges as the sole benefit, corporal and earthly good. "Indeed," says Ely,* "if the Socialistic ideas could be carried out panics would be impossible. All could live better." The welfare of the lower classes is summed up, according to the Socialist, solely in being better clothed, better fed, better

* *French and German Socialism.*

employed, less governed. The question to them is purely one of economics, and the sole power of adjustment is economic force. To make every good dependent on economic forces is shutting one's eyes to other forces equally great, and indeed greater. He is blind to historical and actual facts who would make religion merely a product of economic life. Religion is an independent force sufficient, indeed necessary, to modify, and even to shape, economic institutions. Naturally, then, does the Holy Father affirm that it is mainly a moral and religious question. The two-fold nature in man confirms this. To procure for him the highest and most perfect development you must promote not only his material but also his spiritual welfare, must secure for him material and moral perfection in the order of those eternal blessings for which he was created. Bestow upon him all the blessings which Socialism seeks, increase his wages, reduce his hours of labor, make the purchasing value of his efforts greater, and allow him to forget God, to become saturated with doctrines which would destroy the respect and reverence due his Creator, and his added wealth and greater privileges will be as naught. Remove the incentives which Christianity offers, and the energy of production will be relaxed. Deprive man of his right to use his savings, to acquire property and improve his condition, and all the efforts you make to obtain for him the comforts of life will be worthless. In a word, Christian Democracy opposes the materialism and revolution of Social Democracy with the spirituality of Christianity that finds its actual vent in deeds of charity towards God and man. It defends the sacredness of property, while it protects the rights of the laboring classes.

RELIGION THE REAL REMEDY.

Because of its relation to morals and religion the Holy Father insists that its organization shall be founded under the auspices of religion. Religion is the storehouse of virtues, and of no one virtue more than charity. The divinely appointed guardian of religion proclaims the obligations of this virtue, a law unto mankind given by Christ Himself. Though he possess all else, St. Paul declares, without charity he is as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals; indeed, that he is nothing. Charity is patient, is kind, without envy, dealeth not perversely, is not ambitious, seeketh not her own. And yet we hear Blatchford, speaking for Socialism, say: "We do not want charity; we want justice. Nor will we be bribed by

charity"; though a little farther on he states that "charity is higher than justice." It must be a charity that finds expression in deeds; for though it be mainly exercised for men's souls, real charity, says the Holy Father, cannot be unmindful of the needs and comforts of life. It is well to remember that mere sympathy for the poor is not enough. Montesquieu has well said that the religion of Christ, which was instituted to lead men to eternal life, has contributed more than any other to promote the temporal and social happiness of mankind. The Catholic Church in her mission of love and benevolence exemplifies this most strongly by her many charitable institutions. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, in a recent magazine article, writes: "She [the Catholic Church] has founded asylums for the training of children of both sexes, and for the support of the aged poor. She has established hospitals for the sick, and homes for the redemption of fallen women." These many institutions, increasing continually, writes the Holy Father, are a brilliant and characteristic ornament of Christianity and civilization, especially considering that people are so much inclined to consult their own interests and not trouble about those of others. Have and Hold is not the supreme social law, but Give and Take. The relation is one of reciprocity, each giving according to his ability and receiving according to his worthiness.

THE CHARITY THAT BLESSES.

Reciprocity, exercised according to the spirit of the Gospel, fosters neither pride nor shame, but rather binds closer the bonds of mutual kindness. Charity neither degrades the donor nor the recipient, says the Holy Father; it is, indeed, a fulfilling of a natural as well as Christian law. No man but needs the help that some other may give him. Christianity can never side with those who hold that such as in the natural struggle cannot maintain themselves ought to be allowed to perish. Yet indiscriminate charity is to be unconditionally condemned. Charity should be administered with prudence. It ought never to do for others what they can do, or be made to do, for themselves. It is not the aim of charity to rob its recipients of responsibility or to promote ease and indolence, but rather to infuse in those receiving it a spirit of thrift and economy. The benefits arising from these acts, says our Holy Father, are two-fold: they will lighten the burden of the rich with regard to the masses, and, on the other hand, they will

stimulate the masses to prepare for the future, remove them from the many enticing dangers, restrain them from excesses of passion. It makes no difference under what name the work is done, so long as the rules laid down in the encyclical are obeyed in their integrity. But it does make for a great deal as to who shall do it. It is not a matter of choice whether the classes engage in the work or not. Freedom from concern about his fellow-men less fortunate is not given to man, either by divine or civil law.

A COMMUNITY OF INTERESTS.

Citizenship is not merely a privilege to be used or not as the citizen pleases. It is a duty with imperative obligations. If he neglect its claims, he is culpable and ought to be viewed as a criminal. No citizen lives for himself alone; he lives for the community, reads the encyclical. Thus, upon him who has much or more devolves the responsibility to supply the need of support to those having little or less, who are unable to do so. He is bound to do it, but with care and judgment. Charity should be taken out of the field of mere sentiment. True, there is a luxury in giving that may be a stronger impulse than the benefit derived by the recipient. But whether this is commendable or not, is not the purpose of this paper to discuss. The needs of our times demand a united effort. The supreme interests of society and religion necessitate it. Prudence insists on it. The Holy Father sounds the call. The stake is high, and calls for the strength and encouragement of union. Avoiding those subtile and practically useless questions which irritate and divide, under the impulse of one common force Catholic action should move. The influence of each society, still preserving its own autonomy, would be broadened, while the resultant influence would be greatly enhanced.

The necessity for religious guidance and approval, with their co-ordinate qualities of obedience, charity, and unity, involves the attention of priests. A movement so closely connected with the interests of the Church and Christian people, in the judgment of the Holy Father, demands the interest of the ministers of religion.

A MISSION FOR PRIESTS

The Catholic Church is on the alert respecting the tendencies of the age. A Protestant writer calls her "the mother that cares for all people." "She alone," he adds, "is a unit

and compact organism. She is regarded as having more heart for the people, is said to give equal advantages to the poor and rich. Her priests take special vows to attend the needy. And they keep their vows." The priest, then, the *alter Christus*, should bring the masses and classes into sympathetic and helpful relations with each other, and with the church. Hatred of the church is one of the characteristics of Social Democracy. Her services, institutions, methods, spirit, priests, and members are the subjects of its most brutal attacks.

They declare that the Church has lost the simplicity, the tenderness, the beauty of early Christianity. Owing to this, the Chief Pastor says, the time has come for the priests to go to the people and work with and for them. Everywhere prelate, priest, and religious, so eminently qualified, should be intent on studying the great movement. He should seek to inculcate in the minds of the people the right doctrine of justice and charity, the inviolability of the marriage bond, the sacredness of property tenure, and that forgetfulness of the rights of God and of humanity is due to the prevailing misuse, made by society, of the earth and the fulness thereof. This demand on the priest arises from a two-fold reason. On the one hand, from his sacred office as the legitimate and validly ordained representative of Christ; a teacher and leader sent to men by apostolic authority. Again, from his duty as a citizen: every priest, be it remembered, is a man before he is a priest; every priest is a citizen before he is a minister. These relationships all antedate his sacred office, and his obligations, in so far as they do not conflict with his sacred office, are not annulled by it. Rather they add to the burden of responsibility. The priest, above all, must stand forth, like St. John the Baptist, as a preacher of repentance; but in other ways, like him, his work is the work of social reform, even at the cost of liberty and life. However, in assuming these responsibilities he must act with great caution and prudence. Cultivating ever the assiduity of the saints for the poor, avoiding specialties and intemperate activity, he must forget to be jealous of all reforms save the one he prefers.

ALL REFORM IS FOUR-SQUARE.

"All reform is four-square. Society cannot be lifted up by a one-corner fulcrum." It must be a basic reform. In words more apt, the Holy Father declares they must apply themselves with undiminished ardor to the perfection of the spirit. The

priest's field is the whole social world. By example and precept he must induce the people to cultivate peace, to avoid rabbles and riotings, to do justice willingly, to love domestic life, and above all to practise religion, in emulation of the perfect model, the Holy Family of Nazareth. The priest must urge the business man to do business in true, high, and incorruptible principles; from the stock-holder he must demand his vote, voice, and influence for the inviolable rights of his humblest employee; he must insist that the public officer stand unflinchingly for public righteousness, and against all commerce with the devil in approving or licensing iniquity for public or private revenue; he must convince judge, lawyer, teacher, and legislator that he is under vows to savor with Christian grace every secular function he may be called upon to discharge. In a word, the priest by his very position is fitted and should reach the remotest muscle and nerve of the body politic and the body social. This vast body should be a united power for God and the Church. The priest, as a skilled pilot, should guide them safely through the dangerous channel, by the Charybdis of false hatred, by the Scylla of forbidden and heretical organization, into the safe and peaceful harbor of Mother Church.

And now the Holy Father, fearing lest the desire of men to be charitable would cause them to neglect obedience, reiterates the warning already given against insubordination, exhorting all to a true filial obedience. Entire obedience to the authority placed over them is necessary. "Headlong charity," though it be well intentioned, which attempts to minimize the obligation to obedience is neither useful nor pleasing to God. Private desires should be sacrificed to public good. Sacrifice of this sort will receive the approval and fructifying influence of God.

With a closing exhortation for a closer bond of union between rich and poor in fraternal charity, inciting all, in the words of St. Paul, to be one with God and our fellow-men, one in joy and sorrow, one in distress and gladness, one in wealth and poverty, Leo XIII. again inspires the hearts of men with new courage. Religion, the hope of the world, is the necessary and efficacious factor in true social reform.



A STREET SCENE IN ROME.

SOME QUAIN ROMAN CUSTOMS.

BY GRACE V. CHRISTMAS.



ONLY a little sprig of faded lavender, but its faint perfume is sufficiently potent to conjure up a vivid memory of a bygone scene.

As I write, the sky above the "Eternal City" is veiled in gray, and the rain is falling with that persistency for which it is noted in this southern land, but my thoughts have wandered backwards to a "night in June," and are losing themselves amidst the mazes of a "Midsummer Dream."

It is the eve of St. John the Baptist, and the moon, which has gazed unruffled on every form and phase of human folly, casts her silver radiance on a weirdly picturesque scene. The broad, grassy space which stretches between the basilicas of Santa Croce and the Lateran is lined with gaily decorated booths and stalls, and thronged with a crowd of people. Torches are flaring in every direction, colored lanterns gleam here and there amongst the trees, and the mingled din of drums, pipes, and trumpets rise pandemonium-like upon the midnight air. Fire and noise were held to be indispensable adjuncts to the ancient pagan ceremonies, and it is evident that they are still considered important items in the festivities of to-day.

The Fair of St. John, which begins with the first Vespers of the feast and ends with the dawn of Midsummer Day, is a custom of very ancient origin, dating from the time when the Romans celebrated the "festa" of the Ambarvalia, and dedicated it to the goddess Ceres. On these occasions, by way of protecting themselves from the wiles of evil spirits, they danced and shouted round blazing bonfires of hay and straw, and their descendants of to-day, although prompted by different motives, are by no means behindhand in the matter of noise.

The refreshment stalls are extensively patronized, and roast pork and "ciambelli" are in brisk demand. Various miscellaneous articles, neither useful nor ornamental, are being vociferously offered for sale, at the extreme pitch of Italian lungs, and masses of lavender and clusters of fast-fading carnations, "St. John's pinks," lie heaped together in fragrant profusion.

It is on this eventful eve that the dark-eyed Roman girls select a "compari," or valentine, for the year, and the universal law of chaperonage is perhaps just a *little* relaxed in these merry hours of "revelry by night."

When dawn's rosy finger opens the gates of the East every one begins to make preparations for departure; baskets are packed, sleeping children are aroused from their slumbers, and the majority of the merrymakers enter the basilica for the first Mass. The lofty walls of the Lateran are draped in silken hangings of crimson, white, and gold, and from four in the morning till the noonday sun is high in the blue heavens the Holy Sacrifice is offered up at every altar. This is essentially a Roman *festa*; English and American visitors and residents

have, as a rule, betaken themselves to cooler climes, and with the exception of the seminarists of various nationalities, who are to be seen on every side and in every variety of colored cassock, it is a purely Italian crowd which fills the spacious building.

By five o'clock the church is once more thronged for the second Vespers, chanted by Rome's sweetest singers, and the Blessing of the Cloves, a ceremony which dates from mediæval ages, takes place in the sacristy—cloves, carnations, and lavender, they are all irrevocably associated with the feast of St. John the Baptist, and their perfume brings a host of recollections in its train.



IT IS A DAY FOR SETTLING FAMILY DISPUTES.

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The 24th of June is a great day for settling all family disputes and making peace generally, and presents are usually exchanged between friends and relations. This custom, by the way, is a remnant of the ancient festival of "Concordia." Relations-in-law, uncles, cousins, aunts, all meet to dine together, and regale themselves, amongst other things, on dainty dishes of snails, the eating of which is popularly supposed to insure peace and good fortune. Fresh green figs also form an important feature at these banquets, and are partaken of at the beginning of dinner with the accompaniment of raw ham.

Two days later, on the 26th of June, the quaint old Church of Saints John and Paul, on the historic Cœlian Hill, is lavishly adorned with masses of fragrant blossoms for the "festa" of the two heroic martyrs who laid down their lives for the faith in the reign of Julian the Apostate.

There is an air of modernity about St. John Lateran which is lacking in this gray old building, inlaid with colored tiles and gleaming marbles and haunted by a hundred memories of the past. Here, when the world was many centuries younger, lived "Giovanni" and "Paolo," officers in the household of the Christian Princess Constantia, daughter of the Emperor Constantine, and here also, in their own house, were they beheaded privately so that the example of their well-known fortitude might not incite others to rebellion. Hence the inscription on the spot hallowed by their execution: "Locus martyrii SS. Joannis et Pauli in ædibus propriis." The church, with its arcaded apse and lofty campanile, was built by Panunachus, the friend of St. Jerome, on the site of the martyred brothers' house. The portico, with its ancient granite columns, was erected in 1158 by the English Pope Nicholas Breakspear, and the interior, which is in the basilica form, can boast of a magnificent opus-alexandrinum pavement. The bodies of St. John and St. Paul rest in a porphyry urn underneath the high altar, and on the anniversary of their death the iron railing round their place of execution is wreathed and laden with masses of roses. Yellow and crimson, faintly pink and creamy white, they form a glowing bank of color on the steps of the sanctuary, they deck each altar, and their perfume fills the air. On this day the old Roman chambers underneath the church are illuminated and thrown open to the public. Here the excavations of 1887 have brought to light fifteen rooms with half-effaced frescoes on their ancient walls; peacocks, wild beasts, sea horses, etc., as well as several scenes from the



IN THE CITY TO CELEBRATE A FESTA.

Passion. These are the earliest instance of Christian frescoes found outside the catacombs.

On the 29th of June, when "the month of roses" is almost at an end, the mighty basilica which rises over the tomb of the Fisherman of Galilee is crowded with worshippers and echoes to the strains of melodious music.

It is the feast of the Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, and from far and near, from Albano and from Tivoli, from the shady groves of Frascati and the steep, cobble-paved streets of Rocca di Papa, men, women, and children have assembled in the Eternal City to celebrate this joyful day. The picturesqueness and general impressiveness of the scene baffles description. Roman princesses, and "contadini" from the Campagna, the latter in their gaily-colored costumes, kneel side

by side before the eighty-six lamps which gleam like jewels round the "confession of St. Peter." The scarlet cassocks of the German College students, the future sons of St. Ignatius, form a glowing contrast to the sombre purple of the ermine-caped "monsignori," the black cowl of the Benedictine, and the sober brown of the Franciscan's habit. A red-robed cardinal with a keen, intellectual face and stately presence passes in procession through the surging crowd, and the thrilling, soul-haunting refrain of "Felix Roma" rises and falls in waves of harmony upon the incense-laden air.

THE EARTH AND MAN.

BY ALBERT REYNAUD.



OLL thou great globe, hung high in ether space,
Prismatic with all colors of the sun;
Speed on thy hast'ning, seeming endless race,
Circling, revolving ever—never done.

To me, a pigmy clinging to thy sphere,
Same lights and shadows also come and go;
Like thee a-coursing, spinning to and fro,
The same horizons daily reappear.
Greater thy cycle and thy range more great:
But limit marks the bounds of both our state.
Ah! there beyond thy most exceeding view,
Beyond th' ultimate stretch thou travellest to,
Farther than all thy wide peripheries,
My weak glance flashes, and the atom sees
A higher world, a purpose, and a goal;
Within me sound the travails of a soul—
And at a bound, O Giant, greater I
Lisping the words: God and Eternity.

June 21, 1901.



HARNACK'S "WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY?"

*(Das Wesen des Christenthums.)**

BY REV. THOMAS L. HEALY, C.S.P.



HE extraordinarily high reputation which the author of this work enjoys in the university and teaching worlds warrants our devoting some space to a brief sketch of his life, work, and methods.

Harnack was born May 7, 1851, in Dorpat, Baltic Provinces. In 1869 he began his theological studies in the university of his native town, where his father, Theodosius Harnack, was professor of practical theology. He left Dorpat in 1872, to go to Leipzig, where, after obtaining the degrees of licentiate in theology, and doctor in philosophy, he began a course of lectures on subjects connected with Church History. He was appointed assistant professor here in 1876. This position he kept for three years, and since then has held professorships at Giessen (1879-1886), Marbourg (1886-1889), and finally Berlin (1889), where at present he fills the chair of church history,—the most popular professor in the most numerous attended university in the world. Harnack is also Rector of the Berlin University. Being only fifty years of age, he is still a comparatively young man. In his twenty-nine years of professorship he has done monumental and magisterial work. A great portion of his works he has published in conjunction with other professors or with students. Among these works may be mentioned : *Texts and Studies on Early Christian Literature*, which he began while at Giessen and which remains to-day one of the most valuable collections of documents we possess on early Christian literature. Harnack is also the editor and chief contributor to the famous edition of the Greek Fathers now in course of preparation under the auspices of the Berlin Royal Academy. Finally, there is the classical work on the History

* *Das Wesen des Christenthums*. Sechzehn Vorlesungen vor Studierenden aller Facultäten im Wintersemester, 1899-1900, an der Universität Berlin gehalten, von Adolf Harnack. Dritte Auflage. Leipzig : J. C. Hinrichs'sche Buchhandlung, 1900. — *What is Christianity?* Sixteen Lectures delivered in the University of Berlin, during the Winter Term of 1899-1900, by Adolf Harnack. Translated by Thomas Bailey Saunders. London : Williams & Norgate ; New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1901.

of Dogma, in three volumes, which up to the present has held the first place among all modern historico-theological productions.

Apart from his personal genius, Harnack's principal source of success is his magnetic power over his students. Twice a week he meets his students outside of regular class work: in the seminar at the university, and at his home, where he weekly extends to them the hospitality of his cheerful fireside or pleasant gardens. There his students gather about him, under most favorable and inviting circumstances, to learn something of his methods, to receive suggestions and problems for investigation, to obtain direction and help for present work, and to imbibe some of his wonderful spirit for genuine, hard-earned, and disinterested learning. It is thus that Harnack has deserved to enjoy and command the admiration and devotion of the largest and most enthusiastic coterie of disciples and pupils that has followed after any teacher of modern times.

Harnack belongs to that school or class of thinkers and writers known to-day as Ritschlians, although Harnack has long since discarded many of Ritschl's peculiarities. Briefly, Ritschlianism with Harnack stands for—(1) Thorough freedom in the study of the New Testament and Church History; (2) Distrust of speculative theology; (3) A profound interest in practical Christianity as a religious life and not as a system of knowledge. A few words on the development of this tendency in the study of dogma will bring us to the consideration of the exact subject of this paper.

HARNACK'S METHOD.

Without doubt Harnack is the greatest living exponent of of the so-called "historical" treatment of dogma. Thus, in the book before us, when he asks the question, "What is Christianity?" he adds: "It is solely in its historical sense that we shall try to answer this question; that is to say, we shall employ the methods of historical science and the experience of life gained by studying the actual course of history."* His theme, therefore, in the present work, is purely historical, and its apology rests on the contention that "a right and full estimate of the Christian religion is obtained only by a comprehensive induction that shall cover all the facts of history."† The root-principle of this method, when applied to the specific study of dogma, is that dogmatic definitions, humanly speaking, are historical facts caused or rather occasioned by intellectual

* *What is Christianity?* page 6.

† *Ibid.*, page 11.

activities, or, in other words, the product of a certain species of current and predominant thought, Greek or Latin as the case may be.

The reasons which Harnack adduces for rejecting other methods we do not now examine, and as for the recommendations of the historical method, we simply call attention to the pertinent facts that it is quite in accord with modern thought, and that it is especially suited to give a deeper and truer insight into the formation and actual significance of theology.

True, the historical school has forced some Catholic theologians to abandon more than one traditional position; but surely the discovery of truth will be universally recognized as a blessing. We might delay long enough to insist that in view of the work already done by this school some sort of theory of doctrinal development becomes absolutely indispensable—a condition which inclines many to favor the notion that Newman is the first in a new series of Church Doctors, and that his *Essay on Development* will yet rank beside the *Contra Gentiles* of Saint Thomas.* No doubt in pursuing the historical method there are the obvious dangers† of losing sight of the divine element in the formation and protection of Christian dogma, of giving science precedence over faith, and of regarding human reason and human causes as the natural and only efficient forces at work in the church's development. But when this danger is guarded against by sufficient precautions, there is no reason why the historical method may not be employed and with good results, in place of, or at least alongside of, the traditional and inadequate system of theological studies sometimes employed in our Catholic seminaries.‡

That Harnack himself has pursued this method with results that are universally satisfactory we do not pretend, nor would we foster the delusion of expecting too much from him. When his *Chronologie* appeared a great furore greeted its publication because it was reputed to be "traditionalistic," a "reaction

* See *The Weekly Register*, (London) 15 Feb., 1901, p. 196; "Cardinal Newman," by Wilfrid Ward. *The London Tablet*, 27 April, 1901; "Development and its Latest Critic," by the Very Rev. H. I. D. Ryder, p. 644. *The Month* (London), Aug. and Sept., 1900; "The Mind of the Church," by Rev. G. Tyrrell, S.J. The above-mentioned writers indicate that Newman's theory is one which it would be very imprudent to condemn as unorthodox, *pace* Mr. J. Herbert Williams in the *Dublin Review*, April, 1901.

† *Zeitschrift für katholische Theologie*. Bd. xxv., H. 2, S. 269.

‡ *Revue du Clergé Français*, 15 Avril, 1901, M. l'Abbé Vacant: L'enseignement de la Théologie dans nos Séminaires, par J. Bricout. *Ibid.*, 1 et 15 Février, 1901, S. G. Mgr Mignot, Archev. d'Albi: Sur l'histoire. — *London Tablet*, April 6, 1901, art. by Fr. Cuthbert, O.S.F.C.: Non-Catholic Witnesses to the Faith.

against the school of Strauss, et al." But this enthusiasm was ill-timed, for closer study revealed the fact that although Harnack did save much to us it was not without some cost; thus, he may have saved a date, but at the expense of authenticity, or for a pseudonym he gave us an anonym. Nevertheless, it must be conceded that we have much to learn from him, and have reaped no small profit from his labors. It is a remarkable fact that in his *History of Dogma** there is the ablest and best summing up of facts that can be found anywhere to prove the existence of Papal Supremacy previous to the fourth century. A valuable testimony† is cited there which we venture to say had never before been used even in Catholic text-books. Of course Harnack does not admit the right of Papal Supremacy; history may show the fact, but the fact sprang, he believes, not from a right but from a usurpation. Our position is clear: let us accompany him as far as he gives us facts; the rights we can easily enough prove, and not unfrequently by the same method.

To come now to our immediate task, we first submit a brief synopsis of his recent work, with the warning that the outline gives only the faintest conception of the merit and importance of the book, which must be read in its entirety in order to be properly appreciated.

SYNOPSIS.

The aim of the book is to return a critico-historical answer to the question, "What is Christianity?" to lay bare in the light of historical study and research the real essence of Christ's teaching. The exposition naturally falls into two main divisions: 1, The Gospel in the Gospel: 2, The Gospel in History.

1. THE GOSPEL IN THE GOSPEL.

Here Harnack studies what he calls the Message of Jesus, or His Gospel, and endeavors to disclose what he conceives to be its main features. What is fundamental and essential may be grouped under our Lord's utterances on—(1) The Kingdom of God and its coming; (2) God the Father and the infinite value of the human soul; and (3) "The Higher Righteousness" and the law of love.

The kingdom of God is something purely supernatural, a

* *Lehrbuch der Dogmengeschichte*; Excurs zum 2 und 3 Kapitel: Katholisch und Römisch, Bd. i., S. 400.

† The Epistle of Eusebius of Dorylæum to Pope Leo I., quoted in a footnote at end of chapter just referred to.

gift from above; it is the interior, spiritual union of the soul of man with the living God—"the kingdom of God is within you,"—and its coming is principally through the forgiveness of sin. The two-fold idea of the fatherhood of God and infinite value of the human soul expresses Christ's message in its clearest and best light—indeed, to it the whole Gospel ultimately may be reduced. Finally, in the love of God and observance of His commandments, and in the love of our neighbor, our Lord has completely and characteristically summed up all true practical religion, and therefore true practical Christianity. After epitomizing the Gospel-content in this fashion, Harnack then discusses the bearing of the Gospel on particular problems. Six chapters are taken up, as follows: (1) The Gospel and the world, or the question of Asceticism; (2) The Gospel and the poor, or the Social question; (3) The Gospel and law, or the question of Public Order; (4) The Gospel and work, or the question of Civilization; (5) The Gospel and the Son of God, or the Christological question; and (6) The Gospel and doctrine, or the question of Creed. The first of these chapters we may say, *en passant*, contains a totally incorrect statement of Catholic doctrine, and displays a deceptive and autocratic interpretation of Scripture texts and arguments. The second, third, and fourth chapters are admirable treatises on their respective subjects, giving concise and aptly worded responses to the questions implied. In the fifth chapter Harnack interprets the two Gospel names of our Lord: "The Son of Man," or Messiah, and "The Son of God." His interpretation of the latter, it is important to notice. Christ is the Son of God, he admits, but his sonship is only a sonship through knowledge of the Father, a sonship to which all Christians are called, though not in the supereminent degree in which Christ enjoys it. The sixth chapter presents a thesis which we shall discuss later: viz., the religion of the Gospel is an experience, and not a religion of doctrine.

II. THE GOSPEL IN HISTORY.

In the second main division Harnack treats of the Gospel in History, in five chapters, as follows: The Christian Religion (1) in the Apostolic Age; (2) in its Development into Catholicism; (3) in Greek Catholicism; (4) in Roman Catholicism; and (5) in Protestantism. The characteristics of Christianity in the Apostolic Age were, first, the recognition of Jesus as the risen Lord; second, the belief in religion as an *actual experience* and

involving the consciousness of a living union with God; and third, the leading of a holy life in purity and brotherly fellowship, and the expectation of Christ's return in the near future. By the year 200 A. D. this primitive Christian body had given way to a great ecclesiastical and political community; in other words, to "Catholicism." This was brought about by the disappearance of the original enthusiasm and freedom, by the introduction of the spirit and civilization of the Græco-Roman world, and by the struggle with Gnosticism. The prominent features of Greek Catholicism are *Traditionalism*, *intellectualism* (which means "orthodoxy" and intolerance), *ritualism*, and lastly, the counteracting influence of *monasticism*. Roman Catholicism—which means "*Catholicism*," the *Latin Spirit* and *Roman World-Empire*, and *Augustinianism*—is a total "perversion of the Gospel idea," at least as far as it claims a foundation for an outward and visible church of divine dignity; but, thanks to its Augustinianism, "it still possesses in its orders of monkhood and in its religious societies a deep element of life in its midst." In Protestantism, which was a Reformation, and at the same time a Revolution, religion was again reduced to its essential factors,—to the word of God and to faith. By emphasizing "inwardness and spirituality, the fundamental thought of the God of grace, his worship in spirit and truth, and the idea of the church as a community of faith," the Gospel was in reality re-won.* Consequently Protestantism, when freed from intruding and discordant Catholicizing tendencies, is the evangelical Christianity.

COMMENT.

It would require a work many times the size of the original to treat properly and completely all the points that it brings up for discussion. Ever since the book appeared in German, foreign magazines and papers† in England, France, and Germany have been reviewing it and criticising it on particular points. For our own present purpose, instead of following this plan we prefer to take up and discuss two ideas which the reader notices running through the entire book rather than confined to any special chapter, which are in the spirit more

* Nevertheless Protestantism, he admits, destroyed the unity of Western civilization; for the ecclesiastical state which it displaced it gave birth to a state church, its doctrine of justification by faith alone was followed by a general laxity of morals, and finally, it has after all followed pretty closely in the steps of the Catholic Church by its "systems of doctrine."

† Worthy of mention among these are: *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* (Jan. 1 et seq.), *Revue du Clergé Français* (15 Avril, 1901), *Revue Bénédictine* (Oct., 1900), *Weekly Register* (London), March 29, 1901.

than in the text, which may be read between the lines, and therefore are more necessary to be considered because less open and explicit. These ideas are, first: the denial that Christianity is a religion of doctrine; and secondly, the denial that it is an external religion.

Before proceeding further, we must recognize and praise the strong and warm religious sentiment which Harnack displays almost constantly. If he is sometimes irreverent when speaking of Catholic worship and ceremonies, it is because he is convinced that they are corruptions of pure and primitive Christianity. *As far as his faith goes*, he is profoundly reverent. The work too, as a whole, bears the stamp of the author's genius, inasmuch as he has succeeded in condensing into less than two hundred pages in the German text a complete, compact, and concise summary which faithfully represents the thought and labor and study of nearly thirty years on the subjects treated. The greater part of the book, however, is far from being new matter; one will find all that he says on Asceticism in his brochure on "Monasticism," the chapters on Christology and the whole of the second half of the book are reproductions from his History of Dogma, while his analysis of Christ's teaching will be found to a great extent in his course of lectures on the "Our Father." Nevertheless the book is an original contribution, on account of having utilized all these various results of study in answering, or at least throwing great light on the central question, What is Christianity?

I. CHRISTIANITY NOT A RELIGION OF DOCTRINE.

Harnack assumes the absolute alienation of theology, speculative theology, that is, from practical Christian morality—rather a common position nowadays.

From among leaders of theological thought in this century we select two with whose words we may compare Harnack's: the first for the sake of likeness, the second for the sake of contrast. Some years ago Channing wrote: "Love of Jesus Christ depends very little on our conception of his rank in the scale of being. On no other topic have Christians contended so earnestly, and yet it is of secondary importance. To know Jesus Christ is not to know the precise place he occupies in the universe; it is something more; it is to look into his mind, it is to approach his soul, to comprehend his spirit, . . . etc."* The key to the situation in Channing's case is that in-

* Quoted by Liddon: *The Divinity of our Lord*, 14th ed., page 38.

difference to the exact expression of our Lord's Divinity arises from a pre-established conviction of its falsehood. And what the Divinity of Christ was to the Unitarian Channing, that the whole scheme of Catholic dogma is to the Ritschlian Harnack. We shall not insist on this argument; but conceding a point, and attributing Harnack's objection rather to a deep and keen sense of the liberty in Christ Jesus which St. Paul speaks of, we shall then compare his position with that of Cardinal Newman. In 1833, Newman wrote that it was his belief that "freedom from symbols and articles is *abstractedly* the highest state of Christian communion, and the peculiar privilege of the primitive church."* Assuming that Newman's principle is likewise the moving spirit of Harnack's argument, we may regard his book as a plea for the "freedom wherewith Christ has made us free" (Gal iv. 31), and his statement of the case to be this: freedom was characteristic of primitive Christianity, it has been lost to later ages through a dogmatizing tendency, it will continue lost so long as this tendency remains, but it may be regained by those who rid themselves of this yoke, which makes their state a state of serfdom. The following passage expresses most forcibly Harnack's appreciation of "enslaved and fettered" Christianity: "The living faith seems to be transformed into a creed to be believed, devotion to Christ into Christology, the ardent hope for a future life into a doctrine of immortality and deification, the ministers of the Spirit into clerics, the brothers into laymen in a state of tutelage, miracles and miraculous cures are priestly devices, . . . the 'spirit' becomes law and compulsion."† The strain is pessimistic. Harnack has brought himself to look on all dogmatizing as totally perverse; he firmly believes that the speculative theology of the Catholic Church is the work of an intolerable, secularizing element, her discipline a tyrannizing temporal code, and her Supreme head, the Pope, purely and simply "Cæsar redivivus." Little wonder is there, then, that he regards "creeds" as abominations, and goes to extreme lengths in condemning the theology of the Catholic Church as a yoke weighing down her members and preventing them from enjoying the freedom of the Gospel.

Cardinal Newman's view-point is ever so different. He realized, indeed, that "technicality and formalism are in their degree inevitable results of public confessions of faith," but at

* *The Arians of the Fourth Century*, chap. i. page 36. New edition. London, 1891.

† *What is Christianity?* page 193.

the same time he saw that what was after all a hazardous ideal must yield to urgent and imperative necessity. Unwillingly this conviction was forced on the leaders of the Early Church; "they were loth to confess that the church had grown too old to enjoy the free, unsuspicious teaching with which her childhood was blest."* Can Harnack guarantee the innocence and immunities of this childhood to an age which has grown already too wise with the wisdom of the world? Furthermore, under present conditions this theory of "liberty" is philosophically and psychologically unsound. There is an ordinary restlessness of the human intellect, an irrepressible demand for fixity of knowledge, a mental inquisitiveness, and a natural tendency to exact expression, which demand formal statement of truths in religion, as well as in any other sphere, even though this demand be the manifestation of a weakness. Moreover unity of belief requires creed-formulæ. A Pantheist will admit that there is a God, and a Unitarian can say that Christ is God, provided they are allowed to say so without explanation; but are they really one in faith with the Catholic who believes in the Divinity of Christ? Harnack himself believes that Christ is the Son of God, yet he denies his divinity. The paradox disappears when he explains his terms.

It is a matter of history that it was such differences as these, only on a greater scale and accentuated a thousand times more strongly by reason of impending dangers, that wrung dogmatic definitions from the church. The church has always realized the fact and the value of the liberty of the Gospel, but she has always known as well that liberty never means license; hence she has drawn the line by the formulation of creeds. They are the price she pays for unity. Nevertheless they have not proved to be hindrances to the full enjoyment of the Gospel freedom. Nor has the devotion to speculative theology, however metaphysical and abstract, which marks the development of every dogma ever stunted religious growth. Harnack thinks it remarkable that such men as Clement, Tertullian, and Origen, types of the "doctrine, or creed Christians" of their times, should still find peace and joy in the Gospel! There is no reason whatever for surprise. In every age of the church those who have been chiefly instrumental in framing and systematizing Catholic doctrine and theology, have been the church's brightest lights, morally and devotionally as well as intellectually. Witness Athanasius, Leo,

* *The Arians of the Fourth Century*, chap. i. page 37.

Augustine, Anselm, Bonaventure, Thomas of Aquin, and a host of others. Nor is the story different for the body of the faithful, who would never know the burdensomeness of dogma but for the testimony of unbelievers who stand by and picture for them the horrors of religious and doctrinal serfdom!

All this time we are conscious of a two-fold evil in connection with that use, or rather abuse of dogma, which Harnack's words call to mind and warn us against. That at times an undesirable element has manifested itself in the church distorting the genuine Catholic sense of dogma, and even endeavoring to inflict an unauthorized dogmatism on the faithful, we do not deny. This element would destroy every vestige of real Christian independence by an absolutistic intellectual monarchism, it would devitalize the soul of true religious life, it would pervert teaching power into a mill for grinding out formulæ, and thus realize that condition which Harnack complains of, which makes religion first and foremost a system of doctrine and creeds. Despite Harnack's misgivings, it is certain that such a tendency never has and never will dominate the sentiment of the universal church, for these dogmatizers after all have been a minority, and will never be more, and their spirit is one for which honest and healthy Catholicism is not responsible, and much less does it tolerate it.

And if there are Catholics who seek in the multiplication of creeds the satisfaction of an abnormal craving, this comes not from sound Catholic instinct but from a mistaken notion of the true spirit of the church's authority. Resting in the knowledge of the church's infallibility, they thrive and grow fat on it, substituting the "*vim inertię*" for the manly exercise of individuality and personal activity. In a word, they are parasites living at the expense of the church's organism, without any real growth of their own. But the very fact that such Catholics deserve the epithet of parasites is proof that they do not represent the normal condition of the Catholic body. No; dogmatism, in the bad sense of the word, and parasitism are neither approved nor sane forms of Catholicity, however difficult it may be to realize the golden mean between the exercise of the church's certain and undisputed authority, and the enjoyment of the no less certain and undisputed liberty of the individual.

EXTERNALISM.

The counterpart of dogmatism is externalism; at least this is Harnack's appreciation of the development of Christianity

into the two forms of Catholicism, Roman and Greek. Briefly, his position is this: As dogma has superseded living faith, so external forms and ceremonies have been identified with true worship. The elaboration of *forms* of common life and common public worship was inevitable, once Christianity began to spread. In this very fact, however, there lay hid a secret and deplorable danger, viz., that "the value of that to which the forms ministered, would be insensibly transferred to the forms themselves";* or, as he elsewhere states the same difficulty, they come to be "regarded as though they contained within them the very substance of religion, nay, as though they were themselves that substance."† When he comes to speak of the character of the external religion of Greek Catholicism he is extreme, and we quote him at some length, because what he says of Greek Catholicism on this point differs only in degree from what he says of Roman Catholicism. He writes: "Intercourse with God is achieved through the cult of a mystery, and by means of a hundred efficacious formulas great and small, signs, pictures, and consecrated acts, which if punctiliously observed communicate divine grace and prepare the soul for eternal life. For ninety-nine per cent. of these Christians religion exists only as a ceremonious ritual in which it is externalized. There is no sadder spectacle than this transformation of the Christian worship of God in spirit and truth into a worship of God in signs, formulas, and idols? It was to destroy this sort of religion that Jesus Christ suffered himself to be nailed to the cross, and now we find it re-established under his name and authority."‡ It would seem on reading this passage that his utter contempt for the "traditional, ultra-conservative, and lifeless Orient" had allowed him to take up with the pessimistic fanaticism of a Tolstói. Yet he regards the condition of worship as little better in the West, and thinks that Protestants are to be congratulated that they possess a religion "without priests, without sacrifices, without fragments" of grace, without ceremonies—a spiritual religion!§ The Reformation is to be praised for having been the means of abolishing "all traditional worship, with its pomp, its holy and semi-holy articles, its gestures and processions, and finally all sacramentalism," and for "declaring that in God's worship, whether private or public, only the Word of God and prayer have any place."

* *What is Christianity?* page 181.

† *Ibid.*, page 238.

‡ *What is Christianity?* page 198.

§ *Ibid.*, page 268.

TRUE EXTERNAL RELIGION.

And so he involves principle and fact in his condemnation of the "externalism" which has enshrouded the Christianity of the Gospel as it is found to-day in Catholicism. The book abounds in insinuating and condemnatory remarks on "ecclesiasticism," "ritualism," and on "statutory" and "particularistic" religion. We have a few words to offer both as to principle and facts. The Catholic religion is an external religion; it must be so if it is to be a true religion. The religious instinct in man can no more remain without interpretation by external expression, than can the immaterial faculties of his soul; unless indeed we suppose every individual to be a self-sufficient, independent unit in the order of being. Such an isolation is nothing short of fatal to the perfection of man's nature; even more fatal in the supernatural order is the notion of a purely internal religion. As a recent writer* has cleverly and forcibly developed the idea: "Purely internal religion is contrary to the meaning of the Incarnation, to the purport and method of Christ's ministry on earth, and to his intention of perpetuating that ministry." Just as surely, then, as man is composed of body as well as soul, so his religion, if natural and practicable, must be exterior as well as interior, visible as well as invisible. When, therefore, the Catholic religion is external as well as internal, it is so because such a condition is necessary and natural. This is its best vindication. A purely philosophical or spiritual religion is unnatural and certain of failure.

The Catholic religion, as far as it is external, manifests this character by holding out help to her members. These helps, summarily, are of two kinds, helps of the intellect and helps of the will. The former she supplies through her infallible teaching, the latter through her sacramental system. We have spoken already of the first kind of help, it remains to say something of the second.

The fundamental idea of all external religion is that what is external is for the sake of the internal. The purpose and proper effect of the sacraments, therefore, is not only to confer grace but to stimulate us to greater and greater activity in the spiritual life—an idea well brought out by Father Tyrrell. Far from hiding the spirit of Christ and his Gospel, as Harnack would suppose, the sacraments should open up a

* Rev. G. Tyrrell, S.J.: *External Religion, its Use and Abuse.*

broader view of this very Gospel, should give us a keener insight into things spiritual, and should generate a more profound desire for perfect imitation of Christ. This, and only this, is the right view of the external religion of the Catholic Church as far as the sacraments represent its external character. Substantially the same ideas hold good for those other means intended to serve the same end as the sacraments, at least ultimately if not immediately and directly. It has been charged sometimes, particularly in recent years, that abuses have sprung up through the ill-regulated and indiscreet use of multitudinous devotions, societies, medals, sacred objects and the like, which actually contravene the end for which they were instituted.

Yet these abuses are utterly distasteful to all who have the welfare of true Catholic devotion at heart. In fact, the tendency in question has been censured by the distinguished author quoted above, who sharply rebukes "the ready dupes of any one who pretends to have found out some trouble-saving method of salvation"; and blames those who "clutch eagerly at a miraculous medal, a girdle, an infallible prayer, a scapular, a novena, a pledge, a vow—all helps in their way, all excellent if used rightly"—but if wrongly, "then no longer helps, but most hurtful superstitions."* That his sentiment is a general one has been demonstrated by the welcome his words have received in England, America, France, and Italy.

After all, we must be honest in matters of this kind. In fact our only hope of satisfactorily meeting the objections of outsiders is to distinguish between the rightful use of external helps and their wrongful abuse, so that whatever odium attaches to the latter shall not injure in any way the name of genuine Catholic devotion. This is the only answer we can give, for instance, to some of Harnack's exaggerated statements about "externalized religion." What he is attacking is not true external Catholicism.

From what we have said regarding both "dogmatism" and "externalism," in Harnack's use of the terms, it is clear that when fundamental principles are examined, the terms do not apply to Catholic Christianity; abuses may deserve them, but once more, abuses should never form the basis of a comparison such as Harnack has instituted in answering the question, **What is Christianity?**

* *External Religion*, page 89.

CONCLUSION.

In conclusion we have a word to offer concerning the merit of the whole book as appreciated by Catholic and Protestant writers. The former have seen clearly enough that Harnack's Christianity has very little substance. It is a Christianity without the Incarnation, without a Church, without Sacraments, without any real indication that it is a religion for "the whole man." Among Protestant reviewers, on the contrary, there has been a good deal of over-eager and enthusiastic praise. These men vie with one another in their blind admiration of whatever Harnack does, fancying that he is the assured destroyer of Catholicism. To tell the truth, the situation at present is this: while these Protestant writers and leaders are uncontrolled in their rejoicings over the scene of the Catholic Church and her whole system being swept away and swamped in an imaginary flood, they themselves are unmindful or ignorant of the silent waters that are actually washing away the sands from beneath their own feet.





1. Sedgwick: *Life of Father Hecker*; 2. R. M. Johnston: *Autobiography*; 3. Scully: *Life of Thomas à Kempis*; 4. Perry: *Life of St. Louis*; 5. Lagerlöf: *From a Swedish Household*; 6. Wiggin: *Penelope's Irish Experiences*; 7. Garland: *Her Mountain Lover*; 8. Inglesant: *The Romance of a Vocation*; 9. Gigot: *Biblical Lectures*; 10. Moulton: *Literature of the Bible*; 11. Abbott: *Life and Literature of Ancient Hebrews*; 12. Vaughan: *Faith and Folly*; 13. Gordon: *The New Epoch for Faith*; 14. Haeckel: *Riddle of the Universe*; 15. Monteiro: *Catholicism in Science and Art*; 16. — *Ecumenical Missionary Conference*.

1.—One of the most interesting of recent publications is a dainty little biography* of Father Hecker, by Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr. The writer named will be remembered by many as the author of rather a remarkable article in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1899, which showed an unusually keen perception of the essential character of the great Catholic World-Church. The volume before us gives new evidence of Mr. Sedgwick's true and sympathetic judgment of things Catholic. As to the facts narrated, the book is in the main a *résumé* of Father Elliott's exhaustive biography; still, it is something more than a slavish reproduction of a story already well told. Clearly enough, the author is giving out to his readers impressions gathered from a careful study of Father Hecker's career. His words, therefore, possess the value of an independent and impartial criticism.

One is tempted to moralize over this little volume—far more significant than the chance reader will suspect. Its appearance at this moment indicates that finally Father Hecker is coming into his own; that he yet speaketh to this generation; that, like Cardinal Newman and St. Ignatius, he has been less honored by the age in which he lived than he is to be by that which he foresaw and prepared for. Mr. Sedgwick's

* *Father Hecker*. By Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr. (The Beacon Biographies, edited by M. A. De Wolf Howe.) Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

judgment is probably no bad sign of the way in which the story of Isaac Hecker's life affects the average American non-Catholic. For that which Father Hecker always claimed to be true of the church is true in great measure of himself; he needs only to be known in order to be accorded an admiring welcome by the representatives of what is best in contemporary civilization. The one fatality which could have arrested the success of his mission was inattention. For the first few years after his death it did, indeed, seem as though there were but little chance of his ever obtaining that world-wide publicity which was a condition necessary to the realization of his dreams. Yet that condition is now perfectly fulfilled. By an unlooked-for combination of strange circumstances, the last few years have seen the character of Isaac Hecker and the principles for which he stood become an object of interested study to very nearly the whole civilized world. He is known and revered to-day as never before—in fact, to an extent that hardly seemed possible before. What is infinitely more desirable, he is now universally recognized as the exponent of the truths he loved best. At present we find Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Italians, Catholics and non-Catholics, Jesuits, Franciscans, and Dominicans, vying with one another in defence of principles for which Father Hecker's name has become almost a synonyme. Curiously enough, too, the very trial that would have been bitterest to the soul of this fervent priest and loyal Catholic—the imputation of heterodoxy—has served in the mysterious designs of Providence to bring him to the notice of the people he most desired to influence. It is their demand for more intimate acquaintance with him which has now been met by a non-Catholic writer and a secular publishing house; and Father Hecker's biography has been inserted by a competent and disinterested judge among "the lives of those Americans whose personalities have impressed themselves most deeply on the character and history of their country" (Editor's Notice).

2.—*The Autobiography of Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston* *—how he got the title of colonel does not appear, as he was strictly non-combatant during the Civil War—is a slender volume now running through its second edition, from the press of the Neal Company, Washington. Considerably less than one-half of the volume is autobiographical. The remainder is

* *The Autobiography of Richard Malcolm Johnston*. Washington: The Neal Company.

reminiscent of lifelong friends, chiefly Toombs and Stephens. This is disappointing to a lover of Colonel Johnston, for what he tells of the two famous public men has small bearing upon his own career. Towards the end of the book, however, is a self-confession so true to Colonel Johnston's personality that it compensates for the mass of irrelevant matter: "Several times Stephens had long, dangerous spells of sickness, and not unfrequently suspected that he was near his end. During these seasons I went, at his pathetic request, to Washington at night, returning in time for my school next morning." The school was at Baltimore. Later Colonel Johnston made this journey daily to fulfil his duties in the Department of Education. "Sometimes," he says, cheerfully adding, "but only during the summer months, I have felt right heavily pressing the daily eighty miles travel between Washington and Baltimore." Those who caught glimpses of his tall, spare form, bowed with age, in the streets of Washington at this time, wondered how he ever could have borne it at all, especially under the stress of school duties coupled with night-watches at the bedside of his friend. This gracious, beautiful spirit of self-abnegation, which was lovingly recognized by his literary compeers, his distinguished friends, his home people, his business associates, his casual acquaintances, manifests itself in his autobiography, here as elsewhere made doubly delightful by his own absolute unconsciousness of it. A good example is his account of his conversion, a subject we would much have rejoiced to find discussed at length. Being a sincere lover of his fellow-men, he had a true genius for education; and as he looked to school-teaching for his livelihood during his early married life, he inaugurated humane, character-building methods—at the place and time revolutionary—which a subsequent generation has seen established throughout the English-speaking world. The calamities of the Reconstruction period compelled him to remove his school from Georgia to Baltimore. "The school prospered as before," he says, "and lost none of its good name. Thus it was when an important change occurred. This was my conversion to the faith of the Roman Catholic Church. This, as I foresaw that it must, caused the boarding department to dwindle. Although the matter had been revolved in the minds of my wife and myself during a considerable time, it was known to few outside of the family, and when the change became public it occasioned much surprise, and indeed many regrets, among our friends and acquaintances.

I continued the school with annual lessening attendance for two or three years, then, declining to receive the few boarding pupils who offered, I opened and kept a small day-school in Baltimore. This I gave up in a short time and taught a few pupils in private." Such is the whole of his story, as heroically simple as the fact itself was heroic. The sacrifice had its almost immediate temporal compensation in the discovery and development—marvellous at his advanced age—of a talent for literary composition which has made the author of the *Dukesborough Tales* a well beloved benefactor of all who prize the masterpieces of English literature. The merit of his work is that he has put himself in literature. And he will be worth knowing and reading and loving and reverencing and remembering as long as the human heart will quicken at the artless self-portrayal of a noble, childlike man.

3.—Any man who writes a biography of Thomas à Kempis* starts with the assured advantage of having a host of readers. There is scarcely any one but will seize upon it with avidity. But, unfortunately, one must also open such a volume with a foreboding of disappointment. We are pretty well settled in the unwelcome conviction that little can be known about À Kempis personally. When we have read the short account of his life as given by Charles Butler in the preface to Challoner's translation of the "Following," we have practically all we can know about the saintly writer of "the greatest book that ever came from the hand of man." Still, there is reason for a book like the present, for we may by its means come to understand better the sort of life À Kempis led, and who and of what sort were his brothers in religion, his friends and his contemporaries, and with these data we can perhaps form a little better acquaintance with himself. It is this only that Father Scully has enabled us to do, for he has rather edited the biographies of Thomas's companions, as written chiefly by the venerable chronicler of the monastery of Windesheim, than given us any new facts concerning him whom the biography purports to concern. Those who are willing to follow this somewhat round-about course to an acquaintance with À Kempis will be well satisfied and pleased with the volume in hand.

4.—The writer of the new biography of St. Louis of France †

* *Life of the Venerable Thomas à Kempis.* By Dom Vincent Scully. London: R. & T. Washbourne.

† *St. Louis.* By Frederick Perry, M.A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

does full justice to the life and influence of that great and holy monarch. The historical treatment is full and clear; the style notably attractive; the appreciation of the subject thorough; the estimate of character honest and discriminating, even in the case of those traits and dispositions the spiritual significance of which appeals little to a non-Catholic historian.

Among the things to be complained of—for there are some—is the stiff, unsympathetic tone which characterizes the author's treatment of the pope and of things Catholic, subjects frequently mentioned. No one denies that there was at that time, as there always has been, a human side to the church's life, but an undue emphasis of this fact, together with an undue suppression of the fact of the spiritual element of her existence, misrepresents the truth about her, and is unfair and uncandid in any author.

5.—We have sometimes been disposed to maintain—but never so much as after reading these stories*—that the lack of a sense of reverence often makes a botch of what might have been a work of art. For if ever there was an illustration of that fact, it is here, in this work of Selma Lagerlöf. Especially in the stories founded upon sacred legends there is a woefully evident absence of all instinct of religious propriety. And the pity is, that with the touch of the artist's hand what is now grossly offensive might have been delightfully simple and naïve. Perhaps, however, the blame belongs to the translator rather than to the author. We imagine so, and the reason for it is this: frequently, in the stories to which we take exception, we find an expression, repellent as it stands in bald English, which none the less suggests a thought or a fancy that might be beautiful if transformed by a writer with the requisite delicacy of touch.

Still, we are somewhat doubtful that the distressing ignorance and coarseness of expression so often visible in this volume could be so easily remedied. We regret this serious defect, for a part of the work, notably the first story, bears witness to a remarkable imaginative skill on the part of the author.

6.—The first two volumes of *Penelope's Experiences* have been well received by the reading public. The third,† fittingly bound

* *From a Swedish Household.* By Selma Lagerlöf. Translated by Jessie Brochner. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

† *Penelope's Irish Experiences.* By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

in green and ornamented with shamrocks, bids fair to meet with like success. The same fun-loving trio whom we met in England and Scotland continue their travels to Ireland, where full play is allowed to their tendency toward merry-making. In these chapters the narrative is mostly concerned with travel. Whether describing places and persons, or narrating beautiful Irish legends or events in Irish history, Penelope always preserves her charming style. Not the least entertaining part of the volume is a sprightly little romance in which the heroine Salemnia is taken captive by the charms of an Irish lover. The author has entered thoroughly into the spirit of the country, and consequently her Irishman is not the caricature we too often meet with in our reading. There are several passages which should be read and pondered by all persons suffering from anti-Hibernianism. One of these is so suggestive that we cannot refrain from quoting it. Telling of a Protestant clergyman who accompanied the travellers for a part of the way, and who was making observations for a volume on *The Relations between Priests and Pauperism*, Penelope makes this comment: "It seems, at first thought, as if the circular coupon system was ill-fitted to furnish him with corroborative detail; but inasmuch as every traveller finds in a country only, so to speak, what he brings to it, he will gather statistics enough. Those persons who start with a certain bias of mind in one direction seldom notice any facts that would throw out of joint those previously amassed; they instinctively collect the ones that 'match,' all others having a tendency to disturb the harmony of the original scheme." Penelope knows something about that particular variety of the species human which visits a nation on the chance of collecting evidence against it—and invariably collects.

7.—*Her Mountain Lover** is a story confined principally to the adventures of a Colorado cow-boy trying to sell his gold-mine in London. It is unique, rather original, and—as doubtless intended—decidedly a study in the unconventional. Though the probability of the theme may be questioned, there can be no doubt as to its interest. The strongest feature of the book is the sympathetic delineation, born surely of experience, of the hero's love and pathetic longing for his own land of the Rockies—the "high country" of the trails and the cañons. The startling revelations of English society life, as seen from his point of view and presented in his own forcible slang, are

* *Her Mountain Lover*. By Hamlin Garland. New York: The Century Company.

amusing in the extreme. The book, while breezy and interesting, forms one more of the ephemeral type calculated to while away agreeably the tedium of a railway journey or the drowsy hours of a summer day.

8.—The writer of *The Romance of a Vocation** gives evidence of some talent, and yet is not free from certain serious faults. Presumably a new author, Aleydis Inglesant may confidently hope to produce a story of real merit before long at the expense of slow work, careful revision, and docility to able criticism. The present volume is simple and edifying, and inspired with much true sentiment; just for these reasons it demands most careful workmanship. In some instances this requisite is not discoverable. Still, the thoroughly Catholic tone of the book, its encouraging moral, and its well-sustained interest will make it pleasant reading. It shows how firm resolutions, aided by divine grace, will triumph over all obstacles that confront a real vocation.

9.—We note with a good deal of gratification that Father Gigot's published works on Scriptural subjects are growing apace. We have come to look for a valuable volume from his pen at short intervals, and the fact that he does not disappoint us, is proof positive of the range and solidity of his biblical learning, as well as of his tireless activity. This, his latest volume,† is somewhat out of the line of his three former exclusively didactic works. He has popularized a mass of information on the Bible, condensed it into "ten essays on general aspects of the Sacred Scriptures," and published it in excellent form. In his usual clear, scientific manner he has treated of such subjects as "The Dogmatic Teaching of the Bible," "Morality and the Bible," "The Bible a Book of Devotion," "The Inspiration of the Bible," etc. No one ought to read the Bible without having at his elbow some such work as this, and if we were to recommend one, we could name none better than Father Gigot's—in fact, we are of the opinion that there is none like it in scope, in method, or in quality.

Incidentally—inevitably we might say—the author has touched upon most of the popular difficulties connected with the sacred writings, notably in the "Essays on the Historical

* *The Romance of a Vocation*. By Aleydis Inglesant. New York: Benziger Bros.

† *Biblical Lectures*. By the Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S.S. Baltimore: John Murphy Company.

Aspect of the Bible," "Morality and the Bible," and "The Bible and the Miraculous." If there be some of his conclusions that do not bring real satisfaction to the mind, yet his statements are always frank and his treatment unambiguous, and for that by no means too prevalent excellence he is to be thanked. The last essay, "The Bible the Inspired Word of God," taken together with Father Gigot's treatise on "Biblical Inspiration," in the appendix to his "General Introduction," recently published, is the clearest and most satisfying short treatment we have seen on the vexed question of the nature of inspiration and the import of the dogmatic pronouncement of the Council of the Vatican concerning the divine influence in the composition of the Bible.

These lectures, then, must prove immensely helpful to students and to the ordinary reader of the Holy Scriptures. We could hope, too, that they might prove stimulating to other Catholic authors; there is room for a thousand such works on the shelves of Catholic students, now overcrowded with Protestant and infidel treatises.

10.—Moulton's work * represents a strong effort to set forth the Bible as a literature merely, as separate from its theological and devotional characters. Whether or not one is able or willing in his Bible reading to draw this rigid line of demarcation, he will find Professor Moulton's book most illuminating. The author describes the various literary forms in use among the Hebrews and gives analyses of the more complicated books of the Sacred Scriptures. He treats the subject in a popular, often elementary way, keeping free from technical and scientific terms, yet manifesting no lack of accurate knowledge, or scholarly method. His book might well be taken as a groundwork for an extensive literary study of the Bible. The author evidently has had this end in view, for he has supplied in appendices very comprehensive analyses and full suggestions for systematic reading.

11 —Dr. Lyman Abbott's book,† while not containing much that is original, is a good summary of the conclusions of modern scholars respecting important questions of the Old Testament. This summary is well and judiciously written, and

* *A Short Introduction to the Literature of the Bible.* By Richard G. Moulton. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

† *The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews.* By Lyman Abbott. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

will give the reader a clear idea of the entire matter. Where Dr. Abbott gives his own opinion his work is less valuable, for his attitude is distinctly partisan, and he seems inclined to read his own meaning into the words of Scripture. An example of this is the chapter treating of the Mosaic sacrificial system, where Dr. Abbott insists on looking at the whole matter from an entirely modern and Protestant stand-point. The chapter on the code of the Covenant is one of the best things in the book, although one cannot help suspecting that the Jew had no such profound and philosophical conception of law as Dr. Abbott attributes to him. The effort, which is clearly the result of modern thinking, to regard the Old Testament, as a whole, as the story of national progress in religion and government, when once made gives a new and peculiar value to Scripture study as showing God's training and discipline of his people to fit them for their great work. This effort the present work aids a man to make.

Dr. Abbott's book, it is believed, could be read by Catholics with great profit, although, of course, there are many points which we should hardly concede and some where we should be forced frankly to take issue with him. But at all events the book is certain to prove suggestive of new thought and helpful to the readjustment of old conclusions.

12.—Monsignor Vaughan's new book * has been handsomely bound; its alliterative title stimulates curiosity, and its table of contents includes several interesting and timely topics. Still, it attains to but an average grade of excellence. It will not be easy to discover what particular class of reader the author intended to address. For the most part his ideas are very similar to those already in circulation among the Catholic public; and his sharp, unsympathetic tone forbids us to suppose that he wishes to persuade readers who are not of the faith. His style is rather too flowery to be philosophical, and too linguistic for a popular work; he quotes in six languages. Nor are his pages altogether free from solecisms, *e. g.*, "even the narrowest-necked bottles have a certain reputation for eloquence *after their kind*" (*italics by the author*). We submit the following passage for the reader's judgment concerning its accuracy:

"The Pope of the scientific world, Sir I. Newton, had

* *Faith and Folly*. By the Right Rev. Monsignor John S. Vaughan. New York: Benziger Brothers.

fulminated his decree (*i. e.*, the Law of Gravity) and promulgated a new definition *urbi et orbi*, and every head bowed in humble obedience to his decision. Far be it from us to quarrel with such scientific faith—for it is most reasonable. The precise point of our complaint is, that men who believe the laws Gravity (*sic*) on such grounds should deem it unreasonable of us to believe *on exactly parallel and similar grounds* the teaching of Faith regarding the Supreme Being, a world beyond the grave, and the final rendering to each man according to his works" (pp. 112-113; italics by the author).

13.—Contemporary Protestant literature is characterized by the almost complete disappearance of all doctrinal basis, and an impassioned affirmation of humanitarianism. Some writers make a plea for retaining a few of the old terms, not as signifying the old truths, but as cherished souvenirs of the past, or they employ the words and adapt them to a new signification. The volume* of the Reverend Mr. Gordon is of this kind. He sees in the present prevalence of humanitarian sentiments a return to the faith of Jesus Christ. The consciousness of itself to which humanity is awakening is, he says, the realization of the full import of our divine Lord's teaching. To purge the Gospel of all dogmatic meaning, and to reduce all its religious and ethical teaching to the rule of benevolence, might seem to any one who reads it a hopeless undertaking. But this operation may easily be managed if we approach the New Testament with the determination of seeing in it only what suits our views. This is Dr. Robinson's method; and with its help he works out his conclusion. He concedes to Christ something more than most of his school will grant; but of course, in his hands, the divinity of our Lord becomes but a metaphor.

It is impossible not to admire the calm courage which claims that we have a return to Christianity in the humanitarianism which, in vast numbers of minds, is associated with positivism, agnosticism, and every other form of anti-Christian unbelief.

If Protestants will but look facts in the face, they must see that to abandon all their ancient creed at the bidding of modern scepticism, to reduce the authority of Christ to essentially the same character as that of Socrates or Confucius, and to

* *The New Epoch for Faith.* By George A. Gordon, Minister of the Old South Church, Boston. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

restrict Christianity to a rule of conduct which is endorsed by every one whose ethics has any place for altruism, is not the inauguration of a new epoch for faith, but the proclamation of its total disappearance. The recognition of universal brotherhood—a recognition which many ugly facts tell us is far from being as universal and real as Dr. Robinson believes—is certainly a gain for righteousness. But only those who refuse to see things as they are can interpret it as the triumph of the Gospel. Dr. Robinson writes in an earnest and religious spirit. His style, though somewhat diffuse, is clear and elegant; and a tone of agreeable optimism pervades his interesting though not convincing volume.

14.—If *The Riddle of the Universe** had been published anonymously, or with the name of somebody whose philosophic creed was less known than is that of Professor Haeckel, the book might pass for a piece of sustained and well disguised satire upon a school which has had its day and ceased to be. Twenty years ago, when the magic word Evolution was supposed to furnish the answer not only to the *How*, but also to the *Whence* and the *Whither*, of all things, the monism which identifies intellectual consciousness with molecular motion, and makes the All nothing more than the sum of material energies, was supposed, by many men of eminent ability, to be the logical conclusion from the development of physical science. But further reflection, leading to a recognition of the true limits of science, has forced home the conviction that consciousness, however intimately associated with nervous and cerebral change, defies all attempts to resolve it into that form of activity. Scientists see, too, that however profoundly they may investigate the universe, scientific discovery fails to solve the question of the origin or the destiny of the Cosmos. Many illustrious compatriots and fellow-scientists of Professor Haeckel held, twenty years ago, the opinions which he holds now. But, as he says, one by one they have recanted. Haeckel, like another Casabianca, stands upon the burning deck whence all but he have fled. He is undaunted by their defection, which he ascribes either to their failure to grapple with increasing knowledge, or to the loss of brain power consequent upon the approach of old age. The professor, unconscious of suffering from either of these calamities, with an

* *The Riddle of the Universe at the Close of the Nineteenth Century.* By Ernst Haeckel. Translated by Joseph McCabe. New York and London: Harper & Bros.

assurance which grows in proportion to his isolation, reiterates the discredited arguments, and proclaims once more the discarded theory. His book is made up of two elements, one a survey of scientifically established facts, with here and there a theory which still lacks confirmation. The other and more characteristic element is a series of extra-physical conclusions which he professes to deduce from the facts. When he deals with the former element, he usually speaks with the authority of science behind him. In the other sphere he speaks for—himself. Without considering any of his innumerable fallacies, false assumptions, or the general inconclusiveness of his arguments, we may estimate the value of his views from the fact that scientific men leave him a monopoly of them; and either declare that reason is incapable of solving the problems which Haeckel has solved, or come to conclusions contradictory to those which he so dogmatically preaches.

15.—*The Influence of Catholicism upon the Sciences and Arts** consists of a series of essays translated from the Spanish, intended to meet and offset a common prejudice “that Catholicism, by its very nature, is opposed to the sciences and arts.” The subject presents an opportunity to bring out in relief the latent beauty of our religion, as well as to prove that the Catholic Church and Catholic teaching have ever exercised a highly beneficial influence upon thought. The book, however, touches only the surface of its subject; it possesses more of a devotional than a philosophical character. Although it adopts a somewhat apologetic air, the treatment of the various topics shows that the original has been directed to minds already favorable to Catholic beliefs and Catholic influence. From the title one would infer that science and art were the points in question. Science, however, is forgotten, and in its place are substituted essays on the authority of the church and the conformity of faith with reason. Occasionally the language is inaccurate, a fact due perhaps to erroneous translation.

16.—Two volumes† of 1,044 pages make up the Report of the Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions held in Carnegie Hall, New York, 21st April–1st May, 1900, and attended by delegates from “all Protestant Christendom.” The Report contains a history of the Conference and presents in

* *The Influence of Catholicism upon the Sciences and Arts*. Translated from the Spanish by Mariana Monteiro. St. Louis: B. Herder.

† *Ecumenical Missionary Conference of New York*. New York: American Tract Society.

extenso the hundreds of speeches delivered on that occasion by American and foreign representatives. At the end of the volume come a statistical summary and a bibliography of Missionary Literature in the Nineteenth Century. In this bibliography, however, "there is naturally very little material bearing upon Catholic missions" (II. 435). The lectures make really interesting reading, but we must record our regret that several of the speakers did not have wisdom enough to imitate the bibliography and keep silent about Catholic missions. Of the several allusions to Catholics that we have noticed some are ridiculous, and some malicious. The remainder are merely stupid.

THE TEACHING OF COOKERY.*

A text-book on the Art of Cookery is an unusual thing, and we do not know that we have ever met one until Mrs. Williams's book was brought to our notice. We have met with cook-books filled with recipes for all kinds of wonderful dishes. Mrs. Rorer and others of her peers have been before the public for many years as the past-masters of the culinary art, educating the public in the refinements of cooking and serving, but Mrs. Williams's book pre-empta a new field and covers it well. It seems to take hold of the real elements of wholesome living and co-ordinates them into a science.

It is not possible to say over-much of the real value of the movement of which this book is a guide. It is only within a few years that practical cooking has been taught in the public schools. Too often has it been said that the curriculum of teaching in the public schools is so limited that its natural product is the mediocre clerk. It is notorious that useful arts have been neglected and practical avocations have been ignored by the common school instruction, and it is only when one has left school that one can turn his attention to a trade or profession that might be a means of livelihood. Our parochial school system, in many instances, has laid itself open to a similar charge by so implicitly following the standards set by the public schools as to ignore what is practical in life.

* *Elements of the Theory and Practice of Cookery.* A Text-Book of Household Science for use in Schools. By Mary E. Williams, Supervisor of Cookery in the Public Schools of the Borough of Manhattan and the Bronx, New York City, and Katherine Rolston Fisher, formerly Teacher of Cookery in these Schools. New York : Macmillan Company.

There are now many signs of a counter-movement in educational systems. Some hours in the week are given among the girls to sewing and cooking, and among the boys to practical tradesmanship. Mrs. Williams's book on cooking is the outcome of this new movement. It is good to give recognition to the work that has been done, for a great deal of it is of the nature of pioneering, and yet this book in its completeness bears all the earmarks of thorough experience and painstaking research.

One reason for segregating this book from the rest and giving it the dignity of a separate notice, is the desire to intensify the movement in our own parish schools which will give greater recognition to the practical side of life.

The Catholic Church has always stood for the preservation of the home, and in the natural order there is nothing that contributes so much to the peace and contentment of a good home as good, plain healthy cooking. It is only a commonplace to affirm that virtue and vice to some extent are the consequences of good or bad digestion, and digestion largely depends on the way one's food has been cooked. It has been frequently said that bad cooking and intemperance are twin evils, holding to each other in many instances the relation of cause and effect. It is not to be at all wondered at that a man should go out to seek the strongest stimulant he can get in the near-by saloon when he has with voracious appetite devoured a meal that has been cooked in defiance of all the laws of the culinary art.

The remedy for much of the discord in the home-life is a knowledge of and a conformity to certain laws of home-making and house-keeping.

We are glad, then, to have the opportunity of recommending to the sisterhoods of the country who are practically engaged in conducting schools, this very useful work on the theory and practice of cooking. It may be the means whereby cooking classes may be started in the academies as well as in the parochial schools. In any case it will do its share in turning the attention of our religious communities more and more to the practical side of educational work.

LIBRARY TABLE

Psychological Review (March): G. Patrick writes that the stamp of vulgarity and social disapproval rests upon the user of profanity, the oath being immoral because advancing civilization teaches self-control, and "because of the unfortunate but inevitable connection between profanity and the sacred names of religion."

The Biblical World (May): In a sketch of Simon Peter by Shailer Mathews, the author traces the development of the saint's belief in our Lord in an interesting way and tries to give a picture of his various mental stages. Rev. Arthur Metcalf writes on the Evolution of the Belief in the World beyond the Grave, in a convincing manner tracing the several stages of Hebrew thought concerning the soul's life after death and showing the steady progression in belief under God's guiding providence.

Dublin Review (April): Miss Clerke writes that "for the progress and prosperity enjoyed under her rule, twelve million Catholics have reason to look back with gratitude to the reign of Victoria as a golden age of the church throughout her empire."

Father Kent, O.S.C., writes on the Catholic literature of France during the past century, and adds that in England too we can regard with satisfaction the advance toward revival.

J. H. Williams writes of Newman's *Essay on Development* as a Protestant work, "having no authority."

Father Howlett says that no one nowadays could venture to defend the Davidic authorship of all the Psalms; though in the fourth century some considered a denial of that thesis to be heretical.

T. F. Willis specifies as among the needs of English convent schools: A higher intellectual standard; Elimination of incapable teachers; Organization of each school staff.

The Tablet (6 April): "The alleged institution of the Rosary by St. Dominic is, to say the very least, open to question." The great interest in St. Francis of Assisi evinced of late has been revived, or rather created, mainly through the labors of M. Paul Sabatier, a Protestant scholar. Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., says the Reformation was permitted by God as a punishment and a purification for the church, and that Protestant theologians are now

doing such thorough and original work as has not been experienced "since the golden period of scholasticism." We ought to recognize that outside the Church God is working in the minds and hearts of men.

(20 April): A very severe critique of Father Taunton's *English Jesuits* appears.

(27 April): Father Taunton defends his work and is answered by the Reviewer. Father Ryder, of the Oratory, censures very strongly Mr. Williams's article in the *Dublin Review* on Newman's *Development*.

(4 May): Father Gerard, S.J., takes up some of Father Taunton's statements as to Father Garnet's relation with the Gunpowder Plot. An article on the constant and growing tendency among Anglicans toward belief in Transubstantiation. As *The Guardian* has been publishing severe criticisms on Catholics over the signature "A Catholic," *The Tablet* turns the tables by printing a counterblast purporting to come from "An Anglican."

The Month (May): Father Gerard points out that the anti-Catholic protestations in the British Accession Oath did not have their origin in the instinct of self-defence but was devised for offensive purposes.

Father Thurston tells of the development of the custom of consecrating the month of May to Our Lady.

Father Pollen indicates a number of deficiencies and errors in Father Taunton's new *History of the Jesuits in England*.

Bulletin de la Littérature Ecclesiastique (March): A severe criticism is published on the *Infiltrations Protestantes* of P. Fontaine, S.J. (See CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE, April, 1901, p. 121), and incidentally condemns the spirit of "hyperconservatism."

Revue L'Institut Catholique de Paris (March-April): P. Many declares that despite all theologians and canonists the Popes have the right to designate their successors—as has been done seven or eight times in history.

Revue des Questions historiques (1 April): P. Charnand declares that the Apostles' Creed was composed by the Apostles that "its apostolic origin is a fact the certitude of which imposes itself on our minds as an *à priori* necessity," and the witness of antiquity confirms this opinion.

Revue des Questions scientifiques (20 April): Dr. Surbled, reviewing Dr. Pujode's recent work on tuberculosis, formulates its conclusions thus: The disease is always an acquired

one, it can almost always be prevented, and often can be cured.

Revue Bénédictine: P. Leclercq describes how the fury of the early persecutions was due to the wide-spread and deep-rooted worship of the emperors. P. Gaisser continues his learned essay upon the musical system of the Greek Church.

Revue du Clergé Français (15 April): P. Godet writing upon Newman describes his life after his conversion, including the Kingsley incident. P. Labourt criticises certain errors in Harnack's latest book, but says there are many things in it to be pondered, and some criticisms which we can attend to with profit. P. Duboisset noticing P. Bremond's book (see THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE, April, 1901, p. 88), says it will teach an understanding of the religious wants of this age and thus help to do God's work more efficaciously.

(1 May): P. Torrelles continues his sketch of the history of theology in France. P. de Pascal reviewing the Pope's Encyclical on Christian Democracy says it completes that body of social teaching whereby Pope Leo has shown the social virtue hidden in the Gospel, and while avoiding both rashness and pusillanimity has tried to establish a harmonious social action among Catholics. The criticism of P. Fontaine, S.J. (noted above), is reproduced.

La Revue Générale (April): Ch. Woeste takes the occasion of the appearance of three biographies of the recently canonized Jean-Baptiste de La Salle to summarize and eulogize the saint's work in behalf of primary education. He particularly draws attention to the most striking feature of the saint's life: his genius for organization, bearing fruit in a prodigious success for the Christian Schools against fierce and universal opposition. L. Bossu reviews Largent's Life of the Abbé de Broglie recounting his valuable services to modern apologetics.

Le Correspondant (April 10): E. Keller attributes the present campaign against the religious orders to the "25,000 Freemasons who are preying upon France"; enumerates the ostensible reasons for the opposition, and vigorously confutes them, point by point. Gabriel Prevost discusses the means of preventing the loss of the art of politeness in spite of the influence of democracy on manners, and thinks that since the external props of politeness, the social and political hierarchy, have been knocked

away, the internal support, respect for the dignity of human nature, must be strengthened. B. de Lacombe writes upon the committee formed in France for the purpose of collecting and preserving manuscripts relating to the religious history of the country during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries.

(25 April): A. Léger writing upon Coventry Patmore, says his influence was second only to that of Newman, and that the very story of his consistently virtuous and sincere life is a precious boon to the world.

La Quinzaine (1 April): P. Piolet, S.J., writes on the work done by French missionaries, insisting that for France to abandon them means for her to abandon herself. G. Dumesnil treats of the evolution of literature during the Middle Ages, the lyric poetry of which is on the whole second to that of no other period.

(16 April): George Fonsegrive, continuing his interesting articles on "Comment Lire les Journaux," writes on "The technique of journalism." He gives a remarkable description of a true journalist, a man having rather the nature and qualities of an orator than of a mere writer, a man who "deals with conclusions, who has no right to doubt, hesitate, or to waver," a man "whose only authority is derived from the good-will of his readers," and whose aim in life is to please those who favor him with a hearing.

(1 May): G. Goyau writes on the social rôle of the ancient monasteries; saying that what is sound and just in modern progress has grown from seeds sown long ago—seeds which still preserve their virtue. P. Chauvin describes P. Gratry's ideal of the Oratory—a work-shop of scientific apologetics; "a sort of Port-Royal, minus schism and error."

Études (5 April): Reproduces a letter of approval (by Mgr. Isoard, of Annecy) for P. Fontaine's book. P. de Bigault describes Mgr. de Ketteler's combination of firmness in essentials with a spirit of conciliation.

(20 April): P. Roure writes on spirit-photography, saying that not all the phenomena are frauds, and that great caution is needed in deciding. P. Dudon writes on Napoleon's attitude toward religious congregations. P. Bremond commences a study of John Keble, analyzing the causes why his conversion to Catholicism never came about.

Civiltà Cattolica (6 April): An article on Gioberti sneers at the *Rassegna Nazionale* for wishing to honor one who was a disloyal citizen, a hurtful and calumnious writer, and a Catholic all of whose books were placed on the Index. Annunzio's poem on Verdi is commented on as being a very poor specimen, neither new nor beautiful, and as unworthy of Verdi. A very favorable notice is given of a treatise on Justice by P. Vermeersch, S.J., written in obedience to the wish expressed at the last General Congregation of the Jesuits in 1892, viz.: that moral questions should receive strict scholastic treatment. (20 April): The editor of the *Studii Religiosi* having replied to the criticism of the *Civiltà*, ten pages are devoted to a defence of the criticism.

An interesting article on the Modern Novel in England considers Ouida, Corelli, Thackeray, Dickens, Kipling, Lytton, George Eliot, Lew Wallace, and others.

Rassegna Nazionale (16 April): L. Franceschi criticises an article in the *Civiltà Cattolica* (1 Dec., 1900) "in which an anonymous writer tries to blot the finest pages of modern medical science and to destroy with words the facts ascertained by experience and the studies of Pasteur, Lister, Koch, and a thousand others. . . . The means employed is that so justly criticised in the case of Voltaire and the encyclopædists, 'always deride: sometimes calumniate.'"

G. de Revel, speaking of the English Accession Oath, takes occasion to note that the Italians, while copying many English institutions, have not yet acquired the sentiment of cool discussion and impersonal discussion and peaceful change.

Divus Thomas (F. 2): A. P. C. M. writing on inspiration defends the opinion that the very words of the sacred writers are inspired. L. de Sombreville criticises views lately advanced as to the share the human body may have in the beatific vision.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (22 April): P. Nostitz-Rieneck continuing his study of the development of the church, writes of the unfailing permanence of the apostolate. P. Braun writes upon Gothic architecture as displayed in the English cathedrals. P. Hilgers writes on the foundation of the Vatican Library.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

AT Cliff Haven, N. Y., on Lake Champlain, the Catholic Summer-School will hold its decennial session during nine weeks, from July 7 to September 6. The work of preparation assigned to the Board of Studies is nearing completion, and the report from the chairman, Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., contains the following announcements:

Three special studies in logic, Shakspeare, and theme-writing; thirty hours for each, covering a period of six weeks, arranged to meet the requirements of Superintendent Maxwell of New York City, for license No. 2, Grade A, and the head of department license.

The recent circular from City Superintendent Maxwell respecting the several kinds of licenses for teachers contains these words:

"Each course considered with a view to the granting of a license No. 2, or of a Head of Department License, must have amounted to at least 30 hours, and must have been terminated by a successful examination. Each 30-hour course must have extended over at least 15 weeks, or over the 6 weeks of a summer session. Applicants must present certificates of attendance and of successful examination. Note-books will be accepted as supplementary evidence of the character and amount of work done."

The course in logic will be under the direction of the Rev. Francis P. Siegfried, professor of philosophy, St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook, Pa., assisted by the Revs. John D. Roach and Mortimer E. Twomey. The course will centre in the study of the laws of thought as such. It will consist essentially of four parts:

A psychological introduction on the cognitive powers in general and the intellect in particular.

The correctness of thought. A study of the logical forms of thought and their laws: The elementary thought-forms (concept, judgment, reasoning); Methodology (definition, division, demonstration, scientific systematization).

The truth and certitude of thought: States of the mind in respect to truth; possibility and existence of certitude; sources of truth and certitude; the ultimate criterion of certain truth.

The relation of thought to its object: Criticism (empiricism, idealism, innatism, ontologism, mysticism, traditionalism); positive doctrine (beginning and development of intellectual knowledge; objective validity thereof; reason and faith).

Whilst all these divisions are organically connected, and together constitute mental philosophy, an essential branch of a philosophical system, yet each portion will be given a certain completeness in view of the interest of students who are unable to attend the entire course.

In developing these outlines the needs and tastes, on the one hand, of those who aim merely at general culture, and on the other hand, the more practical requirements of the professional teacher, will be kept in view. In order to satisfy the latter, the pedagogical aspects of logic will be emphasized. The lectures will therefore be both theoretical and practical, and as untechnical as the matter will permit, yet not so far as to dilute its scientific character into mere popular talks. Teachers, especially, who intend following the course, would do well to familiarize themselves in advance with some such manual of

logic as that by Hill-Jevons (New York: Sheldon & Co.); Davis (New York: American-Book-Company); William Poland, S.J. (New York, Silver, Burdett & Co.); R. Clarke, S.J. (New York: Benziger Bros.)

The course in Shakspeare will follow the lines on which so successful a beginning was made last summer. Six plays will be treated in a thorough and detailed manner, one each week. The principle of selection has been to take such as rank among the supreme dramatist's greatest works, excluding those which have already been treated, and which, besides representing the various periods of the development of his genius, include an equal proportion of subjects and styles. Thus, there will be two tragedies, Romeo and Juliet and King Lear; two comedies, Twelfth Night and The Tempest; and two historical plays, King John and King Henry V. As during last year, the method followed will be rather that of informal class-work, affording an opportunity for minute and careful examination of the subject, rather than that of formal lectures. The three plays first named will be treated by Thomas Gaffney Taaffe, M.A. (Ford-ham), and the last three by Alex. I. du P. Coleman, B. A.

A new course of study will be introduced, which cannot but appeal to many students: the writing of English. During the six weeks devoted to this useful and popular study, thirty practical lectures will be delivered on the theory and practice of English composition. The text-books will be Superintendent Maxwell's recent work, and Professor Barrett Wendell's *English Composition*. To give the course a thoroughly practical turn, special attention will be paid to those forms of English writing most in demand among journalists and other professional writers, the easy, short story, editorial, novel, magazine article, and literary critique. Thus, not only teachers and students but also persons who are beginning a literary career will find this course of great benefit. It will be directed by Rev. John Talbot Smith, and will consist of thirty instructions of one hour each, on the topics indicated by the following outline:

The Essay and Its Mechanism, The Editorial Note, The Editorial, The News Article, News in Literary Form, The News Letter, Dramatic Criticism, Book Reviews, Description of Nature, Description of Character, Description of Art, The Short Story: Its Mechanism, The Romantic Story, The Realistic Story, The Psychological Story, The Story of Adventure, Dialogue and Character, Incident and Scenery, Style in General, Forming a Style, Aid to Style: Reading, Observation; Aid to Style: Analysis.

SCHEDULE OF LECTURES FOR SESSION OF 1901.—First Week, July 8-12.
—Five lectures by Thomas A. Mullen, of Boston. Subject: Constitutional History of the United States. Evening lectures by the Rev. Herbert F. Farrell, V.F., diocese of Brooklyn, and Walter Phillips Terry, of New York City.

Second Week, July 15-19.—Three lectures by Professor W. C. Robinson, Dean of the Law Department, Catholic University, Washington, D. C. Subjects: Pre-Historic Law; Religion as a Social Force; Capital Punishment. Two lectures on Edmund Burke, by the Rev. M. J. Fallon, O.M.I., University of Ottawa, Canada. Evening lectures by the Right Rev. Mgr. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., Rector of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

Third Week, July 22-26.—Five lectures by the Rev. James J. Fox, S.T.D. Subject: Phases of Contemporary Rationalism. Evening lectures on the Popes of the Nineteenth Century, by the Right Rev. Mgr. James F. Loughlin, D.D., Chancellor of Philadelphia.

Fourth Week, July 29-Aug. 2.—Five lectures on the Relation of Buddhism to Christianity, by the Rev. Charles F. Aiken, S.T.D., Catholic University. Even-

ing lectures by the Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, Altoona, Pa., and Herbert S. Caruth, Boston.

Fifth Week, August 5-9.—Five lectures on Fundamental Concepts, by the Rev. John T. Driscoll, S.T.L., diocese of Albany, N. Y. Evening lectures by James J. Walsh, M.D. (University of Pennsylvania). General Subject: The Scientific Achievements of the Nineteenth Century, as shown by Progress of Astronomy and Meteorology; Chemistry and Physics; Geology and Paleontology; Scientific Medicine.

Sixth Week, August 12-16.—Five lectures by James J. Walsh, M.D., on the following subjects: The Rise and Progress of Biology in the Nineteenth Century. First Period. Second Period. Significance of Biology in various ways of thoughts and knowledge. Evolution and the Evolutionists. Present Status of Evolution. The Practical Side of Biology. Its Relations to Medicine, Agriculture, Manufactures, Sanitation. Future Biology. Some unsolved Problems in Biological Science. Evening lectures on the Inferno and Purgatorio of Dante, by Rev. P. J. Mahoney, D.D., New York City.

Seventh Week, August 19-23.—Five lectures on Practical Applications of Ethical Teaching, by Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S.J., Boston College. Evening lectures (illustrated) by the Rev. Charles J. Kelly, diocese of Newark, N. J.

Eighth Week, August 26-30.—Five lectures by Charles P. Neill, Ph.D., Catholic University. Subject: The Field of Economic Study. Evening lectures on Paradiso of Dante, by the Rev. Joseph F. Delany, D.D. One lecture by the Rev. Philip R. McDevitt, Superintendent of Parish Schools in Philadelphia.

Ninth Week, September 2-6.—Five lectures by Henry Austin Adams, M.A. Evening lectures by the Rev. William O'Brien Pardow, S.J., Gonzaga College, Washington, D. C. Subject: The Study of the Bible at the Beginning of the Twentieth Century.

The special studies in Logic, Shakspeare, and Theme-Writing will extend over a period of six weeks, from July 15 to August 23.

During the week beginning August 26, Round Table Talks, on Home Life in Tenement Houses, will be given by Miss Eugenie Uhlrich, of New York City, in conjunction with Conferences for Sunday-School Teachers, under the direction of Mrs. B. Ellen Burke, of Malone, N. Y. Reading Circle day is assigned for August 30.

Arrangements are under way to secure the co-operation of the Champlain Choral Union, recently organized at Plattsburgh, under the direction of Professor C. F. Hudson. At a later date will be announced the names of distinguished public men who are expected to be present during the coming session at Cliff Haven; also the complete list of preachers. The opening sermon on July 7, at the Chapel on the Assembly Grounds, will be delivered by the Rev. Father Fidelis, C.P. (James Kent Stone).

The College Camp, under the personal direction of Dr. John Talbot Smith, proved very attractive to boys since its inception. An extensive programme of athletic exercises has been arranged by Mr. James E. Sullivan, which will be conducted under the supervision of Professor George Salmon, who will also be the instructor for the Cliff Haven Golf Club.

Mr. Daniel J. O'Connor, who for several years has managed the opening excursions of the Summer-School, is prepared to again lend his services to the friends and patrons of the institution.

The excursion will leave New York by the Albany boat, Saturday evening, July 6, arriving at Cliff Haven about 2 o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday, July

7. Rates will be about the same as last year. Those who intend to join the party will confer a favor by addressing at once D. J. O'Connor, 123 East Fiftieth Street, New York City.

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The discussion started by Archbishop Corrigan regarding the proposed extension of the New York Free Library system has proved very timely. While allowing due praise to Mr. Carnegie for his generosity, there is need to safeguard the young against the influence of pernicious books. The yellow-book literature is often found in public libraries supported by taxation, where the managers feel unable to refuse the unreasonable demands of injudicious readers. It is safe to say that in the long run the loyal co-operation of the numerous private libraries will prove of greater value to the reading public than the donations of millionaires. Then, again, these libraries organized by churches and philanthropic societies have certain claims based on past service. The Paulist Fathers for over thirty years have had a free circulating Parish Library sustained entirely by the generosity of their people. By changing to some extent the conditions of his gift Mr. Carnegie can secure justice to all concerned, and promote the greatest good for the greatest number of intelligent readers in New York City.

M. C. M.

NEW BOOKS.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

A Catechism of Catholic Teaching. By Rev. Alexander L. Klauder. Complete in three numbers. *The Life of St. Gerlach.* By Frederick A. Houck. Pp. 97. 55 cts. net. *In Faith Abiding.* By Jessie Reader. Pp. 173. 55 cts. net. *The Great Supper of God; or, Discourses on Weekly Communion.* By Stephen Coubé, S.J. With an appendix of Historical Doctrine and other important statements pertaining to the subject. Translated from the French by Ida Griffiss. Edited by T. X. Brady, S.J. Pp. 255. \$1.00. *The Scale (or Ladder) of Perfection.* By Walter Hilton. With an Essay on the Spiritual Life of Mediæval England. By the Rev. J. B. Dalgairns, Priest of the Oratory. A new edition. Pp. 355. \$1.75 net. *Faith and Folly.* By the Right Rev. Monsignor John S. Vaughan. Pp. 485. \$1.60 net. *The Divine Plan of the Church: Where Realized and Where Not.* By the Rev. John MacLaughlin. Pp. 324. In covers, 70 cts. net; in paper, 45 cts. net. *Meditations on the Passion and Resurrection of Our Lord.* By Thomas à Kempis. Edited by Grace H. M. Simpson. Pp. 106. 30 cts. net. *The King's Secret: A College Drama in Five Acts.* By Rev. T. P. S. Kuse. Pp. 48. 25 cts. net.

ART AND BOOK COMPANY, London:

A Mirror for Monks. By Louis Blossius, Monk of St. Bennet's Order. New and Revised Edition. Pp. 94. 6d. net.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston:

A Daughter of New France! with some Account of the Gallant Sieur Cadillac and his Colony on the Detroit. By Mary Catherine Crowley. Illustrated by Clyde O. De Land. Pp. 409. \$1.50.

DODD, MEAD & CO., New York:

The Beloved Son. By M. Rye. Pp. 141.

THE CENTURY COMPANY:

Her Mountain Lover. By Hamlin Garland. Pp. 396. \$1.50.

THE ABBEY PRESS, New York:

From Clouds to Sunshine; or, The Evolution of a Soul. By E. Thomas Kaven. Pp. 182. \$1.

MCCLURE, PHILLIPS & CO., New York:

From a Swedish Homestead. By Selma Lagerlöf. Translated by Jessie Brochner. Pp. 376.

NEW BOOKS—Continued.

J. S. HYLAND & Co., Chicago:

The Pillar and Ground of Truth. A Series of Lenten Lectures on the True Church, its Marks and Attributes. By Rev. Thomas E. Cox. Pp. 253. \$1.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:

Politics and the Moral Law. By Gustav Ruemelin, late Chancellor of the University of Tübingen. Translated from the German by Rudolf Tombo, Jr., of Columbia University. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Frederick W. Holls. Pp. 125. 75 cts. *The Evolution of Immortality.* By S. D. McConnell, D.D., D.C.L. Pp. 204.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston and New York:

The New Epoch for Faith. By George A. Gordon, Minister of the Old South Church, Boston. Pp. 402. \$1.50. *Penelope's Irish Experiences.* By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Pp. 327. \$1.25.

PETER F. CUNNINGHAM & SON, Philadelphia:

The New Raccolta; or, Collection of Prayers and Good Works. To which the Sovereign Pontiffs have attached Holy Indulgences. Published in 1898 by order of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII. From the third Italian edition. Authorized and approved by the Sacred Congregation of Holy Indulgences. To which is added an appendix, containing prayers for Mass and Vespers for Sundays. Pages 684.

J. H. YEWDALE & SONS CO., Milwaukee:

Robert the Canadian: A Tale of the American Revolution. From the French by Rev. J. M. Toohey, C.S.C. And other stories. Published for the benefit of poor deaf mutes, by Rev. M. M. Gerend. Pages 157.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:

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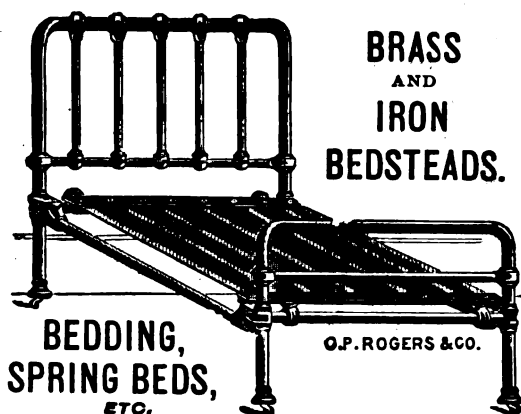
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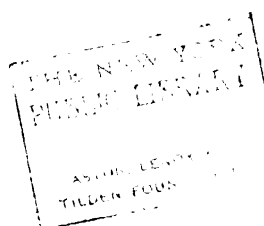
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VAN DYCK IN ENGLAND BECAME THE LION OF THE HOUR.

(See page 131.)

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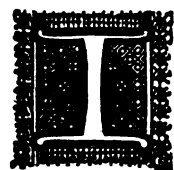
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JULY, 1901.

No. 436.

A MISSIONARY'S VIEW OF THE CHINESE QUESTION.

BY REV. BERTRAND COTHONAY, O.P.



IHAVE read the article of the Rev. Arthur H. Smith, in the *Outlook*,* on Roman Catholics in China. I find it very perfidious, inasmuch as he gives occasional praise to the Catholic Church and would like his readers to believe him impartial and of good faith. He may be of good faith, but he is terribly blinded by his prejudices.

The Reverend Mr. Smith knows, of course, that the Church of God—"the Mother Church," as he calls it—has received a command from her divine Founder to go into the whole world and to preach the Gospel to all nations, the Chinese included; he knows that the Catholic Church has fulfilled this commission, and has tried in the past ages to win the Chinese people to the Gospel. She did not wait until the ports were opened by the cannon of the Western nations to send her missionaries there. Mr. Smith knows that the stern morality taught by the church, especially the things forbidden by the sixth and seventh Commandments, militate against the passions of heathens, and that the Chinese being so shrewd, so cunning, so false, it would be only natural to see them attacking the church and persecuting her. But he knows also that the Catholic Church, having a divine mission from God, withstands the persecution, and bids her children die, if necessary to be witnesses of Jesus Christ amongst the nations.

* See *Outlook*, March 16, 1901.

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE
OF NEW YORK, 1901.

VOL. LXXIII.—28

The Catholic Church in China had a very difficult task to accomplish; she has tried to fulfil it nobly for hundreds of years with the most awful odds against her. How mean it is on the part of the Reverend Mr. Smith to misinterpret her acts and her words, to distort certain facts, and to give the assertions of a political agent of England or of America as a statement of truth, and the memorandum of the Tsung-li-Yamen thirty years ago as a rule of conduct for the Catholic Church.

I am very sorry, Reverend Mr. Smith, if I must persist in believing that the church is right if, after more than one hundred years of study, she declares that the Chinese rites are idolatrous, even when a pagan emperor, as K'ang-Hsi, is not of the same opinion. Nero was not of the opinion of St. Peter. He crucified Peter; and still the world holds that Peter was right.

CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES NOT POLITICAL AGENTS.

Mr. Smith knows well that if the Catholic priests are now under the protection of the French government, they went to China and shed their blood there hundreds of years before France sent a consul to the Middle Kingdom. They accept the protection of France because they hope this protection will help them to extend the Kingdom of God, to protect their neophytes when persecuted—and they are always persecuted—but is it not a perfidy to hint that they are the political agents of France, that they are ambitious and arrogant? I am indignant at this accusation. I have seen many bishops and priests in China, but I have never seen them usurping the insignia of mandarins. If on certain occasions they go in ceremonial sedan chairs, especially when paying visits to officials, it is because this is a moral necessity. Otherwise they would be despised.

They are accused of meddling in secular affairs in righting the wrongs of their Christians, and in doing so they go so far as to use the good offices of their consul. But it is their duty. Are they not the pastors of their people? Their people are poor and few, and always oppressed by the heathen, who know that by denouncing them they will be agreeable to the authorities, and perhaps they will extort from them a parcel of land and a sum of money.

The opposition of the mandarins, occult or manifest, is constant, almost universal, against the Catholic priests; it is a

fact. When they incite a mob to burn a church, when they refuse permission to build a chapel under the pretext that in digging the foundations the dragon protector of the empire would be hurt, when they oblige a priest to demolish his house because it stops the "wind of happiness" from blowing on the people; when they do these things and many others to annihilate the apostolate of the priests of God, will these be blamed if they try amicably, or if they use the influence of a consul, to get redress or a compensation for their loss?

They are accused of having immense possessions in China. Indeed! Mr. Smith has a fat salary; but in the province in which I have been the priests were obliged to be satisfied with \$180 a year! and silver dollars they were—*i.e.*, scarcely half American dollars. If they try in some few places to acquire pieces of land in order to maintain their churches, and their schools in the future and extend the kingdom of God, are they wrong in doing so? It is only common prudence.

Mr. Smith accuses Catholics in China of provoking the government by building orphan asylums and rescuing poor little children that their cruel parents had thrown in the street; he blames them for giving baptism to infants, extreme unction to the sick, etc. Well, I say, in a word, that such things are the glory of the Catholic Church. She has received the mission of saving souls, and she will accomplish this mission in spite of heathen governments and Protestant ministers.

Catholic priests are said to be guilty of many grievous wrongs against Protestants in China. It is not so. They were there hundreds of years before the Protestants; they are too busy trying to convert pagans to pay much attention to the doings of the separated brethren. Some facts may be mentioned; but it is so easy to distort them, to misrepresent them, passing in silence the guilt of the Protestant party and exaggerating the acts of the Catholic side. In my experience I could cite some interesting cases; but enough. I think it better to give your readers a general view of the situation, as I am intimately acquainted with it.

ORIGIN OF THE CHINESE PEOPLE.

The Semitic tribe of "the 100 families,"* which arrived at and settled near the banks of the Yang-tse-Kiang some 5,000 years ago, brought with it from the cradle of humanity pre-

* Old traditions say that this tribe was made up of 100 families, or about. In their literature the Chinese call themselves "the one hundred families."

cious traditions, which are still found scattered here and there in its antique books. These writings, the oldest in the world, reveal to us that this race carried to the confines of Asia surprising energy, undaunted courage, wisdom and perseverance, by which it was enabled to conquer former inhabitants, free the country from wild beasts, clear and cultivate it.

The leaders of this tribe were men of talent and even of genius. They gave to the people just laws and founded a society which has had long periods of peace and prosperity. During this succession of ages, the one hundred primitive families, which have become millions, have had revolutions, which oftentimes overthrew dynasties; wars of extermination, which depopulated entire provinces; but, all in all, the *ensemble* of the nation had a longer and happier existence than is related of any other people.

From antiquity agriculture was the occupation of the great majority of the Chinese. Their country, cultivated, even in our day, as a garden as far as the shoulders of the mountains, admirably graded by the patient hands of past generations, has witnessed the greatest energy of man in his effort to overcome opposition, to protect, to fertilize, and to extend the productive area. The country was infested with wild animals, which even now are far from being exterminated. It was necessary to destroy them with inadequate weapons; skilful traps were resorted to. There were wide rivers to keep within bounds; to do so gigantic levees were erected. The most valuable lands for the culture of rice were immense marshes, which were partly inundated and then drained by opening canals. On the north nomadic tribes were continually invading the country, and by their incursions disturbing the peace. The Chinese people, to prevent this, erected the great wall—perhaps the most gigantic work of man on earth.

The Chinese people have been and are a laborious people, sober and peaceful. They have a respect for authority that amounts to a veneration; and this not only for the Emperor's (Son of Heaven) supreme authority but for that of the mandarins, and especially for that of the head of the family.

The title "Son of Heaven," given to the emperor, generally provokes a smile on the lips of Westerners. The old Chinese, however, attached to it a very beautiful and, I would say, a Christian meaning. They were not then pantheists, as they are to-day. They understood by Heaven the Supreme Being, who from above governs everything; their emperor commanded

in his name, as a son in his father's name; he was, therefore, the Son of Heaven, and the empire he ruled was naturally called "the Celestial Empire."

THE FAMILY IN CHINA.

The family in China is strongly constituted. The father has absolute authority over his wife and children, and he exercises it till death, in a patriarchal way, over all his posterity. He is a little monarch. In some cases he may become tyrannical; but this seldom happens, for, though this authority is much greater than is exercised by parents in Europe, it is, however, controlled by customs, traditions, the neighbors and relatives, and, when abuses occur, by provincial and imperial laws. When children have for generations been brought up in this respect for the father's authority, even when white-haired, they have no idea of escaping from it.

The peculiar practice of binding women's feet, which may be called absurd, inhuman, barbarous, is not without some advantage. By confining the women forcibly to their homes, it compels them to look after their domestic duties more attentively. Girls especially, till their marriage, are brought up under the eyes of their mothers, who, when handing them to their future husbands, can generally say to them, as one is once reported to have said: "I have watched over my daughter as the pupil of my eye, day and night; take her, she is worthy of you; she is a virgin whom I entrust to you" (one of the Chinese classics).

The various families of a place form the village, which in a large measure provides for its own administration. It is really a small republic. The council of the chiefs of families settle amicably most of the disputes and differences. It is responsible for the good order in the village, takes proper means to enlarge the village, to beautify it and to protect it. It defrays the expenses of the children's education, of worship, and of popular festivities. It is, moreover, held responsible for the collection of taxes by the treasurer of the province.

The town, divided into wards or sections, may be compared to an agglomeration of villages, and it is administered in a similar manner. The presence of some government officers, called mandarins, renders possible the working of this rather primitive administration, even in populous cities; though they have at their service but few policemen or soldiers.

CHINESE LITERATURE.

The assertion will probably surprise many—it is, however, the simple expression of truth—that in China government employees for the preservation of order are scarcely one per cent. of the number of employees for the same purposes in Europe; and yet we boast of unrivalled civilization and call the Chinese savages. It must also be borne in mind that the Celestials return the compliment. They think and say that they are the civilized ones and that we are barbarians. Who is right? The Romans also thought that they were the only civilized people and all other nations barbarians. At the time of the greatest Roman splendor China had already been for many centuries at the apex of its grandeur. When Horace and Virgil were lisping in metres China boasted of poets who for many generations were admired by the people. China, moreover, has had writers in all the branches of human learning who compare favorably in many respects with Greek and Roman authors. They surpass them greatly in number and in the bulk of their productions, and what is more to the point, their literature is less sullied by immorality. It can be said, also, that it has been more useful to the people. It has taught them many things conducive to their well-being, their security, comfort, and dignity, and has enabled them to endure over four thousand years in a state of general order and prosperity better than the Roman Empire ever knew. And, though manifestly on the decline, it would, however, last for many centuries still, if the tumultuous clashing with opium merchants, with drummers of occidental civilization and greedy European nations, had not intervened to disturb it.

CHINESE CIVILIZATION.

Compared to the civilization which is the outcome of the Gospel teachings, the Chinese civilization, of course, is very imperfect, for it tolerates polygamy, divorce, infanticide, and leaves woman in an inferior condition, akin to slavery; but it is superior in many aspects to any pagan civilization we have known.

In past ages the Chinese people made a remarkable use of primitive traditions and natural lights, which enabled them to impregnate their laws, their institutions, their customs—in a word, their civilization—with a wonderful character of mildness and moderation.

For some centuries, it must be admitted, the Chinese civilization has been hardly holding its own. It is even now in a lamentable state of decadence. Is this huge rotten tree, which seems deprived of sap, destined to crumble in pieces, or is there any ground of hope that it may grow again and bear flowers and fruits? The hope is very dim if China is to be left to herself; she is poisoned in her spirit by her intense pride, refusing to believe, in spite of evidence, that the world has moved around her. She is poisoned in her body by the opium of England. She is supremely irritated by the aggression of Western nations, against whom she nourishes an intense hatred and manifests occasionally an unwise and disordered rage. She shows her obduracy by persistently shutting her eyes to the light of the Gospel, which alone can save her.

Interesting traditions authorize us to believe that an echo of the preaching of the Apostles was heard in China. An inscription of the second century and another of the seventh leave no doubt concerning both the time and the event. We know from letters of sovereign pontiffs that in the thirteenth century there were in the Middle Kingdom at least four bishops, with hundreds of thousands of the faithful. However when, in the sixteenth century new missionaries landed on those distant shores, they did not find a single Christian. And since the sixteenth century, how many times has not China attempted to drown the church in the blood of her missionaries and of her children!

THE REMEDY FOR DECADENCE.

What, then, is the remedy for this lamentable condition of the great nation? I know but one: it would be the frank and sincere acceptance of the Catholic truth. Undoubtedly the church would soon raise the Chinese people from their state of depression and degeneracy. She would infuse into the hearts of the rulers a superior wisdom, which would enable them to cope with intricate difficulties and heal the many evils which have fallen on their subjects. Not one of the people would resist the influence of the evangelical doctrine if the laws and customs were impregnated with it.

We know by experience that the baptized Chinaman feels the awakening in his soul of a tenderness which was before unknown to him, and that the thought which haunts so many heathens will not even occur to him, namely, of coldly murdering new-born children because forsooth to let them live would entail some inconvenience and labor!

The doctrine of monogamy would suppress a vast amount of dissensions in families. There would be fewer divorces, suicides, murders, brigandages, and uprisings. The spirit of the church suggesting to the state measures rigorously prohibitive of the sale of opium would stop its cultivation. Its importation would be diminished, and consequently its use. If by the law of treaties England should invoke the rights of commerce, Christian China would invoke against her the superior right of public security and of national health. If, again, she insisted on preserving her privilege, acquired by her big guns, of keeping open her dishonest shops and selling her poison, China would be free not to enter into the ill-famed house and not to buy from such unscrupulous merchants. Unprincipled as England is, she would not go so far as to shell the gates of the Middle Kingdom in order to increase the use of opium. She did impose its use on China. It is to her shame, and it is one of her numerous public sins; she would not dare to continue the nefarious traffic in the face of an enlightened Christian opinion. There is no human power, nor are there any efficacious means, to cure China of the deadly opium habit outside of the Catholic Church. This evil has already so far corrupted the body that civil death is imminent, and Western nations are waiting like hungry wolves for the end to come, that they may pounce on their victim. It seems, then, a question of vital moment for China whether she will cast aside the deadly peril before it is too late.

The teaching of the first truths of the Christian faith would dispel the ignorance of the *literati*, and would heal their immeasurable pride by showing them that they know nothing of the great and important theological questions. Their own literature teaches them nothing of God, of the eternal destiny of man, of his duties towards his Creator, or of prayer. The Holy Scriptures would be, for the alert and keen Chinese understanding, the substantial food which is necessary to enable it to rise from the state of abasement in which it is now plunged, and the revealed truths of Christ would lead it to the bright summits where, becoming conscious of its strength, it would prepare itself for combat with evil.

How profitable would it be, could China understand that, once in possession of the celestial truth, the Emperor and his councillors would no longer follow that perfidious policy which has been for China the cause of so many difficulties.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE CHURCH.

This severe but just word has been said of China: "She has no men, but is a nation of children and of old men." The Catholic Church has the commission of guiding the child-like people and of leading back a degenerate people to the maturity of age, to the virility of thoughts and works. She is by excellence the human power which gives to humanity its perfect stature. Men are formed and grow robust in her schools. Soon a choice cohort, an aristocracy in the best sense, is developed among the neophytes. In these select men would be found the builders of a society regenerated in both a religious and a civil point of view. They would be a leaven to arouse the mass of the people to better living. The admirable patience and docility of the Chinese render it an easy task for wise rulers to lead them into newer and higher fields of activity. With the awakening of this new spirit among the Chinese we might be justified in believing that the era of great calamities to the nation would come to an end. Henceforth the people would be less frequently abandoned by an equitable and merciful Providence to the fury of the elements, or to the yet more formidable fury of men. It is sure that men would be less wicked, legions of bandits would not rise so easily from the masses to spread throughout the land theft, conflagration, murder, and countless other evils. The people, better protected by their natural leaders, would have more confidence in the future; scourges would lose partially their calamitous power. The forces of nature are not blind and fatal, as impiety is pleased to say. We know, on the contrary, that their harmful power depends on and is subject to another Power, which quells and curbs them, or extends them, according to its divine wisdom. Sin causes catastrophes, and repentance disarms the justice which punishes it. God does not permit those who hope in him to fall into extreme affliction. If the land of China were more faithful to God, there is room to hope that it would be less burnt and withered by a scorching sun, and that the uncontrollable waters would be more often forbidden to flood its lands.

But who will publish these salutary truths of the Gospel, the only ones which can save China? Who will give a taste for this heavenly wisdom to the men who have in their hands the destinies of the Middle Kingdom? Bishops and priests, now numbering about a thousand, will, of course, raise their voices; but their messages will fall on deaf ears, or their voices

will be stifled by the noise of European armies and by the clamors of Western ambition, which has sent forth its merchants, its engineers, its knaves, in the hope of great profits.

RELUCTANCE TO ACCEPT THE CHURCH.

Till now, alas! the evangelical doctrine, by reason of the austerity of its moral teachings, has frightened the leaders of the Chinese people. They know too well that this doctrine would put a restraint on their dearest passions, and for this motive it is much to be feared that they will do as in the past: sacrifice to their hearts' depraved instincts their eternal interests and their people's salvation. It will always be easy for them to find pretexts and to deceive their rather unscrupulous conscience. They will continue to say that the doctrine of Confucius is easier than the doctrine of the Gospel. They will persist in looking on the Catholic missionaries as the political agents of other nations; they will wilfully mistake them for vulgar speculators, in order to dispense themselves from listening to their teaching and to reserve the right of persecution every time it may be possible.

The invasion of the Protestant ministers in China is not of such a nature as to open the eyes of the mandarins to the light of faith. Mistaking more or less wilfully these apostles for the representatives of the true faith, they have said to themselves, and will undoubtedly continue to say for a long time to come: "Let them first agree among themselves, and then we may examine their doctrine." It must be borne in mind that this objection is very serious, for Protestant ministers are twice at least as numerous in China as Catholic priests. They have at their disposal immense sums of money, which have enabled them to establish hospitals and dispensaries, schools, colleges, and churches in great number.

Their proselytes are few; for, in order to transform Chinese into true Christians it seems, indeed, that an important element, divine grace, with which they appear to be poorly provided, is absolutely necessary. There are some Catholic priests in China so optimistic as to think that the efforts of Protestants in the Middle Kingdom are not to be feared by the church. They will be incapable, they say, of founding churches that will last, and they may prepare the ways for Catholicism. They batter the old walls of prejudice and help us to make them crumble. We shall reap the benefit of their labors. And, in fact, they point out different places

where Protestants were the cause or the occasion of establishing new Catholic centres. All the same, it must be confessed that this extraordinary activity of Protestantism in China is a grave symptom, and perhaps a serious obstacle, I do not say to the conversion *en masse* of China, but even to the conversion of a notable portion of the Chinese people.

THE HOPES FOR THE FUTURE.

The very idea of finding fault with or criticising the designs of Divine Providence must, of course, be shunned; it is better to adore them, and anticipate consolation and joy in interpreting favorably certain signs and waiting for more auspicious times.

Children of the church, we know that God wishes the salvation of all men, and we delight to meditate on some words of the Lord Jesus, hinting that the day will come when there will be morally one flock, guided by the one true Pastor. According to the expression of a recent writer on China, Father Leroy, God, who jumbles men as the letters of an alphabet, is getting ready manifestly to write in the world. Indeed, for those who know how to read, he has written already many eloquent pages. When his powerful hand puts down barriers, suppresses distances, reveals the universe to itself, the only design worthy of his infinite wisdom is to lead men towards unity and to harken to the prayer of our Saviour on the eve of his Passion. But it is plain that unity can take place with us only in the domain of truth, in the bosom of its only repository, the Catholic Church. It is to realize this plan, and not to open factories, mines, or railways, that men are on the move everywhere and, according to the energetic expression of De Maistre, "*entrent en fusion*."

Africa the dark continent, is opened to the true light on every side; the Cross has been planted on almost all the islands of Oceanica; the greatest of all, Australia, a veritable continent, has nearly a million of Catholics, whom this century will probably see multiplied to ten times this number. The two Americas have more than 60,000,000. During the nineteenth century Catholics have increased considerably in old Europe, where we see, as well as in America, heretical sects gradually crumbling to pieces or drifting away into the abyss of indifference or infidelity.

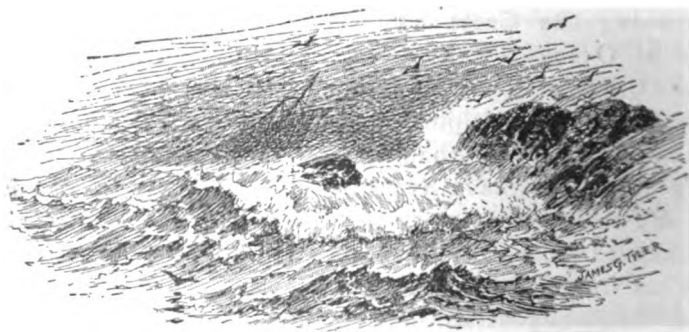
The hierarchy established in the East Indies governs and increases every day a flock of 2,000,000 of Catholics. Indo-

China, Japan, China, and other countries have been systematically divided into apostolic vicariates, where the progress of the church is consoling. Heretical and schismatical countries of the East have been listening to the words of the successor of St. Peter addressed to them. They acknowledge in him the chief of the first and most ancient Christian confession. Who knows if the events of the near future will not lead the Chinese to proclaim him the only pastor of the one flock? Let us entertain this hope.

It is probably what is causing this increasing rage of hell, battering now more frantically at the gates of Holy Church. Satan also knows how to read what God is writing in this world, and he trembles, foreseeing a coming defeat. He makes desperate endeavors to avert it. Is not this an explanation of this renewed fury against Catholic nations, and especially against France, the chief centre whence the army of the apostolate is recruited?

No doubt the cursed one would like to rob the Christian nations of their faith; but he would as much prefer, and more perhaps, to prevent them from carrying the light of the Gospel to the heathen peoples over whom he is tyrant, and who yet form the great majority of the human race.

To-day the Catholic Church counts about 280,000,000 of children. By adding the other Christians, Protestants and schismatics, of whom many belong to her, we are not far, probably, from 500,000,000. Well, it is the third of the human family. If Satan can still call himself the tyrant of two human beings out of three, can we not hope, leaning on the signs that we see, that before the new century is over the enemies of God will be in the minority?



THE GOSPEL OF THE FIELDS.

BY ARTHUR UPSON.



HAVE you ever thought, my friend,
As daily you toil and plod
Through the noisy paths of man,
How still are the ways of God?

Have you ever paused in the din
Of traffic's insistent cry
To think of the calm in the cloud,
Of the peace in your glimpse of sky?

Go out in the growing fields,
That quietly yield you meat,
And let them rebuke your noise
Whose patience is still and sweet.

They toil their æons—and we,
Who flutter back to their breast,
A handful of clamorous clay,
Forget their silence is best!



REFLECTIONS FOR AN ORDINARY CHRISTIAN.

BY ONE OF THEM.

DEUS CARITAS EST.

I.



THE most awe-full of divine facts is the infinite goodness of God. Terrifying, because we must ultimately share it, not as recipients only but as actual *exponents* and reflectors of it.

Et dixi : Vos estis Dii.

And I have said it : You are as Gods.

This is the condition of supernaturalization in the other life. Heaven without it were a mere *Nirvana*. It absent, union with God would be a fiction. That absence makes, means, and spells Hell.

"We know that we have passed from death to life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not, abideth in death."

If I dared to say that we must participate in it in kind, I would dare to say we must participate in extent—short of that transcendent reality which our lips stutter at when we say infinity.

Oh! human speech, how inadequate to intimate even; oh! human mind, how unequal even to reflect a minimized phantasm of the shadow of the Infinite Love! We may strain with titanic struggles to tear the ligaments that keep us tongue-tied, only to find our lips babble out at best the thoughts of a child.

And so we merely say, and let us at least kneeling say :

God is Love.

II.

Lean over the heart of that woman grasping to her bosom her dying child—the fruit of her womb, the flesh of her body, the blood of her veins. Let the hot iron of her mother-love burn into the marrow of your bones; the insanity of her distress shrivel you to the very soul. Earth, life—I had said

Heaven, but words are vacuous—she would give for love of it, with love for it, instantly, cheerfully, madly.

We have touched one bound, one horizon, of human affection: Mother-love. Speech fails, sense fails—there is nothing left but sobs.

Then listen to the Voice that said:

"And if a woman should forget her child, still will I not forget you."

There is no word of human tenderness, there is no feeling of human affection, there is no thought within the conception of human capacity—there is naught earthly or created, that may, that can, that dare love—speak love, think love, feel love, like the Bridegroom of the Canticles, the eternal and infinite God.

III.

Sorrow, sufferings, trials; phases of what we call life (and who knows that what we call pleasures, successes, satisfactions bear not the same label to angels' eyes?)—are these not only excuses for new tendernesses from God? The lineaments of His love may be hidden. Faith proclaims them. Sins atoned, averted; punishments commuted, glories won—directly, indirectly; soon, late; near by, afar off; for ourselves, our friends, our community, our race. Who spans God's reach; who measures His glance; who overrules His purpose; who reads His Heart?

Time turns a few leaves of years. 'Twas yesterday. It is still to-day above. And has God changed? He loves. Did He not love then? Blinded by tears then, we read the page awry which now spells golden words, and always love. The purposes, the lights, the graces, the means, the results, can we know them; shall we judge them? Was anything left out that love should do?

Read. In the Book it is written:

"My people, is there anything which I should have done, and which I have not done?"

Close the Book. It is all the same:

God is Love.

IV.

He loves all. Ah! there it touches us whose little lives are spelt in words, numbered by letters, limited by kin, near-

ness, service, reward, circumstance. He loves all. Terrific thought: that is what we shall have to learn and to do.

Vos estis Dii.

You are as Gods.

No love, no godliness. No love, no Heaven. No love, no happiness. No love, no eternity.

"He that saith he is in the light and hateth his brother, is in darkness even until now."

All or none:

The man that wronged me,
The man of intolerable deeds,
The man with gross or vulgar habits,
The man of poor and despicable circumstances,
The savage with incredible debasement,
The sage with impossible arrogance,
The neighbor with every angle set on edge to mine,
The stranger with no interest that ever linked to mine,
The human being in all his shapes and moods and degrees
of ignorance, selfishness, meannesses, injustices, cruelties, nasti-
nesses, and obnoxiousness,—

God loves all.

We must learn to love. Have we learnt in life? Can we learn in death? Shall we learn in a moment?

Yet God said:

"*This is my commandment: that you love one another, AS I HAVE LOVED YOU.*"

Is it not so, that the most awe-inspiring truth is the infinite goodness of God—which we are called *actively* to share, or for ever to forswear.





POOR SIR ANTHONY

BY MARY F. NIXON-ROULET
VP



DO wonder the women of England fell in love with poor Sir Anthony," said a contemporary of the great Van Dyck, and, gazing upon his portrait, one does not wonder that the original was the possessor of many fascinations for the fair sex. Painted by himself, Van Dyck's likeness as a young man shows a handsome, debonair, courtier-like cavalier, fascinating of glance, captivating of air, with all the graces of the followers of King Charles; his curling locks pushed away from a broad, high forehead—his best feature—his mustachios well trimmed, his linen spotlessly white and in the prevailing mode, his cloak velvet, his chain of golden links. Such was Sir Anthony, successful, fêted, dined, flattered by the English court; the favorite of the fair queen, Henrietta Maria, knighted by his royal patron, King Charles the Martyr. A few years later his portrait shows the likeness of a disappointed man. The gay witchery has given place to dreamy sadness; the smiling mouth droops at the corners, the eyes gaze into futurity with a wondering disappointment in their liquid depths. And yet the painter won for himself more than a modicum of success as the world counts it.

Born in Antwerp in 1599, a lad of a peculiarly artistic temperament, he was fortunate in the auspices which attended the opening of his career in this mundane sphere. Sixteenth-century Antwerp was a city eminently fitted to foster a genius for the fine arts. The thrifty Flemish bourg was by no means given up entirely to the trade which had made it famous.

The city of Van Balen, Jordaens, Vranck, and of the great master of color, Rubens, Antwerp was the home of culture and artistic taste. From its Spanish masters it perchance imbibed something of Southern warmth, romance, and grace to add to its homely Flemish sturdiness and painstaking, and its art of that date shows evidences of cultivation as well as natural talent.

Van Dyck's people were peculiarly suited to encourage his genius. His father—Franz van Dijck—was a silk manufacturer, a wealthy man, inheriting his business from his ancestors, and—since Antwerp was a maritime centre—a man of



VAN DYCK PAINTED BY HIMSELF.

the world, with the culture and breadth which comes of contact with men of occupations widely differing from his own. His wife, the youthful painter's mother, was a woman of rare character. She was moreover, in a purely feminine way, an artist of no slight pretensions. Under her skilled fingers the needle became a brush, a bit of cloth a canvas, and her embroidery was marvellous. A piece preserved to the present day in the Antwerp museum shows *Susannah and the Elders*, surrounded by a border of interlacing boughs and leaves, a perfect masterpiece of delicate shading.

Between mother and son there was the closest sympathy, and until he was eight years old the boy scarcely left her side, her well stored mind and artistic taste supplementing

the instructions of his tutors. Had she lived, Anthony's life might have been different, freer from the youthful faults which he lived bitterly to repent. His mother was a devout Catholic, his brother Theodore became canon of the Abbey of St. Michel, three of his sisters took the veil in the Beguinage, while Anne, his favorite sister, became a Facontine nun. After his mother's death young Van Dyck devoted himself exclusively to the study of art, and when but ten years old was sent to the studio of Hendrik van Balen, a historical painter of mark who had studied under Van Noort.

Like a bright-hued flower Anthony flourished in the atmosphere of art in which he found himself, rapidly distancing his colleagues, and becoming so proficient that even the great master Rubens, upon his return from Italy at the very zenith of his fame, noticed the aspiring lad and admitted him to intimacy when Van Dyck was but fifteen years old. How pleasant must have been the hours spent in the magnificent Rubens house in quaint old Antwerp! There were gathered together the greatest minds of the Flemish bourg, the most noted artists, and Van Dyck's quick perceptions aided him in imbibing much useful knowledge from his superior friends. Rubens regarded him as his first and favorite pupil, and trusted him to prepare the sketches of his paintings from which the engraver worked. A copyist must not only be exact in every stroke but must be in complete sympathy with the spirit of the master whose work he endeavors to reproduce, and Rubens must have felt great confidence in the ability and good will of his young friend and pupil.

One day, when Rubens was absent from his studio, two of his pupils began a wrestling match, and one of them, Diepenbeck, was pushed against a freshly painted picture, rubbing out the throat and chin of the principal figure. Consternation fell upon the merry crowd until one of them proposed that Van Dyck try to repair the damages. He quickly set to work, and restored the flesh tints so well that the boys resolved to risk deceiving Rubens. Next morning the great master, scrutinizing his picture complacently, remarked: "This throat and chin are by no means the worst piece of work I did yesterday." Upon examining it more closely he detected a strange hand, but Van Dyck immediately confessed the whole incident, and generous Rubens forgave the offenders, pleased with his pupil's skill.

When the clever young painter was only nineteen he was

enrolled as master in the Guild of St. Luke, Antwerp's famous society of arts and crafts, a great honor for one so young. He began to be successful, selling his pictures well. The Jesuits—ever ready patrons of arts and sciences—mentioned his name especially in their contract with Rubens to decorate their church with thirty-nine pictures to be painted by Rubens' pupils and retouched by the master's hand.

In a letter dated July 17, 1620, indited by an unknown agent of the Earl of Arundel, the writer says: "Van Dyck lives with Rubens; his works are beginning to be scarcely less esteemed than those of his master"; and shortly after this Anthony was invited to visit the English court. While there he painted a portrait of James I., the first in a long line of ancestral portraits, aristocratic likenesses of princes, nobles, scholars, brave men and fair women, so many of which canvases are to-day the most priceless heirlooms of the famous homes of England.

Returning from London, Van Dyck went to Haarlem, where he visited Franz Hals, the eccentric genius who was always "not at home" to visitors. Wishing to play a joke upon him, and aware of his peculiarities, Van Dyck represented himself as a rich patron desiring a portrait, and Hals was promptly fetched from the neighboring tavern, where he was generally to be found worshipping at the shrine of Bacchus. Anthony informed him that he had but two hours in which to sit for his portrait and Hals began to paint with his accustomed skill. In less time than that named the portrait was ready and Van Dyck eyed it critically.

"Very good, mynheer," he said patronizingly. "But this painting must be easier than I had thought, since you do it so fast. Let me try to paint you, and see what I can do."

Hals could not refuse, and handed his brushes and palette to the stranger. When the second portrait was finished and proved to be as good as the first, a light dawned upon the impetuous little Dutchman. Rushing up to his guest he flung his arms about Van Dyck's neck, crying: "The man who can do that is either Van Dyck or the devil."

In 1622 Van Dyck's father died, and upon his death-bed the pious old man exacted a promise from his son that he would paint a picture for the chapel of the Dominican nuns, who had nursed him through his last illness. This promise Van Dyck redeemed by giving them his marvellous Crucifixion, painted after his return from Italy.

This is one of the most remarkable of all the artist's paintings, and is of such rare merit that one wonders that any one could have supposed its artist unable to paint religious pictures.

The Crucifixion in the Mechlin Cathedral has been compared



THE PIETÀ NOW IN THE ANTWERP MUSEUM.

frequently to the one at Antwerp, and by many is regarded as the greater of the two. A critic says: "The composition is finely balanced and the moment of the Saviour's death most touchingly given. The various forms of sorrow, from the profound pathos of the Blessed Virgin to the passionate feeling of the Magdalen, are admirably characterized. Also the expression of the believing centurion on horseback. The drawing is fine and the gloomy, harmonious keeping of the whole with the sudden darkness has a striking effect."

Different in tone is the Antwerp Crucifixion. The *chiaroscuro* is fine, the light being managed so that the figure of our Lord is the one thing to which everything points, an effect of centralization which Van Dyck always had well. The flesh tints are marvellous, and upon a rude cross is stretched the Saviour of the world, majesty in his features, grace in every line of his body. Anatomically this is wonderfully correct, the only flaw being in the painting of the arms, which are too

much curved, as the weight of the body resting entirely from them would have drawn them tense.

St. Dominic, founder of the order for whose convent the picture was painted, stands to the side, his face upturned, his hands outspread, as if he were exclaiming at so horrid a deed. Claspings the feet of the crucified Saviour is St. Catherine of Siena, mystic bride of Christ, weeping bitterly. An angel turns down the fading torch of life, and lovely cherubs hover in the clouds, as if awaiting their dying Lord, "the consummation of whose pain was yet the perfection of his victory." The sublimity of conception, the forceful delicacy of handling, the refinement of feeling displayed in this one painting, place Van Dyck in the front rank of religious painters.

Van Dyck has frequently been compared to Rubens, to the younger man's detriment. Geniuses so different can scarcely be compared. The sphere of both is somewhat the same, but each had his virtues, each his faults. Rubens had the fire and intensity to grasp and grapple with the most terrible scenes; his color is powerful and brilliant, his handling masterly. Van Dyck had none of Rubens' coarseness, his expression of profound and intense emotion was elevated and refined. His feeling for nature was keen, and his mastery of treatment equals Rubens as fully as his correctness of detail surpasses and his coloring falls short of him.

In many of his paintings to-day the coloring seems faulty because the red background has unfortunately come through. This is caused by his having, at the time of his visit to Italy, adopted the then prevailing fashion of painting upon a very dark ground, and this caused, also, too heavy tones in the shadows.

The influence of his Italian studies is apparent in the *Pietà*, now in the Antwerp museum. Depth of coloring he learned from Giorgione and Titian, and full and solemn effects and dark draperies throw into greater effect the white tones of his paintings. The *Pietà* is full of refined feeling and devotion: the Blessed Virgin, almost dramatic in her grief, is as beautiful as some of the high-bred Madonnas of Del Sarto; the St. John is an artistic blending of boyishness and intellect, the hidden face of the Magdalen serves to heighten the intense feeling expressed in her figure, the hovering angel expresses worship and pity, while in the figure of the dead Christ there is wonderful relaxation. Every line is dead, as it were, and in the portrayal there is such majesty that one feels with the centurion: "Surely this man *was* the Son of God!"



THE MYSTICAL MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE (BUCKINGHAM PALACE).

Among the most famous of Van Dyck's religious paintings are two of the Blessed Virgin and Holy Child, a favorite subject with him. In one, now in Buckingham Palace, the "Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine," the Blessed Virgin holds a wreath of roses for the fair bride of her Son, and gazes lovingly at the Divine Child, who is about to place the nuptial ring upon the finger of the saint. The latter, leaning upon her wheel and holding the palm branch of martyrdom, is a graceful figure, though not so markedly so as is the Blessed Virgin, whose delicate, pensive face is among the painter's best Madonnas. Not so beautiful is it, however, as the famous Our Lady in the Brera at Milan. With the baby Our Lord in her arms she is enthroned above St. Anthony, who, in cowl and gown, kneels adoringly before his Lord. There is a subtle sympathy about this picture, a refinement in the lines, a naturalness in the manner in which the baby pats St. Anthony's face, a high-bred reserve in the very pose of the Blessed Virgin, a graceful dignity in her aristocratic features—those of

the artist's wife, a lady of the noble Scottish family of Ruthven. She is very different from the Raffaelesque Madonna of the "Holy Family" in the Munich gallery, or the beautiful maiden of the "Madonna, Child and Donators," in the Louvre. The Virgin in the last named is said to have been painted from an early sweetheart of Van Dyck's, one Anna van Ophem, of Saventhem, "Mistress of the Infanta Isabella's Hounds," and the male and female figures are said to have been taken from the parents of Van Dyck's innamorata. This painting is the more interesting because it is regarded as the one which marks the transition of the artist from a religious to a portrait painter, in which last rôle he made his greatest reputation.

Before Sir Anthony visited Italy he had painted a few portraits, but while in that land of flowers and sunshine he was influenced largely by Titian, the world's greatest portrait painter. The young Dutchman painted worthy portraits of Brignole, Balbi, Spinola, Pallavicino, and, as a result of a visit to the cardinal's hospitable mansion, a superb likeness of Cardinal Bentivolio, a picture showing that perfection of coloring and marvellous insight into the characteristics of the sitter which made Van Dyck's portraits famous.

From this time on the painter devoted himself almost exclusively to portraits, and executed likenesses of infantas of Spain, princes of France, royalty of England, bishops, abbés, and a most interesting series of his fellow-artists. These last are among his best works. Many of them were engraved by Van der Enden, many more etched by the artist's own hand, and as an etcher he shows the same fine traits which he has as a painter, delicacy and precision, wedded to ease of action. Into many of his pictures of the great worldly motives may have entered. The "almighty dollar" was as needful in those days as now, especially to one of Van Dyck's luxurious habits, and he could scarcely paint an unflattering portrait of a man who would pay unlimited *pistoles* for it, if he liked it! Consequently, the artist's royal portraits must be taken "cum grano salis" as likenesses, though as works of art they are superb. No such motives could influence him with his fellow-artists—men of his own class, devoted to art for art's sake, and to truth for the sake of art. Here his genius was untrammelled. The sitters were his friends, men of sense and artistic spirit, and their portraits are sympathetic and life-like. One of the most remarkable of Van Dyck's portraits of men is that of Mynheer Van der Geest, an art-lover and patron. The painting, erroneously marked "Portrait of Gevartius," is now



MYNHEER VAN DER GEEST, AN ART-LOVER.

in the National Gallery, London, and combines the luminous coloring of Rubens and Titian's humanity with Van Dyck's truthful and refined observance of forms. The Dutch mynheer is represented upon a dark background, against which his strong-featured face, with its deep-set eyes, its dome-like forehead, its full, rather humorous mouth stand out in strong relief.

A contrast to this still picture, whose only action is in the expressiveness of the life-like features, is the fine equestrian portrait of Señor Francisco de Moncado, Marquis of Aytona, generalissimo of the Spanish forces in the Netherlands. Van Dyck greatly admired Velasquez, and it is quite within the bounds of possibility that the great Spaniard may have influenced him at some time during his continental travels. One seems to detect in this equestrian portrait a *soupeçon* of

the style of Velasquez, though Van Dyck's portraits are done always in his own peculiar manner. This particular painting is his finest equestrian portrait; indeed, by many it is deemed the finest in the world ever painted by any artist. It is especially remarkable for its *chiaro oscuro*, its action and a certain proud repose very attractive and quite in keeping with the Spanish character.

In full armor the marquis is seated upon a fiery gray charger, a spirited fellow who arches his proud neck and seems ready to step over the frame, so keenly alive is he. Much of the picture is in the shadow, serving to throw into bolder relief the aristocratic, haughty features of the generalissimo, who, baton in hand, gazes straight before him.

Van Dyck's spirit was rather prone to rise upon short



SEÑOR FRANCISCO DE MONCADO, MARQUIS OF AYTONA.

notice, and he did not readily brook anything which his proud nature construed into a slight. The story is told of him that at one time he was sent for to paint the portrait of a French bishop, as to whom nothing is known but that his Christian name was Anthony and that he was very corpulent.

Van Dyck was always exacting as to little attentions, and was displeased when he saw that there was no servant ready to wait upon him, adjust his easel, and hand him his tools. He sat still and waited.

"Make haste!" cried the bishop, somewhat irritated. "Do you want me to get your tools for you?"

"From the absence of your servants I supposed you wished to reserve that honor for yourself," said naughty Anthony, disrespectfully.

The bishop rose to dismiss the insolent layman, saying: "Anthony, Anthony, you are a little creature, but you contain plenty of venom!"

To this Van Dyck wickedly replied: "Anthony, Anthony, you are big enough, but, like the cinnamon-tree, the outside is the best part of you!"—a fair sample of the would-be wit of the day.

Van Dyck's visit to England, in 1632, seems to have been at the instigation of the Earl of Arundel, that delightful nobleman whom Evelyn calls "the great Mæcenas of all politer arts and the boundless amasser of antiquities." He was the devoted friend of the king, whose love for the fine arts was great and whose knowledge of them was only as wonderful as was his ignorance of political craft. The earl soon brought Sir Anthony to the notice of his royal master, and, knighted by the king, a favorite with the queen, Van Dyck became the lion of the hour. His manners were courtly; he was handsome, talented, with a charm which endeared him to old and young. In his black velvet suits, which style of dress he much affected, his pointed lace collars, his curly blonde hair brushed and tied with ribbon, he became the fashion; so much so that collars and beards cut in the pointed style were named from him, and the nobility vied with royalty to be painted by the skilled hand of the Flemish painter.

Fair women he painted well. Though not idealizing them, he showed none of Rubens' grossness; but his feminine portraits are by no means equal to his pictures of men, and not so fancifully charming as Gainsborough's *grandes dames*. A fair example of Van Dyck's skill in this line is seen in his famous "Lady in the Black Gown," a most striking painting.



FAIR WOMEN HE PAINTED WELL.

Very erect, stately, well groomed is the velvet-gowned **dame**, with her ropes of pearls, her lace frills, her collar cut in the prevailing Van Dyck points. Her face—like those in so many of the artist's portraits—is aristocratic, interesting, attractive rather than pretty, and the effect of the striking figure against the dull reds of the background is in marvellously good taste. Very noticeable are the hands, peculiarly slender and artistic, and it is said to be an eccentricity of the artist to introduce into his portraits such hands (copies of his own, of which he was rather vain) whether the painting was of knight, warrior, court-dame, or child.

As a painter of children Van Dyck is equalled by Sir Joshua Reynolds only, and his most noted paintings of the

little folks—those of the children of Charles I.—are absolutely charming. There are many of these portraits, all different but all well-nigh perfect. The one in the picture gallery at Turin shows Prince Charles in a gorgeous scarlet robe, Princess Mary in white satin, and tiny Prince James in a quaint little robe of blue silk, all standing in charming attitudes, with a splendid big dog beside them. In the painting in the Dresden Gallery the children are older and they are attended by two dear little King Charles spaniels; but the picture is equally charming. There is about the little faces an air of high-bred innocence exceedingly attractive, and the grouping is uncommonly good—that, as a rule, not being one of Van Dyck's best points.



AS A PAINTER OF CHILDREN VAN DYCK IS EQUALLED ONLY BY
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

The striking features and marked personality of King Charles I. readily lent themselves to the artist's skill, and none of Van Dyck's portraits is so justly famous as those of the martyr king. There was expended upon them not only the utmost skill of the artist, incited thereto by the honor of painting royalty, and gratitude for the princely favors showered



PORTRAIT OF KING CHARLES.

upon him by his royal master, but they were painted *con amore*. Sir Anthony loved the king with that intense devotion which the Stuarts seem ever to have inspired, and his portraits of the little-understood monarch show deep insight into the character of the noble but ill-fated king. In his face, as Van Dyck portrayed it, there is—combined with the fine nobility, the pardonable pride of birth, the unmistakable air of breeding found in all the king's likenesses—a sorrowful dignity, a brooding melancholy, a hint of troubled foreboding for the future; this last so marked that upon first seeing one of Van Dyck's portraits of King Charles, Bernini said: "Ecco! il volto

funesto!"—a speech well-nigh prophetic when one recalls the poor king's melancholy fate.

In the magnificent portrait in the gallery at Dresden the king, robed in velvet, with his royal insignia, his elegant point laces, his dark, curling, cavalier locks in artistic and becoming confusion, looks proudly but mournfully from out the picture, every inch a king. So flawless seems the picture that one feels the artist was one who,

"Poring on a face,
Divinely through all hindrance finds the man
Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
The shape and color of a mind and life,
Lives for his children, ever at its best
And fullest."

A writer says that there can be little doubt that the passionate attachment in which King Charles I. was held by so many of the people of England, for so many years after his death, was fostered by the portraits of him painted by his devoted servant, Sir Anthony Van Dyck.

The misfortunes of his royal master preyed upon the artist's mind. He had been severely mortified that upon grounds of expense the king was unable to decorate the walls of the superb banqueting hall at Whitehall, for which Van Dyck had submitted sketches, and the disappointment had a bad effect upon his health. He went to Antwerp in the endeavor to recuperate, and hearing that Louis XIII. was planning to adorn the Louvre with mural paintings, he hurried to Paris, only to find that Poussin had forestalled him. Returning to England, the victim of the gout, his health rapidly became worse. All London was in a state of fierce discontent. The queen, Henrietta Maria, was compelled to flee to France, Parliamentarians laying to her "Popish" influence the king's too great leniency toward his Catholic subjects. Hampton Court, that ideal palace where Van Dyck had spent so many delightful hours with his royal patron, was closed, and the king and Duke of York compelled to flee to York, still loyal. In May poor Strafford, one of Sir Anthony's closest friends and one of the greatest men of the age, was sacrificed to popular prejudice, expiating upon the scaffold those so-called offences against the fetich—the English Constitution—which his devotion to his sovereign had induced.

From the shock of his death Van Dyck never rallied. Life in England amidst the embroilments of the sullen Parliamen-



AT THE COURT OF THE KING.

tarians was little worth living to the Catholics of the day, and, fretted

"Neath the load
Of petty cares, which gall great hearts the most,"

unable to combat disease, the great painter expired on the 9th of December, 1641, at the early age of forty-two.

He had many faults, but his death was a good one, and his will showed a disposition to atone for the errors of his life. After providing for his wife and daughter, he left money to charity, for Masses, to his sister the Beguine nun, and for the support of an illegitimate child, whom he had never neglected. In spite of his apparently successful life he died a disappointed man.

"All praise the likeness by his skill portrayed," and as a portrait painter Van Dyck is scarcely excelled. Yet this did not satisfy him, and his ambition to paint more original works was largely ungratified, since his historical and religious paintings were never popular in his own day, however much they may have added with posterity to the fame of "Poor Sir Anthony."

SOME LOST MANUSCRIPT TREASURES.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.



HITTIER says: "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, 'It might have been.'" We may apply the words in a sense not meant by the poet, by saying that one of the greatest losses the world has known are not the things which might have been, and which, if we had had them, might not have proved so precious; but rather the things that have been and are not. Chief among these are the manuscript writings and poems which are known to have existed in past ages, but which are now irrevocably lost

Many believe that we have not got all the Sacred Scriptures that were written. It is certain that we have all that it was necessary for us to have; but nevertheless the belief seems general that certain epistles of the Apostles were lost. All down the ages, from most ancient times to the present day, numerous valuable manuscripts have been destroyed either by accident, carelessness, or ignorance; in many instances also by malice. The Reformation saw the monasteries plundered of half their literary treasures—manuscripts that generations of monks had spent time and labor in producing. Going back to ancient times, we find a great deal of classic literature that has disappeared. In the time of Aristophanes, the Greek comedian, two thousand dramas had been written; only forty-two of them are now extant. Æschylus is known to have written seventy plays; only seven have come down to us. The same number of Sophocles' writings have been preserved out of over a hundred that he wrote. Menander, one of the greatest of comic writers, wrote innumerable plays; hardly a scrap of his writings is ours at the present time. In the few lines we possess there is such undoubted genius that Goethe said he would gladly have given half the Roman poetry extant for a single play of Menander. Of the writings of Sappho, the greatest of lyrical poets, only two odes and a few lines of fragmentary poetry are left. The hymns and dirges of Pindar, and the songs of Alcæus and Ibycus, have utterly perished, although the most cultivated men and women of their day

delighted in their poetry. Only a few odes and stanzas have been preserved for our use. The father of Roman poetry, so called, was Ennius, and as late as the thirteenth century a complete copy of his poetry was in existence; now almost nothing of it remains.

Of the great tragedians only half a dozen words are left of the "Thyestes" of Varius, which Quintilian said was the greatest tragedy of ancient Greece; and two lines are all that is left of Ovid's "Medea."

Many of these priceless manuscripts were lost in the invasion of Europe by the Goths and Vandals, and some were burned in the successive fires at Alexandria. When Julius Cæsar laid siege to Alexandria a library of four hundred thousand manuscripts, collected by the Ptolemys, was destroyed by fire. A library in the same city, called the Serapeum, and given by Mark Antony to Cleopatra, was lost in the same way during the reign of Theodosius, when the Christians stormed the temple of Jupiter. Later a new library of seven hundred thousand manuscripts was established in Alexandria, but it would seem as if the city were peculiarly unfortunate, for in 640 A. D. the Saracens, under the Caliph Omar, invaded Alexandria. The caliph reasoned that "if these writings of the Greeks agree with the book of God, they are useless, and need not be preserved; if they disagree, they ought to be destroyed"; so he burned the beautiful library, and sent the manuscripts to heat the four thousand public baths. It is said to have taken nearly a year to thus use up all these treasures of literature.

At Cremona, in 1569, twelve thousand books printed in Hebrew were burned; and the same fate befell five thousand copies of the Koran at the taking of Granada, by order of Cardinal Ximenes. There is a story that in the Middle Ages a merchant bought two handsome libraries for forty shillings and used them as waste-paper; while manuscripts taken by force from the monasteries were used to light candles, clean boots, and stop up the cracks in broken windows and doors.

Coming down to later times, the great fire of London in 1666 destroyed many manuscripts of the Elizabethan era; and at the beginning of the nineteenth century a servant of Warburton took a number of celebrated plays of Massinger, Ford, George Chapman, Robert Greene, and others to light fires and make into paper frills for pies. It is even said that three plays of Shakspeare—"Duke Humphrey," and Henry I. and II.—per-

ished in this way. The last six books of Spenser's "*Faerie Queene*" were lost by one of his servants when travelling from Ireland to England. Many of the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and the *Memoirs* of Mrs. Inchbald, which are said to have filled several volumes, have disappeared.

By far one of the greatest losses to book-lovers is Thomas Heywood's "*Lives of the Poets*." Heywood was an English dramatist and writer, a contemporary of Shakspeare and a friend of his and of the men of his time, and it seems quite certain that if we had this book it would throw much light on Shakspeare's early life and antecedents. Cases are also on record where great authors have destroyed one or more of their own works, under the influence of caprice or temper. Pope, at the advice of Lord Bolingbroke, burnt a book of his on the "*Immortality of the Soul*."

George Crabbe destroyed several of his prose works because a friend told him a treatise on botany ought to have been written in Latin and not in English. This was too much for the temper of Crabbe, who forthwith proceeded to make way with books that had cost him years of hard work.

Nathaniel Hawthorne burned a number of his earlier writings, which we would fain wish he had left for us. The French writer Molière had almost finished a translation of "*Lucretius*" when his hair-dresser took some leaves of the MS. for curl-papers to beautify his wig. This threw Molière into such a transport of rage that he pitched the whole manuscript into the fire.

The gentle Sir Isaac Newton met with a somewhat similar loss. A pet dog named Diamond upset a lighted candle on his study table, and a number of valuable writings were destroyed. Newton, with more fortitude than Molière, merely shook his finger at the dog and said: "Ah, Diamond, Diamond, thou little knowest what damage thou has done."

Turning now to the Scriptures, we find that in Acts xix. 19 St. Luke gives us an account of the Ephesians who brought their books together and burned them in the sight of all present. The loss in money amounted to 50,000 pieces of silver, or \$90,000. These Ephesians, before they were converted by the preaching of St. Paul, were steeped in superstition and in heathen practices, of which the burnt writings were a record: Devil worship, serpent and sun worship, astrological and chemical practices, symbols and charms against all evil, and particularly the evil eye, were some of the subjects of their treatises.

They derived their arts of necromancy from the Egyptians and Persians. Their books were in the form of small parchment scrolls, and the Ephesians carried them wherever they went.

In a glass case in the British Museum is a little heap of scorched leaves, all that is left of the Cotton MSS., destroyed by fire in 1731 at Ashburnham House, Westminster.

Other disastrous fires, where much valuable literature was burned, were two great fires at Moscow in 1547 and 1739, and the burning of the Strassburg library during the Franco-Prussian war. In the latter many priceless works were destroyed. Among others were the first printed Protestant Bible and records of the lawsuit between Gutenberg and his partners; which settled the question as to whether he did or did not invent the art of printing.

The forces of nature have also destroyed many valuable books and manuscripts. In one of the libraries attached to a great English cathedral a pane of glass was broken in a window near the shelves, and some ivy came through the opening and grew and grew over the books, drawing in water whenever it rained, which soaked the leaves and ruined many valuable books before the harm was discovered.

In another library the rain came in through a sky-light and nearly destroyed some rare editions of Caxton and other early English writers; one of these books, in spite of its damaged condition, sold for one thousand dollars.

Damp also injures books, causing mildew and making the paper rot and crumble away when touched.

There are records of countless manuscripts lost at sea or captured by pirates. In 1600 there died one Vincentio Pinelli, who owned what was then considered the most magnificent library in the world. A London bookseller purchased the whole collection, which had been in process of formation for many decades. There were manuscripts dating from the eleventh century, and rare works in Greek, Latin, and Italian. The book-buyer chartered three vessels for these treasures, to bring them to London. One of these ships was captured by pirates, who threw all the books into the sea; the other two escaped unhurt.

In 1698 a Dutchman named Hudde went to China dressed as a mandarin. He must have been a very clever mimic, for he travelled thirty years through the empire without being discovered or suspected, and during that time collected manuscripts and books of great value. Finally he put them all in a ship

to convey them home; but the vessel foundered, and every single MS. was lost.

Perhaps the most exasperating method in which great literary works have been lost to us is through ignorance. Fire and flood and shipwreck are natural events in the history of the world, and usually are not preventable; but to see the labor of years, the manuscripts and books that have been so carefully preserved, destroyed in a few moments by dense ignorance, is trying indeed. Some such instances are on record.

A copy of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* with fine wood-cuts, worth at least two thousand dollars, was used to light the fire in the French Protestant Church in St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, about the year 1860. Prior to the French Revolution a valuable first edition of the *Golden Legend* was used to light a librarian's fire. A shoemaker of London, John Bagford by name, spent a life-time in collecting title-pages, which he tore out and mounted all together in book-form. He collected about twenty-five thousand title-pages in all. This collection, in sixty folio volumes, is now in the British Museum. Bagford gave as his reason for such wanton mutilation that he was collecting data to write a history of printing; which, by the way, he never wrote.

We would certainly think that in the present age an English chancellor of the exchequer would have some idea of the literary value of old manuscripts and records; but in 1840 a collector of antiquities found out the contrary, to his own profit. He was buying some soles of a fish-monger in old Hungerford Market, Yarmouth, and noticed that the fish-monger wrapped the soles in some stiff paper torn from a book at his side. The antiquarian went home, and on unwrapping the fish discovered the paper bore the signatures of Lauderdale, Godolphin, Ashley, and Sunderland. The wrapper proved to be a bill for feeding prisoners in the Tower in the reign of James II., and the signatures were those of James II.'s ministers. Much excited, the antiquarian hurried back to the fish-monger, and by judicious and careful inquiry discovered the man had a quantity of similar paper, ten tons in all, which he had bought at seven pounds a ton at Somerset House.

The antiquarian secured more of the paper and found accounts of the exchequer office in the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., wardrobe accounts of Queen Anne, a treatise on the Eucharist written by Edward VI., and another on

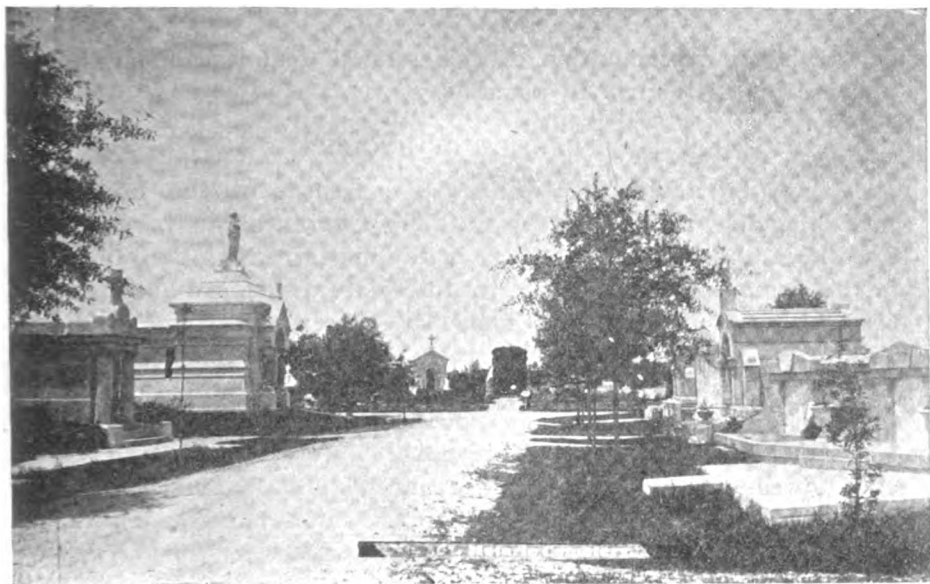
the Order of the Garter in the handwriting of Queen Elizabeth, besides numerous other valuable papers dating from Henry VII. to George III. Little by little the antiquarian acquired all the paper he could, when the secret leaked out, and the government woke up to a sense of what they had lost. The public demanded an inquiry; but by this time the papers were lost, destroyed, or scattered.

In our own day a great deal has been said about the Catholic Lady Burton having destroyed her husband's MS. translation from the Arabic of the "Scented Garden." She was offered six thousand guineas for the work, and at a time when she greatly needed the money, but, actuated by the highest motives, she burned the whole MS. The literary world heaped a storm of abuse on her head, and termed her act vandalism; but all right-thinking people who know what the "Scented Garden" was must ever commend her for conscientious and loyal obedience to the right. It was a case where a lost MS. of a certain literary value might better remain for ever lost.



A BEACON.

COUNT not those efforts failures
Whose ends you cannot see;
Let life's deep, frustrate moments
Blest crucifixions be—
So may the Love-sent trinity
Of gall and nail and thorn
Show the aspiring spirit
Its resurrection morn.



ENTOMBMENT, BETTER THAN OTHER METHODS, HAS MET THE DEMANDS OF AFFECTION.

THE CREMATION MOVEMENT IS ANTI-CATHOLIC. ✓

BY JAMES P. MURPHY.



RECENT Pastoral Letter of the Archbishop of Montreal, recalling to his flock the severe manner in which the Catholic Church forbids cremation as a normal means of disposing of the dead, is timely inasmuch as it coincides with a renewal of an attempt to spread and popularize this treatment of the human body when the soul has left it.

Along the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, and about New Orleans in particular, efforts are being made to win the public to look with sympathy on this "progressive" idea. In those regions the soil is low-lying and subject to inundation. Inhumation, or interment below the surface of the ground, is practically out of the question. Bodies are consequently buried above ground. "Burn them; destroy them by fire," say the zealous advocates of cremation. But the people of New Orleans turn a deaf ear. They will have none of this expedient, which they consider an offence to reverent and tender sentiment. What amazes them, however, is the zeal of the outsider in persisting to almost force cremation upon them. What may

be the ulterior explanation of this strange zeal it will be the purpose of this article to examine.

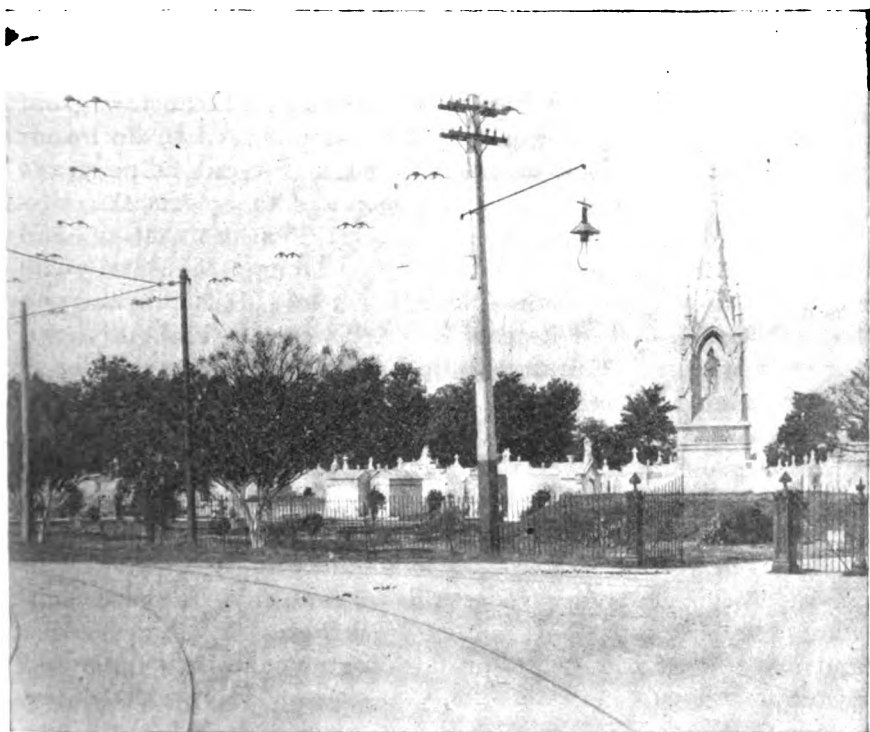
THE QUESTION OF HYGIENE.

It may be noted that while the consensus of the human race is against cremation, the Catholic Church alone takes up a positive and vigorous attitude in the matter. No other body in the community seems able to formulate a definite and concrete policy in its regard. Thus Dr. Potter, the Episcopal Bishop of New York, in reply to a circular of the President of the United States Cremation Company requesting an expression of his views on cremation, writes: "I beg to say that I have no prejudice unfavorable to cremation, and indeed, in view of the curiously inadequate and singularly unintelligent arguments, attacks, and denunciations which have been employed by those who are hostile to it, I have been rather disposed to sympathize with those who are seeking to introduce it. But the argument of most effect in its behalf is one which must be made by scientific men, and especially by physicians. I wait to hear more explicitly and more fully from these, for when it can be shown that any such plan best conduces to the health and well-being of large communities, it will be likely to find general acceptance."

Here we have the somewhat singular case of one who knows of no definite and convincing argument in favor of cremation, but who is inclined to sympathize with the movement in favor of it merely because it is the object of attack and obloquy. The argument in its behalf, hinted at as possibly destined later on to be furnished by scientific men, and especially by physicians, is apparently the question of hygiene. This point, in fact, is the only one that has ever been held up as a valid argument in favor of cremation.

Inhumation of bodies, it is said, is liable to be injurious to the health of those living near the place of interment. But even this does not make necessarily for cremation, against which there are objections of a doubly serious character. Cremation is not the alternative of inhumation, nor is it by any means the natural remedy where conditions unhygienic or otherwise objectionable would follow burial in the ground.

At New Orleans they have the obvious solution of the problem in entombment, and the cemeteries of that city are amongst the most beautiful and interesting in the world. The Campo Santo at the Basilica of St. Lawrence outside the



SANITARY ENTOMBMENT IN GREENWOOD CEMETERY, NEW ORLEANS.

walls of Rome, which was begun by Pope Gregory XVI. and completed by Pius IX., and is one of the most perfect of its kind in existence, furnishes primary and ample accommodations for entombment. On this subject the Rev. Charles R. Treat, who has studied the matter most exhaustively, has the following remarks to make: "Better than any other method of disposing of the dead that has ever been devised, entombment has met the demand of affection. Never has any other mode so commended itself to men as this. There may have been at times a general adoption of cremation, at times a general prevalence of earth-burial; but the one has not long satisfied the sorrowing survivors, and the other has owed its beginning and continuance to the apparent absence of alternative. Wherever the living have been able, and the dead have been dearly loved or highly esteemed, the tendency to entomb and not to bury has been constantly manifested. To call attention to this tendency is enough to prove it, so easily accessible is the evidence and so familiar is its operation in the

human heart. The most natural reference will be first to the Mausoleum, the tomb of Mausolus, that was erected by his sorrowing queen, Artemisia, at Halicarnassus, upon the Ægean's eastern shore; and that became at once one of the few great wonders of the ancient world. This was intended to do honor to the loved and illustrious dead; and this it did, as no grave or pyre could do. This was also intended to protect the lifeless form from ruthless robbery and reckless profanation, and it performed this task so well that for near two thousand years no human eye beheld the mortal part of Mausolus and no human hand disturbed its rest. At a far earlier time Abraham, the Father of the Faithful, while he illustrated this tendency to entomb the dead, also offered an influential example to all who would do him reverence, as, in the hour of his great sorrow, he sought the seclusion and the security of Machpelah's cave for the last resting-place of his beloved wife. There he buried Sarah; there he and his son and his son's son and their wives were all laid to rest, and the place of their repose has not been violated even at this distant day. To this constant tendency constant testimony is borne by the massive and magnificent tombs in which India abounds, the tombs and pyramids that make marvellous the land of the Nile, the tombs that stand thick upon the Appian Way and that rose superb upon the Tiber's shore, the modern use to which the Pantheon is put, the Pantheon at Paris and the Crypt of the Invalides, the Abbey of Westminster matchless in memorials, the sepulchres within the hills that gird Jerusalem, and the sepulchre in which the Nazarene was gently laid when His agony was ended. That entombment can be made sanitary is evident from the fact that, in countless instances, in many lands and through long periods of time, it has been made sanitary by the ingenuity of man or by unassisted nature; and it is also evident from the fact that decomposition and disease germs are the dangers to be guarded against, and that against these both ancient and modern science have been able to guard."

On the one hand, human reason refuses to see in the corpse an abnormal condition of the body, and refuses to despoil it of the human dignity that previously belonged to it. On the other, the light of faith reveals therein an expiatory chastisement, and the teaching of the church regarding the origin, duty, and destiny of the human body in life and death, in time and eternity, stamps upon the corpse a mark of nobil-

ity which renders it in some degree a participator in the spirituality and immortality, and even in the holiness and benediction, that are the lot of the soul.

THE SENSE OF THE LITURGY.

Touching and interesting in the extreme were the funeral rites lavished on the bodies of the early Christians, as we learn from St. Augustine's work on *Care to be Given to the Dead*. The liturgy of the church is one solemn profession that the corpse of the faithful departed is sacred and inviolable in her eyes. In accordance with the full ceremonial the clergy are instructed to go processionally to receive the body. The priest must sprinkle holy water on it, and, having recited the *De Profundis*, must intone that antiphon of most comforting hope which recalls that a day will come in which that body, humbled now by death, will return alive and will exult in its God. Then, with the accompaniment of psalmody and of waxen lights, the body is to be brought to the sacred edifice. Here prayer is made that the eternal peace of the Lord be accorded to the departed, and on the completion of the obsequies the minister of the church accompanies the body to the tomb, invoking on it the blessing of the Lord and praying that an angel may be sent to guard it. When he finally leaves the scene of sepulture the joyous hope of the resurrection of the body is recalled in the antiphon, "I am the resurrection and the life."

The day of burial itself is called in church liturgy *dies depositionis*, the day when the body is consigned in temporary deposit to the tomb, and the imagery is evoked which represents the earth as a maternal womb receiving the body and covering it with its mantle of mercy. Furthermore, in all the prayers that are recited in the office for the dead and in all the inscriptional records of the church the buried body is referred to as a sleeper—a sleeper who will repose for a given period, to the hour, namely, when, awakened by the sound of the omnipotent word, he will revive to new and eternal life. St. Jerome, on this account, speaks of the dead as the "sleepers who will one day revive." The very name of cemetery, given to the place of sepulture, in its Greek original (*coimeterion*) means a place to sleep. And as a dormitory signifies a place where those who seek rest are not dead, so the word cemetery should recall that bodies therein laid will one day return to life and animation.

ADVOCATES OF CREMATION INIMICAL TO THE CHURCH.

The whole sentiment of the Catholic Church, it will thus be seen, must necessarily and *a priori* be opposed to the idea of cremation. This fact is fully realized by the zealous advocates of the combustion of dead bodies, and their published literature on the subject is for the most part less an array of argument than a blind attack on the Catholic Church. Thus, Mr. Louis Lange, President of the United States Cremation Company, gives vent to the following: "There are no crematories in Russia, Spain, Prussia, and Turkey. There State and Church sleep in twin cradles. If the pope of Rome could have his way, there would be no crematory in Italy; now there are twenty-seven (one in the holy city) because the king wants what the pope wants not; and above the sounds of discord between temporal and spiritual power the voice of the people is heard: 'We are Catholics, but we want to be cremated.' Says the state: 'So be it.' Says the pope: 'You go without my blessing'"—and more conversation of the like inane and, as will be seen, utterly groundless character.

The same writer elsewhere says: "The Archbishop of Santiago de Cuba could easily tell under what particular dispensation during the Spanish-American War many hundreds of dead Catholic Spaniards were cremated in very rough fashion in a consecrated cemetery of the city. Upon inquiry General Leonard Wood wrote that religious services were held over these bodies." Needless to say, if the writer had really been searching for truth and not merely seeking to spread malign misrepresentations regarding the Catholic Church, he would readily have found authoritative information to the effect that under stress of major force, such as in times of war or pestilence, the church makes no objection to combustion or other expeditious means of disposing of human remains that may become a danger to the rest of the community.

Mr. Lange finally pens the following highly instructive sentence: "It seems, therefore, as if we were indebted to the Freemasons of Italy, pronounced opponents of the Catholic Church, for a good share of its ill will towards cremation in this country." The president of the United States Cremation Company deserves the thanks of Catholics for this statement, faulty as it is in the logic of the facts. He admits a co-relation between religion, Freemasonry, and cremation that it will be well for Catholics never to lose sight of.

As a matter of fact the *Civiltà Cattolica* and other organs of Catholic opinion in Italy have over and over again affirmed that the attempt to introduce cremation in our time is primarily and above all things a blow aimed at the Catholic Church by the Freemasons, who hold the conviction that having once dissipated the profound reverence and piety of Catholics towards the dead they will more easily sap the faith in an eternal life and strike at the very roots of religion.

In the *Rivista della Massoneria Italiana* (Italian Masonic Review), published February 16, 1874, in Rome, "with the written permission of the most potent grand master," we read the following words: "The key-stone of the entire system which is opposed to Masonry was, and is, that ascetic and transcendental sentiment which transports men beyond the existing world, makes them regard themselves as travellers of very brief sojourn on this earth, and induces them to sacrifice everything in order to acquire felicity in a life which would begin in the cemeteries. This whole theory must be destroyed by the hammer of Freemasonry."

And how is the destruction to be effected? Above all by nullifying the religious character of cemeteries and by inducing municipal councils to adopt the cremation of corpses. This, in fact, is the very proposal that we read in the following number of the *Italian Masonic Review*. It states that by a unanimous vote, on May 26, 1874, of the representatives of the Masonic lodges of Italy and of the Italian colonies, assembled in the Valley of the Tiber at the Orient of Rome, it was resolved that: "Italian Freemasonry emits the desire that cemeteries become exclusively civil, without distinction of belief or rite, and proposes to urge upon municipal councils the use of cremation in substitution of interment. It therefore recommends this resolution to all lodges and to each and every brother." When the cemetery should be divested of its quality of sacred place, and cremation substituted for interment, the Christian burial-ground would be a thing of the past, and the "ascetic and transcendental" sentiments of religion would cease to grate upon the sensitive nerves of the Masons—such would seem to be the reasoning.

The Italian legislation, dominated as it has been for thirty years by the Freemasons, was naturally the willing tool of the sect. As far back as April, 1873, when the Senate was discussing the new sanitary code, the following article, 185 of chapter i., under the heading Cemeteries, was passed: "The Minis-



ITALIAN FREEMASONS DEMAND CREMATION AS A SUBSTITUTE TO INTERMENT.

ter of the Interior may permit other means of inhumation, of preservation or of destruction of corpses, including cremation, in exceptional cases and for exceptional motives."

This was the thin end of the wedge, for it would have been imprudent to administer all at once too severe a shock to the susceptibilities of the average Italian Catholic. Then, on June 14, 1877, a decree was issued permitting cremation to all who should desire it, irrespective of case or motive. Four years later the condition was added that the ashes taken from crematories should be kept in a cemetery, or in other suitable and safe place designed for the purpose. Finally, in 1888, cremation was formally sanctioned by the following law: "The cremation of bodies must be performed in crematories approved by the doctor of the province. Communes must gratuitously furnish the necessary site for the erection of crematories in the cemeteries. Cinerary urns, containing the remains after complete cremation, may be placed in cemeteries or in chapels or temples belonging to moral entities recognized by the state, or in private columbaria of stable destination, and in such a way as to be secure from all profanation." By this last clause the law obviously desired to approve the proposal made by the Italian Freemasons that "Urns containing the ashes of Masons,

or of their families, should be placed in the Masonic temples, or in their appurtenances, as in a family sepulchre."

When attention is directed to the date of this law it will be quickly seen what value attaches to the oft-repeated declaration of the Italian government, that it is "always reverential towards religion in its relations with the church."

As a matter of fact, this law permitting and sanctioning cremation was made and approved practically on the very morning of a solemn condemnation and prohibition of the practice by the church.

LEGISLATION OF THE CHURCH.

A number of bishops had requested a formal statement from the Holy See on the subject, and a decree was issued declaring: "1. It is not licit to subscribe one's name to societies that advocate cremation, and if these societies are affiliated to Freemasonry they incur the same penalties; and 2. It is not licit to arrange for or order the cremation of one's own or any other person's body." The assessor of the Holy Office, when communicating this decree to the bishops, added the declara-



A RIGHT TREATMENT OF THE DEAD IS A TESTIMONY OF ONE'S FAITH.

tion that "the matter being reported to the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII., His Holiness approved and confirmed the resolutions of the very eminent fathers, and commanded that they be communicated to the bishops ordinaries in order that they duly instruct the faithful regarding the *detestable abuse* of cre-

mating human bodies, and that with all their power they restrain their flock from the practice."

Later on, it may be interesting to here add, and precisely on August 6, 1897, the Holy Office, replying to a query on the subject, laid down the general rule that wherever possible and practicable even the amputated limbs of the baptized faithful should not be burned, but should be buried in a consecrated place.

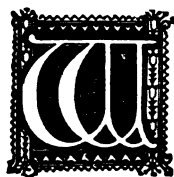
But the law sanctioning cremation was, even by lay Italians, denounced as sanctioning a "detestable abuse," and was arraigned on social, historical, economic, and hygienic grounds. Anti-clericals, like Professor Paolo Montegazzo, were amongst the most bitter in attacking it. They quoted the words employed by Minutius Felix nearly seventeen centuries ago: "It is not that we fear any loss from this mode of final dissolution, but we prefer the older and better practice of interment." And though the "hammer of Freemasonry" undertook to "destroy the Catholic system," the result proved that cremation was destined to find but few adepts. In fact, the numbers cremated are annually decreasing. In 1897, while 9,323 persons were buried, 37 were cremated; but in the following year only 26 were cremated, as against 9,882 interred. This fact disposes of the balderdash disseminated by the United States Cremation Company: "Say the Italian people: 'We are Catholics, but we want to be cremated.'" Even the Italian Freemason does not want cremation.

The custom of burial, introduced by the Apostles and preserved throughout the centuries by the church; the funeral liturgy, founded on the custom of burial, as seen in the blessing of cemeteries and in the rites both within and without the sacred edifice, and finally, the testimony of the dogma of the resurrection and the speculative and practical sense of Catholics, all make unreservedly and uncompromisingly against cremation.

Whoever believes, writes St. Augustine, that the dead body will again come forth glorified from the tomb to participate in eternal beatitude, to reign with Christ, cannot abstain from doing it solemn honor, not only through a sentiment of humanity or through affection for relatives, but above all through the motive of religion. A right and dutiful treatment of the dead is a testimony of one's faith.

AN OLD DOCUMENT.

BY LELIA HARDIN BUGG.



WHEN the train, which runs at a dignified rate of speed through the sedate old State of Virginia, reached Washington and emptied its passengers on the station platform, there was but one occupant left in the parlor car at the rear, a benign elderly gentleman dozing over a disorderly collection of the morning papers.

He stood up, rubbed his eyes, and started towards the door to get a breath of the hot, still air of Washington in June.

His progress was arrested by three delightfully pretty girls and a handsome youth of nineteen or twenty, just entering the car, followed by the bebuttoned porter carrying five bags and a bandbox.

The old gentleman, who was gifted with a scientific turn of mind, was so intent on trying to discover the art by which a human being with two normal arms had increased their carrying capacity to the degree reached by the porter, forgot that he was barring the way of the gay procession. When recalled from his absent-mindedness he blushed vividly and compressed himself into the smallest possible space against the opposite door, whilst the young beauties filed gracefully into the car.

When he returned to his seat he found them comfortably ensconced just behind the litter of papers that seemed to boast arrogantly, from two chairs and the floor, "Possession is nine points of law."

The old gentleman gathered his papers into a modest compactness, and then went forward to the smoking-room, leaving the car to the sole tenancy of the Washington young people.

These were cousins; that is, Sally and Elizabeth Cary were the cousins of Annie Page and her brother Tom, and they were all going down to their grandmother's country place in Virginia to spend the long, hot Southern summer.

Sally Cary, the only real young lady of the party, who had made her bow to society two winters before and was near the mature age of twenty, had in prospect the month of August at Narragansett Pier. This round of gaiety in the summer capital of Southern bellehood was supposed by her doting

parents to compensate her pleasure-loving soul for the seclusion of the colonial homestead in Virginia.

Her picture had already been in the newspapers, to her father's outspoken disgust, among the beauties of the Old Dominion, and she was described as a pure type of the American girl. This seemed rather indefinite, considering the widely varying kinds of American girl, but it was meant to be complimentary. She was of medium height, slender without being angular, with fair skin, gray eyes, brown hair, even, white teeth, red lips, and two dimples in her cheeks. Her gowns fitted her to ravishing perfection, although made by a little seamstress at two dollars a day, and their trig beauty bore out the theory of young Mrs. Winthrop: "Some figures look well in anything, and others would lack style and distinction even in a creation straight from the Rue de la Paix."

Elizabeth Cary, a golden-haired fairy of eighteen, had unselfishly given up her right to "come out" in society, although she had come out of school, and was studying French literature and political economy under a private teacher, in order that her sister might have the gowns and gloves considered essential to the *rôle* of a modern belle.

For the Carys were not rich, not even according to the standard of an earlier and simpler era, and from the point of view of the modern plutocrat they might have received assistance "delicately rendered" as poor relations.

Nevertheless Mr. Cary, who was a clever lawyer, born and brought up in Washington, and allied to its best by the ties of blood, tastes, and culture, was able to give his little family a comfortable home, and to his pretty daughter a sufficient quantity of feminine furbelows to make her charmingly presentable in the most exclusive drawing-rooms. She was seldom seen in any other. As for the "Congressional set," as distinguished in a descending scale from the "Official set," the Carys, entrenched behind a gallery of family portraits, and a hale and hoary family tree, looked upon them with politely indifferent eyes as upon a race quite apart.

The young girl was descended collaterally with that Sally Cary who glides down the pages of history in her patrician beauty and charm as the beloved of Washington, although only an expert in genealogical tangles could have told the exact degree of relationship.

"People are always asking me if you are any relation of the Sally Cary," complained her cousin, Tom Page.

"Tell them that I intend to be a THE myself," she answered with engaging candor.

"Oh, I don't know about that!" said Tom with cousinly frankness. "You might marry an Englishman easily enough, but where would you find a Washington?"

"My dear boy, there are different sorts of *thes*," retorted Sally Cary.

The wholesome, healthy, happy-looking group chatted away, bubbling with youth and high spirits, as the train bore them southward.

"Of course I love the old place," Sally was saying. "I wouldn't have it go out of the family for anything in the world. Only as a summer resort it is not dazzlingly lively."

"If there were any young men you'd like it well enough," drawled her cousin, Annie Page.

"Young men are about the most charming addition to a summer landscape that I can think of just now," replied Sally, unabashed. "Of course if I were like you and Elizabeth, going about under a hideous blue umbrella hunting for wild flowers and Indian arrows, I might pass the time very well; but I'm just an ordinary girl, and I've not had the time to be clever—there are too many parties for that in the winter, and in the summer it is too hot. The prospect of two whole months with never a man is not alluring."

"You forget Major Phelps," put in Elizabeth wickedly.

"Ah, to be sure, there is the major. I suppose he will kiss my hand and bend like a cavalier, and say that I am growing more and more like my distinguished ancestress—which shows him to be romantically imaginative, since there never was a scrap of a picture of the lady. Perhaps she thought that tradition was more likely to be flattering than Peale's paint-brushes. The major's bow, however, is a real tribute of the spirit over the flesh, now that he has rheumatism. I wonder how he manages it?"

"They say he used to be sweet on Aunt Emily," put in slangy Tom.

"Never quote 'they say,' Tom, and do be more choice in your expressions! One wonders where you were brought up!" said Sally judicially.

Their journey was not very long, and when the brakeman called out "Farmingdale" they gathered up their belongings and confessed their pleasure at having arrived at their destination.

"There's Lucullus with the trap," announced Tom, craning his neck out of the window. "Sally, you will have to walk—there is room for only four."

The glimpse of the village from the little brown station revealed nothing to justify a name of three syllables.

An old dinky was standing by an ox-cart filled with apples, and at intervals he called out: "Fine June apples, only five cents a quah"; and this duty being performed, he left the result with the buying public.

A rusty buggy was hitched to a post, and near, in shining contrast of fresh varnish and polished harness, was a smart turnout, with Lucullus rigged out in some approach to a livery, awaiting the newly arrived party. The three girls compressed themselves, not very gracefully, in one seat, and Tom sat with the driver.

Dare Hall, their destination, was two miles away. The dignified old Virginia mansion, standing in a park-like lawn with a long avenue of maples leading to the Ionic portico painted white, was built a century and a half ago by an ancestor of Sally's father. It seemed an ideal spot at which to pass a lazy holiday. Even Sally Cary, who cared far less about the society of young men than she pretended, waxed enthusiastic as they approached the noble demesne.

Its sole tenants now were the widowed grandmother of this happy quartet, and her spinster daughter; but there was a large family connection, not counting some thirty grandchildren, who came and went at their sweet caprice in the old home, so that there was seldom a season that did not bring a succession of guests to the big red brick dwelling.

Mr. and Mrs. Cary would follow later—as soon as Mr. Cary could get away from some tiresome cases; and the Senior Pages, and a brood of cousins from New York, and perhaps a great-aunt from New Orleans; so, after all, they were really not going to a hermitage.

There were several other fine old places in the neighborhood; but one was occupied by a scientific recluse who detested women; another was owned, but seldom inhabited, by a gay young matron to whom it had come by way of inheritance, who preferred Europe to her native Virginia; and a third had been leased to a vulgar parvenu family from Brooklyn, whom it was quite impossible to know.

A week after the arrival of the cousins a steady rain set in, and for two days no one except Tom had ventured be-

yond the colonnaded gallery which extended half around the house.

"This is simply desperation!" exclaimed Sally on the morning of the third day of rain. "I shall turn pirate, or do something else equally dreadful, if this weather continues."

"It gives you a chance to improve your mind by devoting your time to instructive and edifying literature," returned Annie Page, who was deep in the thrilling chapters of an old copy of *Helen's Babies*.

"As you are doing, for instance," retorted Miss Cary ironically.

Then it was that Sally betook herself, in quest of an emotion, to the garret.

The garret of Dare Hall was simply the perfection of its species—large, irregular, with dormer windows and gabled ends. It sheltered the accumulated trash of generations—a hybrid collection of things too good to throw away, impossible to bestow on the deserving poor, yet incapable of any known use. There were tarlatan and organdy ball gowns, boxes of faded artificial flowers, trays of soiled gloves, bits of lace and embroidery; there were backless books and headless dolls, a Noe's ark with glass windows—surely an improvement on the original—an elephant with three legs, and a woolly dog with none; there were a pair of cracked dolphins, their tails ending in candlesticks; a bronze lamp, the top of a mahogany table, one brass andiron, pictures in broken frames, more clothes—clothes for men, women, and babies; the *Amateur Horticulturist* for five years, back in the seventies, cumbered one corner; rough pine shelves were filled with magazines and highly-colored fashion periodicals, mute witnesses to the absurd edicts that women have followed at the behest of that strange deity, and that they will continue to follow until the end of time.

"Our present styles never could look so hideous as these," cried Sally, as she turned the dusty leaves, pausing at hoop-skirts, grecian bends, ruffles, crinolines, big sleeves, little sleeves, no sleeves, curls, bangs, pompadours—veritably a passing show of fashion, an incarnate synonyme for folly.

At the far end of the garret were several old trunks filled with letters and papers and yellowing documents; these the children were warned annually that they were never to touch.

On this morning Sally, being now grown up, had borrowed the keys from her Aunt Emily, intent upon examining this family *tabularium*.

"Be careful, my dear, not to misplace anything," cautioned her grandmother; "some of those papers are family documents, you know."

Sally had visited the garret at least once every summer since she had first been able to toddle up the stairs.

She had announced at breakfast that she was going to bring down from this treasure-house the bound volumes of *The Lady's Pictorial*, a London publication which her great-aunt Aurelia, now a sedate matron with grandchildren, had subscribed for and read with avidity in those charmed days "before the war."

"I commenced a serial story in one of those ancient tomes the summer that I was fifteen, but I never could find the continuation. My curiosity can be restrained no longer," confessed Sally. "I must see whether 'he' and 'she'—I have forgotten their names—ever married."

"Why of course they did; it's only in real life that they don't," said heedless Tom, and Aunt Emily blushed faintly.

With the keys dangling from her slender fingers Sally passed by the array of magazines and went at once to the trunks. She was not more romantic than any other healthy-minded, imaginative young girl, but as she handled these old papers the spirit of past ages seemed to rise out of the old trunks to stand guard over their treasures.

Package after package proved to be bills; these were not especially interesting after the first sensation of reading words penned by hands long dead. There was a list of things purchased for a Marjory Dare, in London, in 1779: four pairs white silk stockings; one pair pink ditto; one pair blue ditto; white silk mitts; a Lushing Sicque; a Pink "Sattin" quilted petticoat; a Fashionable Stomacher; green leather Pumps; blue "Sattin" Pumps; white "Sattin" Pumps; one pound Pins. "A pound of pins—pshaw! What would Aunt Emily say to that item? She declares that pins are not ladylike, and surely my dear aunt, who secretly worships the shades of her ancestors like a Chinaman, would not say that this Marjory Dare, so particular about her feet—they must have been pretty ones—was not ladylike! I wonder if Miss Marjory ever studied spelling, horrid columns of words out of a book—s-a-t-t-i-n!"

There was another bill in the same bundle for the finery of a Henry Lawrence Dare: Nankeen breeches; white silk waistcoat; lead-colored coat; black silk breeches; gold buckles; two pairs half boots.

"I wonder what relation this Dare is to us? Papa's great-uncle, perhaps. My beloved uncle, three degrees removed, you must have been a great swell in your day."

There was a bundle of letters, so faded as to be almost indistinguishable, that Sally reckoned to be the production of her great-great-grandfather. In more than one place he spoke bitterly of somebody's contemplated secret marriage, as "against good Moralls and Family Pride."

"Spelling, evidently, doesn't run in our family. Papa was very wrong in punishing my failures in this useful accomplishment when I was a small girl; he should have recognized the fact that it was a case of *ata*—something—*atavism*, the return to an earlier type, when sounds, and not an arbitrary collection of letters, were used to express thought."

Continuing her researches, Sally found wedding invitations, recipes for toothsome dainties, and a generous variety of drinks; a mother's eulogy of a baby whom Sallie suddenly identified as her father. Truly these old trunks were proving a mine of delight. Sally was getting tired, but she could not bring herself to abandon her investigations.

She picked up a long blue envelope which, from its protruding sides, seemed to promise a change from the thin little letters she had been perusing. The first document pulled out proved to be a marriage certificate, dated in 1780, of Margaret Dare Conway and Reginald James Anson, eldest son of Sir Reginald Anson, of Anson Park, Blankshire, England, united in holy matrimony by the Reverend Charles Manning, of Maryland, with Henry L. Dare and Mary Colter as witnesses.

Folded with it was a letter, or, rather, a memorandum, in which Henry L. Dare set down in detail the reasons why he had reluctantly consented to aid and abet the aforesaid couple in being secretly married. Sally's eyes shone like stars at the mention of a secret marriage, and a marriage, too, of her very own ancestress to the son of a baronet.

Margaret Conway, it went on to state, was a Catholic, and the daughter of an American patriot, whilst Reginald Anson was a captain in the British army, and a member of the Church of England—surely good and sufficient reasons to forbid any thought of marriage—except that the world-old reason, love, had proved stronger, as the certificate went to show.

Sally carried these documents down-stairs to find out from

her grandmother the details of this family romance, so much more interesting than any in the *Lady's Pictorial*.

Curiously enough, her grandmother knew absolutely nothing of the couple; not a vestige of tradition had come down in regard to them. Even Aunt Emily, a cyclopædia of Southern genealogy, had no knowledge of Margaret and her English husband. It was as if they had sailed away to England, and had been cut off completely from the family at Dare Hall.

Henry Dare was her father's great-uncle, but of the identity of Margaret Dare Conway there was not the faintest clue.

Why had Henry Dare kept the marriage certificate, and why had it never been reclaimed by the bride?

Only the walls, that had perhaps echoed the silvery laughter of Margaret, or a tenor love-song of Reginald, could have answered these questions, and walls, to which a proverb ascribes ears, have not been known to have tongues.

"Ah, well! they have both been dead these many years," sighed the grandmother. "A century and more has gone by since that wedding, and many things can happen in a hundred years."

"I suppose this document doesn't mean anything to anybody now," said Annie Page. "If there was a great estate involved, or a handsome heir kept out of his rights, or something like that, it would be interesting, like a play."

They talked much about the certificate, and invented numerous descendants of the couple, all handsome and well placed, who would receive them royally on their visit to England, and introduce them rapturously to the very nicest people in London as kinsfolk from America.

But within a fortnight a picnic at Lee's Cove drove lesser things out of mind, and the secret marriage lost its prestige—except with Sally Cary. This damsel never tired of building pretty romances around the faded certificate, perhaps because she had found it.

Shortly after the picnic Mrs. Cary had occasion to send a messenger to Washington, and as Sally was unusually self-reliant for a Southern girl, not minding in the least the short journey alone, she was deputed to go. Tom Page was seriously aggrieved at this slight put upon him as the man of the family.

"There are some commissions that a boy cannot perform," was the only comfort vouchsafed him by Aunt Emily.

Indeed, one of the errands was to match a lock of Aunt

Emily's own tresses in a silky "switch" of curly genuine human hair on a short stem. All this would have been so much jargon to Tom.

Sally executed her commissions faithfully, and then she stole into the Congressional Library and asked for Burke's *Peerage*.

She had often heard of this volume, but had not before found it necessary to consult its pregnant and closely-printed pages.

Her face flushed when she came to the "ans," and an involuntary exclamation escaped from her lips, attracting to herself the angry glances of her neighbors, when she found "Anson, Sir Reginald, Bart., of Anson Park, Blankshire, England."

This Sir Reginald, the fifth of the name, was sixty-six years of age, a widower and childless, whose heir was James Herbert Anson, a second cousin. Sally gave a little shiver of delight, it was so like a play.

"A widower and unmarried! Of course the baronet and his cousin hate each other ardently. Now is the time for a long-lost heir from America to put in appearance and defeat the schemes of the wicked cousin, and the curtain could fall on a pretty family reunion, with the old baronet in the centre of the stage joining the hands of the lovers."

Sally spent the night at home, her parents not yet having closed their establishment for the summer. Before going to sleep she penned with much care a letter to Sir Reginald Anson. The next day she returned to Dare Hall.

She counted the days that must elapse before her letter could reach its destination, and in imagination followed its voyage across the Atlantic.

Just a week from the day it was penned Sally's missive was in the hands of the lonely, childless old baronet.

He was sitting in his library, lined with books to the ceiling, many of them rare and costly; bound volumes of agricultural reports were on the floor; the sun was streaming in through the long east window, and from where he sat at his desk his eyes could dwell on a wide sweep of velvet lawn, a lordly avenue of elms, and the glint of a crystal lake where swans disported—such a lawn as only a hundred years of clipping and English dews can produce. The house was a spacious, irregular pile, built at different periods, with a tower dating from the reign of Elizabeth. The wing containing the private apartments of the baronet was modern, almost new, according

to English reckoning, for it had been built by his father two years after her gracious majesty Victoria came to the throne.

The letter with the feminine superscription and the American stamp was on top of the pile of mail; it had been placed there purposely by Andrew the butler, who detested Americans and had an uncurbed curiosity in regard to them. He hoped that his master, who sometimes consulted him, on the score of long service, might give some clue to this letter; but in this he was disappointed.

The old man gave his attention to the mail, and came finally to Sally Cary's letter. He opened it listlessly and then read it twice with eager interest, and afterwards sat a long time with the sheet held between his wrinkled fingers.

"How futile are human calculations!" he mused. "So that boy is to win, after all. I'm not especially sorry—poor devil! Jimmie maintained that he was an impostor, and I thought that he was a lunatic. It turns out that he is neither. If this letter prove true, the American ancestress is not a myth."

Sir Reginald was not always a model Christian, but he was a just man according to his lights, and he never questioned the mysterious ways of Providence. After a little time he too wrote a letter.

"Young man," he said aloud, as he sealed and directed this epistle, "it is lucky for you that this document came to light in my time, or this amiable and startling American letter might have been quietly dropped into the fire. Cousin Jimmie is very good, a very good man, indeed; but there is no use in hitching a ton to a rope intended by nature to pull but eighteen hundred pounds. I suppose my old age will see a lively scrimmage for Anson Park, and that will be bad for my liver; but what has to be will be."

"One's uprightness of character depends sometimes on the absence of temptation. Not that I have any reason to distrust you, Cousin Jimmie, but I think that you would not have grieved if the allotted three-score-and-ten of man had been curtailed in my behalf, at least the ten, to say nothing of the third score.

"Now whether anything comes of this or not, I have done my duty," concluded the baronet, pushing the letter aside.

It was directed to Reginald Anson, Esquire, Temple Inn, London; and London not being a great way from Anson Park, at about the same hour the next morning the young man received this letter from the hands of the postman.

It found him on the top floor of an inn made historic by the great men who had begun their careers beneath its venerable roof.

But it had not seen a genius graduated into success since Mortimore had roused the nation with his brochure, *America's Message to England*, and won for himself a seat in the Commons. Young Anson in a pessimistic mood had named the place the B. B. D., which translated means the Briefless Barrister's Den.

He sometimes wondered if the race of genius, at least in Temple Inn, were not extinct.

Reginald Anson was not naturally pessimistic, but fortune had dealt him some rather hard blows, and they had left little scars on his soul. He had been brought up by a well-to-do uncle and educated for the bar. His widowed mother had a pension on which she managed to live, being blessed with a phenomenally small appetite, adjustable to weak tea and tarts. She was a very clever woman who in her youth had been beautiful, and her friends, remembering her and the Attic salt she could bring to the feast, asked her continually, without any thought of a return of hospitalities.

On the days that she dined out she dined so well that she felt she might safely risk not dining at all on the days that intervened.

Reginald was, in many respects, his mother's son. His good looks, his ready speech, and his self-reliance came from her; to those who had known his father, an officer in the Indian service, the generous, sunny soul, the chivalrous honor, the fine courtesy, seemed but his natural birthright.

The learned who have studied the subject, and might, therefore, be supposed to know all that there is to know about it, claim that it is a wise provision of nature that a child inherits traits from two people who are in most cases of opposite temperaments. They adduce all sorts of very learned and very dull reasons to prove this theory. Reginald Anson ought to have delighted their souls, for he was of a finer type than either of his parents. Physically he was very good-looking, tall, straight, athletic, with dark hair and eyes, a beautiful sensitive mouth, a square jaw like Napoleon, and a chin pointed with determination.

He meant to do many things in the world; but he meant to be a gentleman first of all, and he also meant to be a successful man.

There was a tradition in his family that theirs was the elder branch, and that the Anson baronetcy was their rightful heritage.

When Reginald reached manhood he harried his uncle into setting on foot a legal investigation, but it ended in nothing.

Their side of the story was this: During the Revolutionary War the eldest son of the Ansons had secretly married an American, and had died before acknowledging his marriage. His father had lived to a great age, over ninety, and at his death the child of his second son rather than the great-grandson, whose claims had never been allowed, had come forward as the heir, the eldest son being regarded as having died unmarried.

Reginald Anson, the fifth in descent from the American Margaret Conway, had never been able to find out why the claim of her descendants had not been tested in a court of law. It was the dream of his life to gain what he called his rights. No one, not even his mother, sympathized greatly with his ambition.

"Let sleeping dogs lie, my son," had counseled his worldly-wise mother.

Reginald went down to Anson Park that same afternoon, and was received almost warmly by the baronet.

"I shall be very glad if you can establish your right to my shoes—when I have finished with them, that is," he said, with a humorous gleam in his faded old eyes.

"You'd better go to America and get all the documentary proof you can. I'll lend you the money, and if you can establish your claim, I fancy there will be no further trouble. Cousin Jimmie will know a dead goose when he sees it, I suppose."

And thus it happened that Miss Sally Cary was at once glorified into a heroine in her own estimation, and that of her family, when the card of Mr. Reginald Anson was brought to her in the midst of the August gaieties at Narragansett Pier.

Secretly she felt unfairly dealt with when her brightest smiles failed to keep the young man at the Pier longer than twenty-four hours.

He had come after something that meant to him the measureless distance between success and failure, and all the girls in forty States would have been powerless to chain his fancy.

Mr. Cary met the young man in Washington, for the papers had been transferred to his safe-deposit vault in that city. Armed with these proofs young Anson returned immediately to England, and was at once acknowledged as the legal heir.

These business details all accomplished, then it was that romance sprung up in his heart, and he began to think of the winsome maiden to whose impulse he owed his fortune. He could not tell her of all the grateful sentiments that were flooding his soul, telephone communications not yet having been established between London and Washington, but he could write them, and this he did at great length.

Sally had to reply to congratulate him, and to tell him that he exaggerated the service she had rendered him. This letter called for an instant answer, to say that words could never measure the service. After that they corresponded without attempting to find any excuse for so doing, except pure pleasure in each other's letters.

Elizabeth noticed that Sally did not seem to care so much for young men as she had during her first winter in society.

"Young men are well enough in their places," vouchsafed Miss Cary loftily. "All young girls like them, I believe; but when one grows older of course more serious things occupy one's mind."

In the following spring the old baronet died.

Sally expressed her well-phrased sympathy, not without the aid of the dictionary.

"A misspelled word in a letter of condolence would be simply appalling," she said to herself. "It might pass in congratulations."

Early in the winter Sir Reginald Anson paid his second visit to Washington. His marriage to Sally Cary occurred after the Christmas holidays.

The pretty American bride was presented at the May drawing-room, and immediately had great vogue among what is known as the clever set in London.

In August the couple went for a few days to Bath. Sally, with her husband, sought out an old-fashioned brick dwelling in a crescent-shaped row, where once had dwelt that other Sally Cary during the closing years of an eventful life.

Tom Page is quite willing to admit that present-day chronicles, at least in the family, will concede the definite article *the* to his cousin, Lady Anson of Anson Park, still spoken of pleasantly as pretty Sally Cary of Washington.

DRIFTIN'.

BY J. FRANCIS DUNNE.



LIKES ter sit alone at night,
Driftin';
In the shadow of the firelight,
Jes' driftin'.

When all the boys ha' gone ter bed
En I've heard the pray'rs they said,
I sits and dreams with drowsy head,
Driftin', jes' driftin'.

En when the wind is whistlin' low,
Driftin',
En on the winders lays the snow,
Jes' driftin';
The storm a-ragin' at the door,
The chimney sounds with cracklin' roar,
Then through the flames come days of yore,
Driftin', jes' driftin'.

There I sits with moistened eyes,
Driftin'.
A-thinkin', wishin', heavin' sighs,
Jes' driftin'.
The shady form of her I wed,
Ah, happy me!—but now she's dead!—
En dreamin' there, I droops my head,
Driftin', jes' driftin'.

It makes me sad to sit alone,
Driftin'.
For when I hears the wild winds moan,
Jes' driftin',
There steals into my heart a pain
As if my life from me was ta'en.
No more the Sun, but always Rain,
Driftin', jes' driftin'.

THE POETS OF THE NORTH.

BY E. BRAUSEWETTER.

SCANDINAVIA is still young, so far as her poetry is concerned, and is little known in the history of literature. But that it is developing is indicated not only by the important works of an Ibsen, so novel in form, but by a considerable group of poets, of eminent talent, who are inspired by pure love of art. Putting aside Ibsen, Björnson, and Ola Hansson, who have been already much talked of, we will undertake to speak of the most interesting of the other poets.

Auguste Strindberg occupies the first place among Swedish writers, although he is more of a thinker and observer than a poet. As the result of his introspection, he finds in himself, as in humanity at large, the dual forces of the aspirations of the soul and the desires of the instinct, the struggle between good and evil thoughts. His will, his love of justice, pushes him down toward the masses; his aspirations, his feeling of affinity, raise him among the *élite*. The solution of the problem is such as would result from the doctrine of Nietzsche on a superior man; as a member of "the nobility of nerve and spirit," he raises himself above sensual humanity.

He develops his conceptions of woman in direct contrast to the laws laid down for himself, and while placing her among the creatures of instinct, adores her, nevertheless, as a mother and Madonna, whom education cannot improve. Although he may not know it, this adorer of woman is an enemy of the whole sex; there is in Strindberg's poetry a rare science, an intimate knowledge of nature, which gives to his comparisons a signification entirely revolutionary.

Victor Hedberg has a melancholy tendency so often to be found in Swedish poets. He tries to deepen and display, by the exposition of human destinies, the aim and purpose of life. Although his poetry reveals his aspiration after happiness and joy, one feels beneath the troubling question, How shall this happiness, once acquired, be preserved? Still Victor Hedberg is not a pessimist; he finds a solution in love. His poetry is

sweet, yet profound; he has a realistic touch which he submerges in the light of a radiant beauty.

Gustave Geijerstam entered upon his poetic career by way of realistic novels, strictly natural, partly tragic and partly humorous. In *Erik Grane* he believes that he has found the means of supporting a banal existence without etiolation, but in *Medusas Hufvued* he recognizes the superiority of the idealist, even though the spirit may be weighed down by the misery and injustice of the world. This is the tragic ending of a mediocre victory, of the abasement of everything noble and grand. The mystical relations of the moral being are popular to-day, and Geijerstam devotes more and more of his time in analyzing the new tendencies of his art.

Alfred de Hedenstjerna is the poet of the people. He knows how to make this one smile, and to make that one weep tears of emotion. He tells of the happiness of love, of the easy existence of the good; he speaks of struggle and suffering, but with sentimental melancholy, as of things left far behind in the golden twilight of memory. Or, better, he treats suffering on the comical side, and effaces it by the laugh he provokes, changing the tragic things of life into a farce. There is something superficial, affected, grotesque even, about his fun, which possesses also a certain naïve originality. His astonishing fertility, his inexhaustible humor, causes his work to be handled very severely by the critics.

Peter Halström must be mentioned among the younger poets. He is an impressionist, whose soul is finely strung, like the strings of a musical instrument. All the art of such a poet is in style; he sees in the resonance of a phrase the material symbol of a sensation; he feels the struggle of the individual for independence in our modern life to be a dissonance, an obstacle to the harmony of society, and in his heart recalls, with regret, the olden times of humble faith and obedience; but his intellectual being smiles at these fancies. Thus alternating between despairing scepticism and generous exaltation, he finds the tone of burlesque and of sentimental humor; he rejects also the decaying psychology, the fancies of stern romanticism, and the stale and distressing picture of reality.

Charles A. Tavaststjerna is the best known author of Finland. He is also a sceptic, and he contemplates society with an irony which he makes personal. It is not the struggle of ideas in humanity which interests him, but the complicated mechanism of the soul. He considers two types primordiate



AUGUSTE STRINDBERG.
(Born in 1849.)



VICTOR HEDBERG.
(Born in 1861.)

in the dual nature, the man of the world, easy, elegant, and sceptical, who has every chance to conquer in social life, and the isolated sentimentalist, brusque of manner, but of weighty thought and great depth of soul, calm and untroubled by trivialities—in reality the type of Finland—and this latter type has all his sympathies.

Jonas Lie, after Ibsen and Björnson, holds the first place among Norwegian writers. His nature is complex, and both in his character and his poetry his double origin shows itself; the Norwegian, cold, practical, and sarcastic, contrasting with the Fin, overflowing with fancies. When he became aware of this latter tendency Jonas Lie began to write; he described, with an original beauty, the terror impressed on the soul by the landscapes of the North whence he came, and the life there, in which his vivid imagination discovered, in the course of the harsh struggle, the heroes and geniuses of civilization. Then he turned to the problems of modern society; among them the woman question, in which he took the part of Hymen, preaching the "companion-to-man" doctrine, and satirized humorously the emancipators. His poetry is modern, full of mystical faith in nature and the soul.

Alexander Kielland is also of a satirical vein, seeking for the typical side of things, but he is not psychological. His study in France of the opposition of classes helps him to throw a satirical light on the society of his own country; on the hypoc-



PETER HALSTRÖM.

(Born in 1866.)

CHAS. TAVASTSTJERNA.

(Born in 1860.)

risky, the narrow vein, the moral perversion of the higher, and on the misery and labor of the lower, classes, who, rustic and naïve, never take account of their situation. He is not a polemic, seeking to convince, but a humorist, dry and sarcastic, trying to frighten; yet in spite of his bitter laughter, there is also to be found in his writings the tender sigh of compassion.

Arne Garborg is also, in the highest degree, a painter of civilization, less of the exterior social life than of the intellectual life of the Norwegian of the present time. He submits the personal characteristics to the same strong light that a naturalist does to the object he studies; and, although his characters are natural, there is about them something so human, so typical, that they seem to have been selected from among his acquaintances. He enters into the struggle of the Norwegian peasant, and battles forcibly against the weariness of spirit and the religious hypocrisy and political corruption of his country; he preaches a more ideal, more liberal union of the sexes, an education that will produce complete, robust individuals.

Holger Drachmann is a lyric poet, revealing a personality essentially genial and vastly gifted. He has the true temperament of an artist, impressionable, easily excited, and as easily deceived, stern to unconsidered brutality, yet of a dreamy tenderness, of delicate feelings and compassion, of unlimited presumption, and, at the same time, of puerile modesty, always



JONAS LIE.
(Born in 1833.)



ALEX. KIELLAND.
(Born in 1849.)

discontented with his work, and yet sure of his vocation as a poet. His sense of justice makes him a revolutionist, an advocate of the poor and oppressed, a satirist full of sarcasm for the leaders. Notwithstanding his aim at realism, he is really a believer in the fantastic and unreal.

Charles Gjellerup, inclined first toward the sentimentality of Germany, then toward its music, and, finally, toward everything German, the author of *An Idealist*, is not wholly exempt from Danish scepticism, but with more depth in the sentiment, and with the evident desire to allow no illusions, no sweet dreams. His poems display the richness and breadth of a beauty-loving soul, and are full of delicate depths, betraying an infinitely artistic view of things.

Charles Larsen is the typical representative of modern decadence in Danish literature; of the low conception of life, which makes sport of everything, half ironically, half plaintively, which extols nothing, condemns nothing, because, all illusions being lost, one believes no more in anything.

To this list of poets other names might be added, because there are other lutes which vibrate, other gifted souls who play an important part in the literature of the Scandinavian peninsula.

THE DAWN.

(ON THE PASSING OF A GOOD MAN.)

Death hath no terrors for a couch like this!
Terrible to mortal heart his coming seems
When glory-crowned Endeavor rules the day
And dreams of splendor crowd the fevered night,
When Love is young and life is all in all!
Yet, unto one who knows the hidden Light,
Who knows the Sun shall rise, tho' yet 'tis dark,
He comes as comes the dawn upon the sea:
Now first a little line of silvery cloud,
Now two, now three and lo, a touch of gold—
Then, in his glory, leaps the risen Sun—
The shadows fly their Conqueror, the stars
That seemed so bright—so beautiful and bright—
Fade in the surer splendors of the dawn!
So, to the just man comes the dawn of Death,
Not as the fading of his earthly stars,
The Pleiads of ambition and the moon,
The changing moon, of earthly fears and loves,
But as the golden coming of the Sun
That rules the Cosmos thro' the eternal years!

So broke the morning on our brother's eyes—
So came the hidden Splendor from the sea
And reddened all the windows of his soul—
God give him light in other dawns than ours!

JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

FATHER TAUNTON'S HISTORY OF THE JESUITS.*

BY J. F. X. WESTCOTT.



HISTORICAL work has recently appeared in England which seems to have stirred up not a little controversy. The discussion of its merits has called out a whole host of letters from the most prominent as well as from the most unusual sources. The prominence that has been given to the matter in the English-speaking world will not permit us entirely to ignore the controversy, but it rather demands at our hands an elaborate and extensive review of the historical question.

There are two opinions abroad as to the true character of history; some regard it as a natural, others as a manufactured product. The one opinion conceives the first duty of the historian to be the manifestation of the whole truth; the second asserts that an essential part of the office of history is to conceal whatever might tend to scandalize the lay reader. Looking with some suspicion upon the adage, *Veritas liberabit vos*, the more timid school of writers endeavor to keep on record as few scandalous events as possible. At times they have been driven to attain their purpose by means of interpolating, mutilating, and forging; means which were common enough among some of the chroniclers of the Middle Ages and are not altogether unknown among the mediævalists of our own day,—means, moreover, which frequently have been employed, “that the Church may be edified.” It is to be remarked, at the outset, that men of this school will not be pleased by Father Taunton's book, which, as its title suggests, contains the record of a good many unsavory and “disedifying” incidents, and is *ex professo* a volume justifiable, if at all, only on the principle laid down by Leo XIII., that in the long run truth can do no harm. Supposing that, like the throwing open of the Vatican archives and the writing of Pastor's *History of the Popes*, its production meets with enthusiastic praise from some, it will be equally certain to be censured by others.

* *The History of the Jesuits in England, 1580-1773.* By Ethelred L. Taunton. Methuen & Co., 36 Essex Street, W. C., London. 1901.

FRANKNESS IN HISTORICAL RESEARCH.

"It has been my endeavor," writes Father Taunton, "to steer clear of . . . extremes. We profess to want Truth; and Truth is not served by party-spirit. Hence I neither suppress anything nor explain anything away" (p. x.). "I am prepared to hear regrets that I have introduced what some may call 'contentious matter.' This is unavoidable, and must, in the interests of truth, be approached with fearless steps. . . . I have felt considerably at times an inclination to get relief from the task I accepted; and it has been only the serious nature of the principles at stake that has enabled me to carry it to completion" (p. ix.)

Be it said that the persons most interested, the English Jesuits themselves, by no means shrink from an appeal to facts. They are quite content that their career should be presented in a strictly historical way. "We come across them (the unfortunate dissensions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries) in the documents, and it is quite impossible to avoid discussing them if we are to write our English Catholic history faithfully. . . . We engage in such investigations only to ascertain the truth." So wrote, in October, 1898, the editor of *The Month*, in the note with which he prefaced a Benedictine writer's presentation of the story of the scandalous quarrels at Valladolid. Another Jesuit writes: "Whatever be the shortcomings of the Society (and her most loyal sons will be the first to say there are many), they are, etc., etc." And Father Gerard, S.J., has said: "It may well be doubted whether the policy of ignoring what is disagreeable in history can ever be right or wise. Truth is a great solvent of misconceptions and misunderstandings. . . . Scandals, we know, must come—and they must be faced."

Father Taunton's method will, therefore, meet with no censure or reproof from the subjects of his study on the score of frankness. It is clear, however, that the execution of his plan must involve the writing of many a line sure to make unpleasant reading; for there is more than one incident in this story which old-fashioned chroniclers would have attempted—yes, and actually did attempt—to eliminate. Yet one may trust that in the event, the revelation of truth in all its fulness and nakedness will be for the best.

LACK OF DISINTERESTEDNESS.

Our author, then—for no one will apprehend his falling short of his promise in the matter of openness—possesses one very desirable qualification, and should be in a fair way to execute a fine piece of historical work. Nevertheless, frankness, while necessary, is not sufficient to qualify one as a historian. In Father Taunton's case frankness is partly counter-balanced by the lack of a second no less indispensable quality, disinterestedness. Notoriously, he is far from being an admirer of the Society a portion of whose history he is engaged in tracing. In fact, he scruples not at showing himself thoroughly out of sympathy with what he considers to be the vital principle of the Jesuits. Moreover, he is convinced that they have exercised a most hurtful influence upon English Catholicism. Within his soul rankles the consciousness that "for three hundred years we have suffered for their misdeeds."* In fairness, then, we must recognize that there is danger of the perfect balance of Father Taunton's judgment being disturbed by a sense of grievance.

All in all, we begin the book with the anticipation that while absolutely clear from any suspicion of over-delicacy, it may not exhibit perfect freedom from bias. Both of these anticipations are realized. But we must mention other noticeable qualities in the volume—a beautiful specimen of book-making of which the publishers may well be proud. Its five hundred pages give evidence of an enormous amount of labor on the writer's part; and his topic being one to which he has devoted years of study, he is in possession of an easy style such as usually comes only to those who have thoroughly assimilated the knowledge they have to impart. On the other hand, his work evinces a certain lack of symmetry. The title too, it must be said, is over-ambitious for anything short of a series of folios. The book, perhaps, might be correctly looked upon as a biography of Robert Parsons, with the insertion of a complementary chapter on "Gunpowder Plot," and a post-script of eighty pages on "After Events." True, the author forewarns us that "the personality of Robert Parsons overshadows the whole book"; but certainly it is an exaggeration to say that "he is the history of the English Jesuits." Indeed, it seems occasionally as if the author's fascination for study of the too dominant personality of Father Parsons had induced

* Letter to *The Tablet* (London), April 27, 1901.

him to dispose of his material in a way that prevents the reader from quickly grasping the real succession of important events.

DIFFICULTIES IN WRITING ENGLISH CATHOLIC HISTORY.

Still we must not forget certain difficulties which surround his subject, and therefore serve to augment his merit. The history of Catholic England, we recall, is as yet in a backward stage. As the events of the last three centuries were anything but conducive to the careful collection and preservation of Catholic libraries, students are greatly hampered by lack of those materials which, under other circumstances, would have been worked up generations ago. Lingard left many gaps and omissions which, unfortunately, have not yet been supplied by men of equal scholarship; while Challoner presents—and only in meagre detail—but one aspect of an immense and varied subject. All this is best realized when we reflect on the advance made within recent years, aided not a little by the work of Protestants, but due also to Catholic scholars, Benedictines, Jesuits, Redemptorists, Oratorians, and others of whose ability and achievements we may well be proud. These have made good use of resources only lately become available: the volumes of Spanish Records previously unpublished, and other priceless publications in the Government Calendars of State Papers; the immense number of transcribed Vatican MSS. recently placed in the Record Office; the valuable collections reported upon by the Historical MSS. Commission; the College and Monastery Archives—Downside, Stonyhurst, and Oscot, for example—that only gradually have received their true value. And Father Taunton is to be numbered among those who have profited by these new opportunities to put forth new energy. We propose now to give an account of some of the subjects taken up in his latest volume, and to comment briefly upon his treatment of them.

A STATEMENT OF THE QUESTION.

When the first Jesuit missionaries landed in England the condition of that country was not an inspiring one. Elizabeth had been at work making the nation Protestant and had met with no small measure of success. Incredible as it may seem, nine-tenths of the clergy are said to have apostatized. "Speaking roughly," writes Father Morris, S.J., "forty-nine out of fifty priests in England let Elizabeth dis sever them once more from the Holy See."* The laity, left without the

* *Dublin Review*, April, 1890, p. 245.

strengthening influence of good example, were under fearful pressure to conform at least outwardly. The children were growing up in total ignorance of their faith. Pius V. had excommunicated the queen in 1570. There was little hope for the establishment of a hierarchy. The remnants of the Marian priests were fast disappearing. Just at this dark hour came the first attempts at mission work.

In 1568 the English College at Douai was established for the purpose of training priests for the English mission. Two years later a similar institution was begun in Rome. To both these seminaries the young but powerful Society of Jesus lent aid; and, in 1580, the English students at Rome, revolting against their superiors, asked that the Jesuits, instead of merely assisting as heretofore, might be put in entire charge.

PARSONS AND CAMPION.

About the same time the Jesuits were requested to send men to assist on the English mission. Fathers Campion and Parsons arrived in London in the summer of 1580. They found there a clergy composed of about eighty "seminary-priests" and a number of "Marians"—*i. e.*, men ordained during the preceding reign. The English clergy showed themselves to be rather distrustful of the Jesuits. For one thing, the latter were then considered to be great innovators; and for another, their finely developed organization made the English clergy suspicious of "Jesuit domination." Again, the impression was abroad that the Society was working in the Spanish interest, and the clergy, however persecuted, were still patriotic enough to be prepared to resist foreign invasion. It was said, too, that attempts had been made to entice the more brilliant of the English seminarians into the Jesuit novitiate. So it happened that the two missionaries who came on the English mission at the risk of their lives received but a cold welcome. For a year they went about propagating the faith; and it was reckoned by Dr.—afterward Cardinal—Allen that within twelve months the number of English Catholics was increased by twenty thousand.

Then the government grew suspicious and began to deal more sternly with recusants. Campion was seized and martyred. Parsons was confronted by a number of the clergy who accused him of having brought on this new persecution by his intrigues with the Spanish. He was threatened with denunciation to the government, if he remained longer in England;

so he left for France. That same year there came two other Jesuits on the English mission, and afterwards a few more joined them. Though remaining but a handful for a long time, they soon acquired and retained a powerful influence over both priests and people.

" WISBEACH STIRS."

In 1595 happened the "Wisbeach Stirs." A number of priests had been confined for many years in Wisbeach Castle, on the Isle of Ely. Complaints were made that many of them had fallen into a riotous mode of life; and one of the prisoners, a Jesuit, Father Weston, proposed that a rule of life should be drawn up and a superior elected. The majority assenting, Father Weston was made superior; but as the rest denied the charges and would not recognize the new regulations, the house was divided into two factions which for nine months held no intercourse with each other, even refusing to eat at a common table. Though these parties were finally reconciled by means of outside intervention resulting in a compromise, the results of the quarrel spread far and wide. In the English College at Rome the students rebelled and demanded the expulsion of the Jesuits, absolutely refusing to allow Father Parsons' anti-English *Book of the Succession* to be read in the refectory. Finally the rector, Father Creswell, was removed; and the storm was quieted by Father Parsons, who assumed the government of the college himself, and afterward resided there while directing the movements of the Jesuits on the English mission.

Meanwhile ecclesiastical affairs in England were in a most wretched condition. The clergy sought for the re-establishment of the hierarchy; and, after concluding that this plan would be frustrated by Father Parsons, they projected the formation of an association with a code of rules and an elective head. Cajetan, Cardinal Protector of England, however, instead of acceding to this request, decided upon another plan, and appointed George Blackwell, Archpriest, with jurisdiction over the secular priests of England. The clergy bitterly protested, claiming that Blackwell was both incapable and a "devotee of the Jesuits, who would use him as they chose." They were the more indignant because the new archpriest had been officially instructed by Cajetan "to take no step of importance without the advice of Father Garnet, Superior of the Jesuit Mission in England." After considerable discussion, two repre-

sentatives of the clergy went to Rome, but were taken in charge by Father Parsons, imprisoned in the English College, and then sent home, unsuccessful. Finally, in 1602, Clement VIII., on receipt of an Appeal, signed by thirty-three priests, reprimanded Blackwell and, for the sake of peace, forbade him to consult the superior or the general of the Jesuits on official matters.

FATHER TAUNTON'S ACCOUNT NOT WELL PROPORTIONED.

Such is the painful incident in outline. In Father Taunton's presentation of it there is, we think, scarcely enough consideration given to the possibility of blame attaching to those who were against the Jesuits. In point of fact, there were grave faults on both sides, as Jesuit writers are quite willing to allow. A number of good men among the clergy—*e. g.*, Haddock, Array, and Sicklemore—supported Parsons. Some among his opponents, such as Watson and Cecil, were not much to boast of; though others, to be sure, were men widely respected; for instance, Colleton, the future vicar-apostolic, Mush, Bluet, and Gifford, of whom Father Gerard, S.J., says: "Gifford, a man otherwise of exemplary character, who became Archbishop of Rheims, was an unrelenting enemy of the Jesuits."* Though Father Taunton suppresses nothing of all this, yet his account is not well proportioned; it does not give such a perfectly adequate notion of the *pros* and *cons* as may be grasped readily. It is rather unfair, too, for him to intimate (page 367, note) that the main difference between Cecil's and Parsons' loyalty was that the former succeeded, and the latter failed, in an attempt to ingratiate himself with the government as an informer and spy. And if Parsons abused the clergy with inexcusable violence and grossness, the Jesuits, in turn, had to suffer from such absurd charges as that they were the sole causes of all the discords in England, and that more than a third of them had actually become Protestants. The accusations made a few years later, when Mary Ward's case was being tried at Rome, prove that rash judgment and unjust suspicion were not altogether unknown to the enemies of the Jesuits.†

THE DISTURBANCES IN THE SEMINARIES.

Another unpleasant chapter in English Catholic history is made up of the disturbances in the seminaries; the echo of the quarrels mentioned above. Upon the revival of the Bene-

* *The Month*, vol. lxxix. p. 48, note.

† *Life of Mary Ward*, by Mary C. E. Chalmers, Book V. c. iii. London: Burns & Oates. 1885.

dictine Order, many of the English students displayed an inclination to desert the Jesuit seminaries and enter the Benedictine novitiate. Some succeeded in doing so and others were prevented, the upshot of the matter being that the Holy See forbade each community to interfere with students desirous of applying to the other community. Here again, however, Father Taunton does not represent as strongly as he might the difficulties in which the Jesuits were placed; difficulties which explain, if they do not excuse, the conduct of Father Creswell, "one of those confident Britons who are ready to teach every one his duty, be he pope, king, or cow-boy."* The Jesuits were under a cloud at the time, in consequence of the pope's dislike of the Constitution of the Society and of the theological positions of some of its members. It was rather a hard thing for them to stand by quietly and see their students going away in large numbers; more especially when, as was probably the case, the Benedictines were inclined to encourage these defections. "We cannot conceal our impression," writes the Benedictine Dom Bede Camm, "that there must have been a good deal to say on the other side. It was manifestly against all discipline, and very injurious to the seminary, to permit young men (some of whom were possibly moved by a mere passing attraction or by dissatisfaction with their surroundings or superiors) to run away without leave, on however good a pretext." . . . It "does not appear that the Benedictine authorities acted with that suavity and discretion which might have been expected."†

THE INCOMPLETE HISTORICAL PRESENTATION.

Instead of laying stress upon these palliating circumstances, Father Taunton rather minimizes. When quoting (p. 339) from Father Blackfan's *Annals of the English College at Valladolid* (a most important document for the defence of the Jesuit superiors of the seminary, discovered about three years ago, in a cupboard at Ushaw College), Father Taunton is careful to fill up the *lacunæ* in this narrative "from other unimpeachable and personal sources" (p. 334). We cannot help thinking he should have been equally careful to print in full the following sentence, which is among the most significant in the Blackfan MS.: "The Benedictine Fathers, emulous of our glory, and desiring also to put their sickle into this harvest, and the

* Father Pollen, S.J., in *The Month*, vol. xciv. p. 331.

† *A Benedictine Martyr in England: Dom John Roberts, O.S.B.*, by Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B., London: Sands & Co., p. 136.

more so, that they had had a martyr among those who had passed to them from this college, sent secretly persons to entice the students to them, placing copies of the Rule of St. Benedict in the hands of some, and moreover making splendid promises to allure the ambitious minds of the young men." Father Taunton presents but a summary of this statement, and in a way which indicates that he doubts its accuracy; nevertheless, as Dom Camm observes: "Some support is given to this allegation by the terms of the decree of Paul V. (through the Holy Office, December 10, 1608), which forbade the Benedictines, under grave penalties, to induce the students of the seminaries to join their religion (*i.e.*, order), while it equally forbade the Jesuits to prevent those who wished to go."*

In regard to this affair, then, Father Taunton appears to have been rather hard on the Society. There are extenuating circumstances which he fails to bring out in sufficient prominence. True, he may maintain that it is not his business to apologize, or to institute possibly odious comparisons. Yet, on occasion, he does introduce these features, though seldom, if at all, in a way that favors Father Parsons and his brethren. Better, perhaps, to tell a simple story of facts than to be looking about for excuses and motives which, if presented, will endanger the objective value of the representation; but this plan, if once adopted, must be followed impartially and consistently.

THE CHARGE OF PURITANISM.

We have said above that the English Jesuits are not averse to a thorough investigation of this portion of their history. They prove their sincerity by frankly accepting some very unpleasant conclusions. "Far be it from us," writes Father Pollen, S.J., "to adopt . . . language of indiscriminate praise, or the tone of panegyric, which in ages less critical than ours was frequent among historians. The exigency of the case before us requires that we should recognize faults in the Jesuits in their conduct towards others, and faults not of human frailty only."† But the Jesuits cannot be expected to accept criticisms which have received a subjective coloring. At times our author is unduly severe. Parsons becomes for him a sort of *bête noir*. He waxes enthusiastic over the discovery of a key to Parsons' whole life in an abiding strain of Puritanism; and this theory is thrust into prominence, at times, in a way that certainly borders on the ridiculous. Again, our author occasionally indulges in that very danger-

* *The Month*, vol. xcii. p. 375.

† *The Month*, vol. xciv. p. 242.

ous diversion of attributing motives and reading intentions; and sometimes makes comparisons which though based on fact are pretty certain to mislead. As to his representing Parsons as a political intriguer, the picture is, as Father Morris, S.J., allows,* true to life. Father Parsons did work, heart and soul, for the Spanish cause, and, no doubt, had much to do with the creation of that fatal breach between religion and patriotism which English Catholics are still lamenting. Still his action was not absolutely without precedent among great and good Englishmen; and, at any rate, Father Taunton, in writing a history of the Jesuits, should have dwelt with more emphasis on the fact that Parsons was plotting treason in the very face of instructions from his superiors, for the Society in 1580, 1593, and again in 1606, gave most unequivocal expressions to the wish that "none of Ours should mix themselves in any way in affairs of this kind"; and actually obtained papal confirmation for that decree by having it incorporated in the Bull of Paul V., *Quantum Religio Societatis*

"THE GUNPOWDER PLOT."

The chapter on "The Gunpowder Plot" is worthy of more attention than can now be devoted to it. With a good deal of praise for Father Garnet, it contains some strictures upon his conduct, and concludes with entering a strong demurrer to the suggestion that he was a martyr for his religion, or for the seal of confession. The matter is one which has been receiving the attention of careful and competent students during recent years, and soon, if ever, ought to be set right.

Here it may be mentioned that Father Taunton's treatment of this point has thus far attracted more attention than any other feature of his book; for it was condemned first by a writer in the London *Tablet* of May 7, and further censured by Father Gerard, S.J., the present editor of *The Month*, who contributed a signed criticism to the pages of *The Tablet* (May 14).

The other notices of Father Taunton's volume that have appeared are numerous and interesting. In the May issue of *The Month*, Father Pollen, S.J., devoted nearly twenty pages to a general review of the book, declaring it cannot be called a history in the true sense of the word. Throughout the past five or six weeks a steady stream of letters has been pouring into the correspondence columns of *The Tablet*, written by critics and apologists of Father Taunton, not a few of the letters being from the author himself, who wrote also to the

* See *Dublin Review* article cited above.

Weekly Register (May 10) in reply to various unfavorable criticisms which had occurred in that magazine's review of his book (May 3). *The Athenæum* of London comments on Father Taunton's "inaccuracies of detail" and "partisanship," and declares the main defects of his work to be "its one-sidedness and its suppressions"; and it will be recalled as evidence of *The Athenæum's* disinterestedness that at the time the *English Black Monks of St. Benedict* appeared this magazine spoke very favorably of that volume. We ought not, perhaps, to omit to mention Father Taunton's claim in his letter to the *Weekly Register* (May 10) that "The soberness and coldness of the tone throughout the book have struck most reviewers." At any rate this much is clear: that with various grave and well-founded charges others have been made that were unfair, and others again that were untrue. There has been something like an inclination to indulge in what the *Ave Maria* names "dust-throwing"; caused, no doubt, by the intensely personal nature of the interests involved. Considerable excitement has been manifested on both sides; and a disinterested observer would be apt to conclude that neither party is actuated by motives perfectly unselfish and unimpeachable. It is not amazing, then, that we come upon general statements made which are as mutually contradictory of each other as the following: The critic in *The Tablet* declares that the book "must needs put a weapon into the hands of the more bitter and less scrupulous of our anti-Catholic adversaries"; while Father Taunton expresses the opinion that "Anti-Catholics will regret the book; for it is now perfectly clear that the church is not compromised by the Spanish intrigues of a mere handful of English Jesuits."

Here we may conclude, mindful above all else, at the present moment, of the horribly fatal result of differences between good men, and most especially between members of the priesthood. Truly these things are the curse of the House of God. During the days of persecution in England, frightful torments were borne and many lives laid down; and yet it almost seems as if the blood of those martyrs were shed in vain, because sweet Charity abode not with the survivors. Who is not pleased to think that circumstances are different now, and that such bitter hatred is only a memory? But what a lesson it recalls! And how terrible is the warning for us to beware lest we too, by mutual bickerings and contentions, should arouse the wrath of God!



THE FOUNDATION OF MONTREAL.

Maisonneuve, Father Olier, M. De la Dauversière, and M. D. Aillebout projecting in Paris the founding of the City.

CANADA'S COMMERCIAL METROPOLIS.

BY SAMUEL BYRNE.



MONTREAL, Canada's very picturesquely situated mercantile metropolis, and its largest and most important city, presents, in several of the psychological phases of the modern life of its populace, no less than in many of its architectural aspects, one of the most interesting urban individualities in the New World.

There is hardly a street in it which does not suggest, in some form or other, historical reminiscences of a past with which France and England and the United States are associated. Within its boundaries are also to be seen the remarkable effects of the blending of two great civilizations—the French and the British. There are still visible, however, distinct traces of the sullen and passive antipathy which might be expected

to exist between descendants of a conquered race—for the French-Canadians may now be considered as a separate race—and those of its vanquishers. But these traces are happily disappearing under the potent influence of a calculating prudence which has its chief source in self-interest.

The first white man who visited the island of Montreal, on which the city bearing that name is located, was Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada, who arrived there in the fall of 1535. It was he who gave a name to the forest-clad mountain the romantic beauty of which imparts to the city its principal charm, and from which at a later period it took the name it now bears—Mount Royal ("Mont Réal"). Eminently appropriate was the name he bestowed upon the mountain. The view from its summit, especially in summer, discloses a panoramic scene truly majestic. Below, on one side, lies the city, with its three hundred thousand of a population, its five miles of wharfage, its almost countless churches, its educational institutions, public buildings, factories, and tree-surrounded villas, with the broad St. Lawrence sweeping by on its journey to the ocean, seven hundred miles away. On every other side are variant landscapes of mountains, rivers, forests, and fields. And on a gently-descending slope of the Mount itself are two white marble cities of the dead: the Protestant and the Catholic cemeteries. In 1611 Samuel de Champlain, who had already founded Quebec City, visited the island for the purpose of establishing a trading post, and also, as some historians say, of erecting a settlement.

It was Paul De Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve, who went over expressly from France and chose the site of Canada's chief port, taking possession of the Island of Montreal in the name of the French "company" or association of Montreal, to whom it had been ceded by the King of France. This company, of which he was himself a member, was composed of thirty-five persons, including several Jesuit fathers and two ladies, the famous Mademoiselle Jeanne Mance, "the first Sister of Charity," who was accompanied across the Atlantic by a female attendant; and Madame de la Peltrie, who had joined them at Quebec. The object of the company was to colonize the island, which is thirty-two miles long and ten and a half miles in width, and to convert its Indian inhabitants to Christianity and bestow upon them the comforts of civilization.

When Maisonneuve and his companions arrived at Quebec from France, in two small ships, the governor of that city, De

Montmagny, and the colonists under him besought them to remain there, offering them as an inducement the adjacent Island of Orleans on which to found the projected city and colony. The Island of Montreal, it was pointed out, which



Mlle. JEANNE MANCE, THE "FIRST SISTER OF CHARITY" TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC.

was many leagues up the river, was swarming with ferocious Iroquois. Maisonneuve's reply, which is engraved on the handsome monument recently erected to his memory by the citizens of Montreal, was characteristic of the man. Having expressed his thanks for the flattering offer he said: "Honor and duty alike impel me to accomplish my mission; and I will do so, even if every tree on the Island of Montreal turns into an Iroquois."

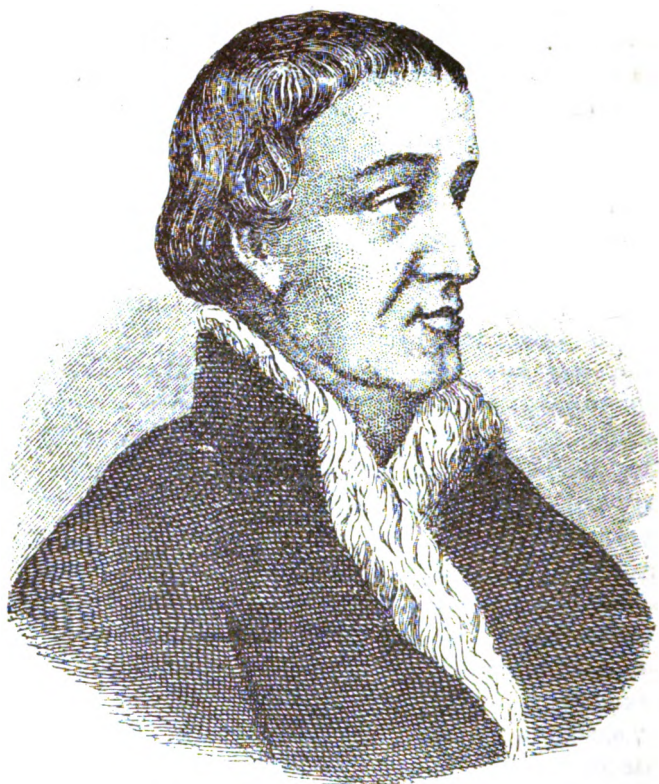
On the 24th of May, 1642, the city was formally and solemnly founded, and, after the celebration of Mass by Father Vimont, S.J., it was placed under the special protection of

"Our Lady, Queen of Angels," the name then given to it being "Ville-Marie"—"The City of Mary." Parkman the historian, in his *Pioneers of France in the New World*, thus describes the event: "Maisonneuve sprang ashore, and fell on his knees. His followers imitated his example; and all joined their voices in songs of thanksgiving. Tents, baggage, arms, and stores were landed. An altar was raised on a pleasant spot near the landing; and Mademoiselle Mance, with Madame de la Peltrie, aided by her servant, Charlotte Barré, decorated it with a taste which was the admiration of the beholders. Now all the company gathered before the shrine. Here stood Vimont in the rich vestments of his office. Here were the two ladies with their servant; Montmagny, no very willing spectator; and Maisonneuve, a warlike figure, erect and tall, his men clustering around him. They kneeled in reverent

silence as the Host was raised aloft; and when the rite was over the priest turned and addressed them: 'You are a grain of mustard-seed that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. You are few, but this work is the work of God. His smile is upon you, and your children shall fill the land.' The historian continues: "The afternoon waned, the sun sank behind the western forest, and twilight came on. Fireflies were twinkling over the darkened meadows. They caught them, tied them with threads into shining festoons, and hung them before the altar. Then they pitched their tents, lighted their fires, stationed their guards, and lay down to rest. Such was the birth-night of Montreal." According to another historian, the reason why fireflies were caught was that there was no oil for the lamp which must be kept burning before the Blessed Sacrament, which Father Vimont had exposed at the time. The flies were imprisoned, says the writer, in a large vial of glass, and they flashed forth a brilliant light throughout the night.

Next day Maisonneuve, who had been appointed governor of the island, felled the first tree, and with his followers proceeded to protect their encampment. Sandham relates that they worked with such energy that, by the evening, they had erected "a strong palisade, and had covered their altar with a roof made of bark." Alluding to this work, the Jesuit father who wrote the chronicles for that year says: "This enterprise would seem as desperate as it was brave and holy had it not, as its foundation, the might of Him who never fails those who undertake nothing save that which is in harmony with his will."

Mademoiselle Mance had taken out with her from Paris a large sum of money with which to help forward the building up of the city. It was equal to \$250,000 in modern money, and had been given to her for the purpose named by Madame de Bouillon, the widow of a former finance minister of France. The money was devoted to the erection of a large stone building consisting of a hospital, a convent, and a church. The building operations were begun at once. This institution—the "Hôtel Dieu"—remained intact until forty years ago, when the demands upon its accommodations, which had been increasing year by year, determined the sisters to remove to another site and set up a more commodious building. The foundations of the new Hôtel Dieu, which is the largest religious edifice in America, were laid in 1859. It is situated in a



PAUL DE CHOMEDÉY, SIEUR DE MAISONNEUVE.

very extensive space of ground, in the northern portion of the city. The circumference of the enclosure, which is surrounded by a high and massive stone wall, is over a mile long. No distinction is made as to the religion of the patients; and many of the Protestant residents prefer, when ill, to be nursed in its private wards rather than in their own homes. The sick poor are admitted and attended free of charge. Before Canada became a British colony the Hôtel Dieu was furnished with medicine and other requisites by the French government; but now it is self-supporting, save for a small annual grant from the Provincial Legislature. The fact may not be unworthy of mention that a daughter of Ethan Allen, of Vermont, the leader of the "Green Mountain" boys, died a member of the sisterhood which has charge of this institution. It is related of her that during her girlhood, some years before she embraced Catholicity, she was attacked by a wild beast as she was walking by a river; and that an old man, of benevolent aspect,

came up to drive it away. The features of her deliverer, so the story runs, were indelibly fixed in her memory. On visiting the convent of the Hôtel Dieu she saw an old picture of the Holy Family hanging on one of the walls of the sisters' church, and with a cry of surprise she informed those who were with her that the features of St. Joseph were exactly those of her rescuer. The picture may still be seen in the church attached to the present Hôtel Dieu.

The Hôtel Dieu and a strong fort formed the nucleus of the present city. For fully a year Maisonneuve and his tiny band of colonists got along in peace. Then they were discovered by a party of Algonquins, who, assisted by a number of their erstwhile enemies, the Iroquois, made a fierce attack upon them. From that time forward, for a period of about a hundred and fifty years, the history of Montreal is but a record of Indian attacks and repulses, with an occasional victory for the red man. During one of the conflicts Maisonneuve's followers beat a retreat to the fort, leaving him far in the rear. He bravely followed the redskins, a pistol in each hand. The Iroquois did not fire, their object being to capture him alive, and then torture him to death. Their chief ordered them to halt and went forward to fight the governor single-handed. Maisonneuve fired, but missed. He was immediately grasped by the throat by the chief, amid a chorus of whoops from his dusky followers. The Frenchman, however, was too quick for him. The pistol in his left hand had not been discharged. In the position in which they were at this moment Maisonneuve's left hand was behind the shoulder of the Indian chief. Aiming the barrel of the pistol at the back of his foeman's head, he fired, and the burly Iroquois fell on the sward a corpse. That ended the conflict of the day. The Indians, dumbfounded at the death of their intrepid leader, carried away his body in mournful silence.

Maisonneuve was a sagacious administrator as well as an intrepid warrior. He drew up a short and simple code, composed of ten rules, for the preservation of law and order in his colony; and these he rigorously enforced. His was a blameless, an exemplary life. The close of his career in Montreal was marked by an incident as pathetic as it was sublime. When he had, after years of toil and struggle and heroic self-sacrifice, firmly established the colony of the Island of Montreal, the governor of New France (as the Canada of that early day was termed), unmindful of the great work he



M. DE LA DAUVERSIÈRE, WHO CONCEIVED THE IDEA OF FOUNDING MONTREAL.

had accomplished, issued unexpectedly a decree ordering him to return to France. On receipt of the order his face assumed a look of sadness which it never afterwards lost. He made no complaint; he uttered no protest. All the money that was owing to him by the government—some six thousand pounds sterling—he ordered to be distributed amongst the poor; and he set sail for France, where he died on September 9, 1676.

In 1644 the Island of Montreal was deeded over by the "company" to the Sulpician Fathers of Paris, who in 1657 sent the Abbé Queylus and several other priests to take possession of their newly-acquired estate and to found in Ville-Marie the Seminary of St. Sulpice, for the purpose of training missionaries to preach the Gospel to the Indians. The old

seminary, which is in the Romanesque style of architecture, is still intact, with its quaint-looking clock, surmounted by bells that strike every quarter of an hour, and with the old loop-holed wall in front of it which was originally built for protection against the Indians. It is situated beside the Church of Notre Dame, on Notre Dame Street, one of the busiest thoroughfares in the city. But other needs than the spiritual wants of the white men, as well as of the red, grew so pressing as to necessitate the erection of the extensive structure known simply as "The Montreal College," or "*Grand Séminaire*," which attracts ecclesiastical students from almost every diocese in the United States. By a deed approved by the King of France on April 20, 1664, the authorities of the Sulpician Seminary in Paris granted to the fathers of their society in Ville-Marie "the lands and seigniory of Montreal."

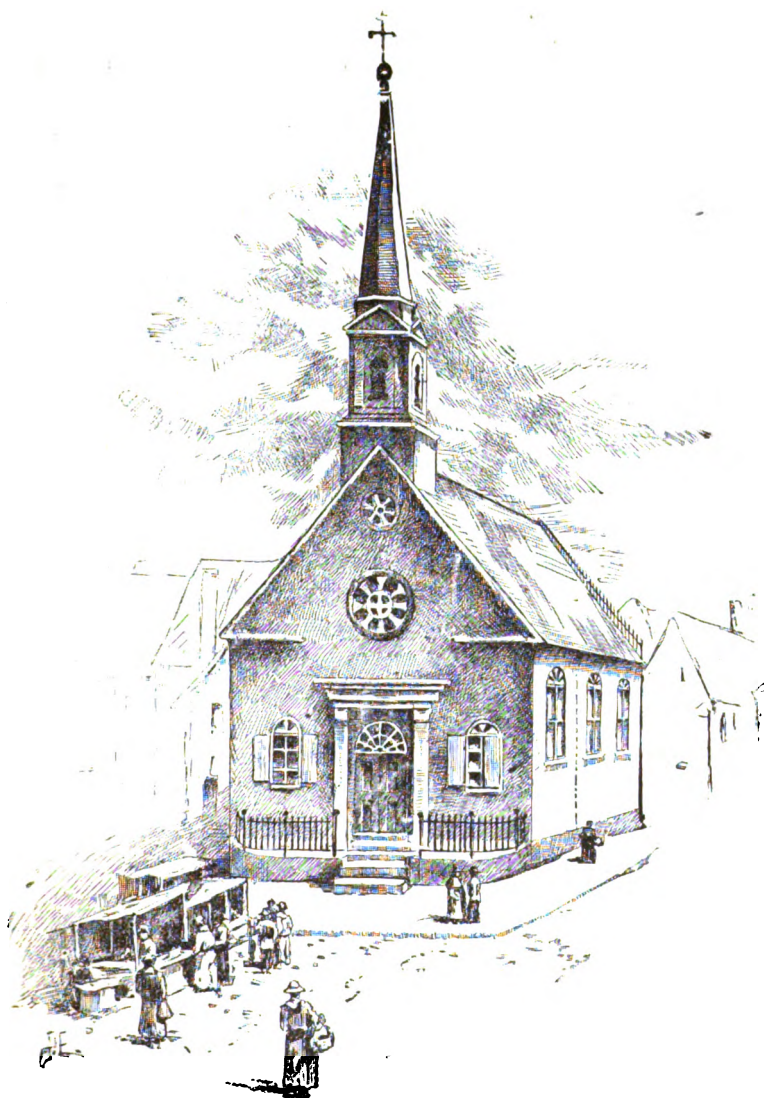
A treaty of peace was signed in Montreal in 1700 between representatives of the Five Nations and the French; and after Quebec City had fallen into the hands of the English, Montreal became what a recent writer aptly terms "The last stronghold of French power in America." The existence of this stronghold was of brief duration, for a few months afterwards, being invested by the British on all sides, it was forced to capitulate. Three years later the Treaty of Paris placed the whole colony of Canada under the flag of Great Britain.

THE CHÂTEAU DE RAMEZAY.

One of the most interesting, albeit one of the least imposing, of Montreal's historical buildings is that which still bears the name of the Château de Ramezay. It is to-day the Château de Ramezay in name only. In reality the château is but a memory. The original structure is almost intact, it is true; but the vandal hand of modern utilitarianism has been laid upon it. The front part of it is now a saloon, another portion was until recently a barber-shop, still another is a colonization office, and the remainder is used temporarily as the nucleus of a museum. It was built in 1705 by the *Sieur de Ramezay*, governor of Montreal. Within its low, massive walls have been enacted scenes that have run through the whole gamut of dramatic interest. Here have been arranged the stern details of military expeditions, and the less guileful stratagems of the gentler campaigns of love. The banquet, with its "feast of reason and flow of soul," its sparkling wit and brilliant repartee; the ball, with its courtly cavaliers and

comely dames, in the picturesque costumes of the France of their day; the council of state; the gayly-decked bridal suite, and the sombre chamber of the noble dead—of spectacles such as these the old castle keeps remembrance for the passer-by who is not unmindful of its brief but varied story. Governor de Ramezay died in 1724, and the château was occupied by his family until 1745, when it was sold to the "Compagnie des Indes de l'Ouest," who made it a storing-house for furs and skins. Five years later the château and lands were purchased by a family named Longueuil. Out of their hands it passed on the surrender of Montreal to the British, who chose it as the residence of their governor. After General Montgomery had captured Montreal, the château became the head-quarters of General Wooster and General Benedict Arnold, the latter of whom was destined to sleep in one of its rooms afterwards, when he had chosen the path of the traitor. It was here too that Benjamin Franklin held his conference with the American generals, who were retreating from Quebec. And it was here also that Franklin set up the first printing-press ever seen in Montreal. He was assisted in this work by a printer named Fleury Masplitt, whom he had brought with him from Philadelphia, and who, in 1778, founded the *Gazette*, a small newspaper printed partly in English and partly in French. Later on, when the American soldiers evacuated the city, it resumed the character of the gubernatorial residence, and remained as such until 1784. Then it was bought by Baron St. Leger, who occupied it for some years as a private residence. When the Constitutional act of 1791 divided the colony into Upper and Lower Canada, Montreal was selected as the capital of the latter; and the Château de Ramezay once more became the official dwelling-place of the governor. In 1819 the remains of the Duke of Richmond, which had been brought down from Ottawa, reposed for several days in one of the rooms of the château, after which they were taken to Quebec, where they repose beneath the altar of the English cathedral. Since then the building has been utilized for different purposes, until the main portion of it has been put to the base uses already mentioned.

The oldest church in Montreal is that dedicated to Notre Dame de Bonsecours. Its foundation, originally intended for a nunnery, was laid in 1658 by Sister Marguerite de Bourgeois, who obtained for the church a small image of the Blessed Virgin said to be endowed with miraculous virtue. It was



A CHURCH OF FORMER DAYS.

given to her by the Baron de Faucamp during one of his visits to France; and at that time it had been revered for over a hundred years. It is still preserved in the church. The building was destroyed by fire in 1754, and re-erected seventeen years later. A few years ago an apse was added to it, surmounted by a large—too large in proportion to the edifice—statue of the Virgin, with 'hands upraised, invoking a

blessing upon the mariners who in the river underneath man the ships that carry on the trade of the port.

One of the most extensive structures in the city is the Hôpital Général, or "Grey Nunnery," as it is popularly called. It was founded and endowed in 1692 by M. Charon, a Norman, under letter patent granted by Louis XIV., and was afterwards given over to the charge of a religious sisterhood, founded by the celebrated Madame de Youville in 1737, the members of which are known as Les Sœurs Grises, on account of the color of their garments. There are 320 rooms and over 200 sisters and novices in the institution, which comprises a hospital for the sick of all creeds, and an asylum for foundlings.

The Church of Notre Dame de Lourdes is a comparatively new building, in the combined Byzantine and Renaissance style, such as one sees in Venice: and it was erected and decorated for the pious purpose of expressing in symbolic form the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. The frescoes in the interior are very fine. One of them represents the promise of the Redemption made to Adam and Eve, on the occasion when the Lord said to the Serpent: "She shall bruise thy head." Another represents the arrival of Rebecca before Isaac. On the right of the nave are the prophets who foretold of the Virgin, Isaias, Jeremias, David, and Micheas; on the left are Scriptural types of the Virgin—Sarah, Rebecca, Rachel, and Ruth. There are also frescoes of the Salutation and the Nativity. A beautiful statue over the altar illustrates the text: "A woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet" (Apoc. xii. 1). Light is thrown on the statue through a hidden window behind and above it, by day, and at night by a concealed lamp. The effect is really astonishing, the beholder imagining that he is gazing upon a vision of celestial loveliness.

Historical tablets have recently been placed on houses connected with the city's past. These include the following:

"Here lived Robert Cavelier, Sieur de La Salle," whose discoveries in America have rendered him illustrious, and of whom a distinguished writer says: "Never under the impenetrable mail of paladin or crusader beat a heart of more intrepid mettle than within the stoic panoply that armed the breast of La Salle. . . . America owes him an enduring memory, for in this masculine figure she sees the pioneer who guided her to her richest heritage."

"In 1694 here stood the house of La Mothe Cadillac, the founder of Detroit."

"In 1675 here lived Daniel de Gresolon, Sieur Du Lhut, one of the explorers of the Upper Mississippi, after whom the City of Duluth was named."

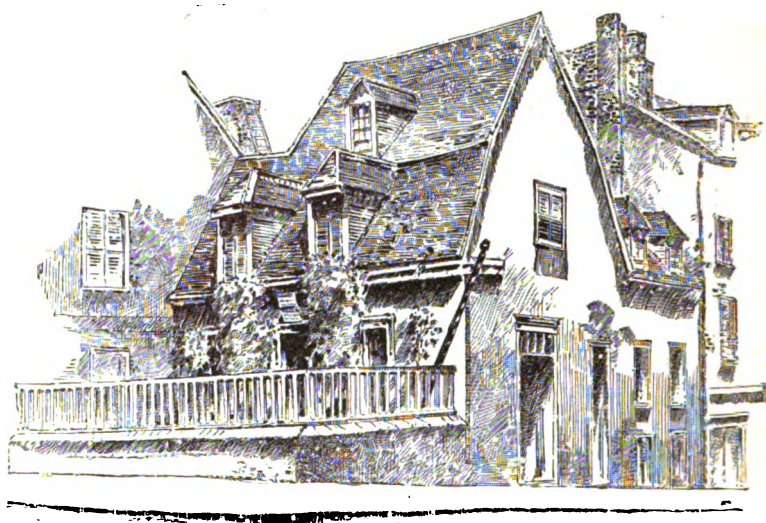
"Here was born, in 1661, Pierre Le Moyne, Sieur d'Iberville, Chevalier de St. Louis. He conquered Hudson Bay for France, 1697; discovered the mouths of the Mississippi, 1699. First Governor of Louisiana, 1700. Died at Havana, 1706."

"Jean Baptiste Le Moyne, Sieur de Bienville; born in 1680. In company with his brother d'Iberville he discovered the mouths of the Mississippi, 2d March, 1699; founded New Orleans in 1717; and was Governor of Louisiana for forty years. Died at Paris, 1768."

"Here lived the family of Daniel Hyacinthe Marie Lienard de Beaujeu, the hero of the Monongahela, at which battle Washington was an officer in the Army defeated."

During the five months' winter the St. Lawrence is frozen over to a depth of from one to two feet, and sometimes more; and roads are made from the city across the ice to the different villages on the opposite side. An excellent race-track is also laid out; and few Montrealers seem to realize the vast climatic change involved in the fact that in summer ocean-going steamers of five thousand tons burthen pass up and down where this very ice track is situated. One glides almost insensibly from the summer into the frigid season; and the transition seems so natural, so much a matter of course, that little note is taken of the sharpness of the contrast. When the first cold wave comes along the Montrealer instinctively dons his heavy woollen undergarments, and listens for the merry tinkle of the sleigh-bells. Long though it is, the winter period is never monotonous. Snow-shoe tramps to Mount Royal, trips down the Mammoth toboggan slide on one of its slopes, sleighing parties along the road that winds spiral-wise up to its summit, hockey matches and curling bonspiels in the numerous rinks, skating and other winter sports—these operate efficaciously to keep away whatever feeling of *ennui* might otherwise be experienced. A very pretty sight on the river is an ice "shove," or jam. These shoves occur when the ice is beginning to thaw or move down with the current, on the approach of warm weather. Sometimes the large masses of broken ice are piled up to a great height.

Although a good deal of intermarrying has been going on



A TYPICAL HOUSE OF A CENTURY AGO.

during the last century, more especially of late years, between the French and the British in Montreal, there is still a certain aloofness observable on the part of the French in regard to their fellow-citizens of other racial descent. Where such inter-racial blends have taken place the results have been happy; a combination of the polish and politeness and charming gaiety of the Gaul and the plodding cool-headedness and sturdy enterprise of the Briton. Marriages are more frequent between the French and the Irish than between the French and the British. A certain congeniality of temperament is the cause of this. In cases of intermarriage where the wives are French the offspring is, as a rule, thoroughly Gallicized; and it is amusing to meet with gentlemen bearing unmistakably Irish, Scotch, and English cognomens who are nevertheless hopelessly French, so to speak, in accent, in manners, in tastes, and in surroundings. It may not be uninteresting to add that, in referring to themselves, the French-Canadians always use the word "Canadians," while in referring to their compatriots of other national descent they describe them as Irish, English, Scotch, German, and so forth, as the case may be. They consider themselves to be Canadians *par excellence*. French-Can-

dian women are remarkably good-looking, with a type of prettiness peculiarly their own.

Nowadays the French-Canadians are for the most part extremely conservative in disposition; and thus, while they excel in culture, they lag behind in the race for wealth and commercial supremacy. Forming but one-third of the population of the city, it was Britons who constructed the two great railways of the country, the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific; it is Britons who transact by far the larger proportion of trade; it is Britons who own the Canadian ocean-going steamers.

The relative positions of the French-Canadians and their English-speaking fellow-citizens in the field of commerce in Montreal and, indeed, in the whole Dominion, are well illustrated by the fact that the French-Canadian Board of Trade—*La Chambre de Commerce*—occupies only a couple out of the hundred offices in the immense stone structure erected a few years ago by the English Board of Trade. As if conscious of the contrast suggested by this circumstance, *La Chambre de Commerce* has leased a couple of offices elsewhere.

A large number of French-Canadians cherish the dream of an independent Canada, a great and growing nation working out its own national destiny. I have frequently heard Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the late Mr. Mercier, and the later Sir Adolphe Chapleau declare their belief in its realization. The French-Canadians are, as a rule, loyal to Great Britain. If you ask one of them why he is so he will tell you that, under the Union Jack, he enjoys more freedom than he would had his province remained a French possession; that he has escaped the horrors and baneful consequences of the Revolution; that he enjoys perfect civil and religious freedom, and his children attend Catholic schools supported by the state, according to the solemn compact of Confederation; and that his language is as "official" as is the English tongue in his province.

FATHER DAMIEN.

The work is done : the hundred years are told.
Coiler and dreamer, warrior, saint and sage,
And all who earned the crimson and the gold,
Must have due glory on illumined page.
The Master Craftsman cometh to His own :
"If thou art fired with this honored name,
Then work as for the bone of thine own bone,
And put his story into living flame."
Old as the hills the tale of misery—
"Unclean! Unclean! We die beneath the ban."
The leper's cry, piercing thro' land and sea,
Was answered by the life-gift of a man.
The Passion found thy soul a channel free—
Damien, thou Bayard of the Century!

E. C. M.



**MONUMENT TO THE LEPER PRIEST OF MOLOKAI
IN LOUVAIN.**

"A MAN'S A MAN."

BY MARY SARSFIELD GILMORE.

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd, for a' that.

Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man 's a man for a' that !

The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that !"



RIVATE PHIL BURNS, U. S. A., son of the people, cheerfully humming his favorite snatches of his favorite song, marched to the front as a "common soldier"—one of the poor, untitled rank and file ! But like all men of Celtic blood, high or lowly, he was born to rise above his original status, instinctively as the blackbird soars toward heaven, as the thrush and linnet strain skyward from nest of birth. Phil Burns's ascent from obscurity to eminence was a three-winged flight toward fortune, fame, and happiness. Heroic service at a crisis of battle won him immediate martial promotion ; the patriotic associated press of the country simultaneously established his national fame ; and third, last, and best, came his infinitely sweetest guerdon—a beautiful young girl's love !

The girl in the case was Madge, only child of General Gastonridge ; a born and bred patrician, a social belle, a famous beauty of sumptuous brunette type,—conservative and haughty as only a Southern girl can be. Yet, when the General's spoiled and wilful motherless daughter, in spite of paternal warnings of hardships and peril, and imperative official prohibition, followed the protesting General to the seat of war, the sick and wounded soldiers to whom she devoted her service detected no sign of pride or aversion, but only tenderest woman-pity, in her beautiful, high-bred face. Many a brave fellow sank peacefully into his last long sleep, holding her soft white hand ; many a so-called reprobate died with his eyes on her face, sobbing of angels and heaven. When the new-made

but already famous Lieutenant Burns, convalescent from well-nigh fatal wounds, took sick-leave passage on the identical transport by which the ailing General, considerably recalled by the War Department, returned on unwelcome furlough, the same touch of nature which had harmonized the girl of society with the tragic men of the battle-field, made her and Phil Burns kin! Before they met, the martial blood of the General's daughter had thrilled at her father's account of the humble soldier's valor. Face to face with the simple, self-respecting, unconsciously dignified as well as handsome hero from the ranks, it was her woman heart that quickened; and cardiac pulsations are no less subtly responsive than "mind-waves," seldom awakening save when reciprocity has leapt to spontaneous birth! Before the voyage was well begun, the promoted private knew that he loved his General's daughter. In sight of port the man, *pur et simple*, was graciously allowed to make the incredible, tempting, sweet-bitter discovery that, stript of the mask of an arbitrary social conservatism, the woman of his heart loved him! Then Phil Burns had a good quarter-of-an-hour with Madge, followed by a correspondingly bad quarter-of-an-hour with himself, from the torture of which he escaped by force of manly resolution, with the desperate purpose of facing the General and defying the fate of war!

The forward deck chanced to be deserted, momentarily, by all save the invalided veteran. Games and smugglers and pipes were in session in saloon and smoking-room, monopolizing the sociable voyagers' attention. The swish of the waves against the sides of the ship, undertoned human voices rising in various vocal and emotional keys from the quarters of festivity below.—Human voices,—what were these, compared with the voice of the deep, and the eloquent silence of the eternal stars? Puny, transient, tinkling things they seemed to Phil Burns, in that love-inspired hour of revelation; even as the codes of a mercenary world seemed suddenly false and ignoble, pitted against the primeval law of the supremacy and dominance of Man, *per se*, monarch of material matter! Measured by the soul and brain of humanity, by its vital heart and its strong right hand, what were pride of birth, pomp of gold, shibboleth of social position, that their phantoms should dare to divide human creature from creature, heart from heart, man from his complemental woman?—

"The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that!"

hummed the young socialist, by force of inveterate habit, as he forward marched toward the General. Yet the "windows of his soul" turned a look of wistful appeal rather than of flashing defiance upon the autocrat of his fate; and the laugh of his proud young heart knew its own bitterness!

Perhaps the alert old server of Mars had not been as blind to Cupid's signals as his juniors had taken for granted. In any case, he scented approaching battle as the young soldier advanced, and braced his heart to resist it. That his herculean frame shrouded a heart, was the General's closet-skeleton; vociferously denied by word of mouth, while betrayed by deed with the most unconscious ingenuousness. The discrepancy amused his daughter, and touched the world; but the General lived on in blissful ignorance that he hoodwinked and terrified nobody. He was a man of powerful physique and commanding presence, with a leonine head of iron-gray hair, dark eyes flashing with the unquenched fires of immortal youth, and a military moustache which bristled fiercely when its owner's mood was aggressive. The initiated Madge would have postponed action, recognizing the danger-signal; but Phil Burns rushed to his fate.

"General," he announced, without preface or apology,—"General, I love your daughter!"

The night-wind sang through the sails, and sailors changed watch, and paced the lookout monotonously. Their footsteps beat a deafening refrain in the General's stunned ears. The sea took it up, and the winds; and the mute stars traced it in fire. "*I love your daughter, your daughter, your daughter!*" Sky, sea, air, all alike pulsated with the impassioned rhythm of audible human heart-beats. Love, all Love, only Love, thrilled the voice of creation. But the General defied the primeval lyric, in allegiance to Gastonridge pride.

"May I request you to repeat what you were condescending enough to remark, young man?" he inquired, finally, with scathing irony.

"With pleasure, General. I reported—that I love—your daughter."

"And a deuced presumptuous, impertinent, intrusive, altogether unpardonable report it is, you shoulder-strapped young beggar on horseback," bluffed the General, working himself into a passion. "I consider you guilty of a breach of faith, sir. You have taken undue advantage of your position, of my trust in you. What is your excuse for venturing upon such an un-

justified liberty with my daughter's name,—what is your excuse, sir?"

The impetuous young Celt could be deliberate when the stake was life or death. The repose of the Vere de Veres is the heritage of courage. He ran his hand slowly through the bright brown ripples framing his temples, stared at the scowling General meditatively, with calmly surprised blue eyes, gave his heavy moustache an adjusting tug, and admired the vamps of his well-shaped boots; dispassionately considering his commander's challenge. But once roused to action, the young soldier's methods were always decisive. In this case they routed the General.

"My excuse is—your daughter's love for me, sir," he explained, simply.

"Pah! Bah! Bosh! You conceited, presuming, deluded young jackanapes!" sputtered the haughty Gastonridge.

But he was wasting his vocabulary on the ocean-air. With a military salute, his subordinate officer had withdrawn. The General was left the field,—but not the victory!

Port was reached in the morning; and in consideration of an arrival which a patriotic populace was pleased to regard as an occasion for national ovation, the generous General waived his private grievance, to crown by his personal tribute of social compliment the honors greeting the hero from the ranks. With a royal-heartedness typical of the grand old South, the veteran shared every laurel of the hour; and in consequence, the former private found himself whirling Washingtonwards, side by side with his commander, in a railroad-king's private car. But the luxurious journey was to be no thornless bed of roses for the recruit to the realms of capitalism. Even the General's generosity had its limits. With *malice prepense* he renewed the charge that a noble expediency had interrupted. The proximity of the alert-eared Madge, in her state-room adjoining the main saloon, was as a spark to the gunpowder of paternal assertion.

"Did I understand you to affirm last night, you inflated 'Tommy Atkins,'" he demanded, with sudden loud-voiced ferocity, "that my daughter—*my* daughter, sir—authorized you to avow your impossible matrimonial pretensions?"

"Yes, General," assented the junior idol of the hour, with modest but invincible firmness. Already established in the hearts of the great American people as the General's co-equal rival of war, domestic rivalry in the name of love, even upon

the Gastonridge hearthstone, seemed a less hopeless cause than heretofore.

"Incredible, sir, incredible! Do you dare to tell me—to tell *me*, sir—that my daughter—*my* daughter, sir—demanded no pass-word from a slinking, spying, traitorous intruder within my private lines?"

"There was no slinking, no spying, no treachery in question, General. And my pass-word was Nature's,—*Love!*"

"*Love!* LOVE!" scorned the man of warfare. "No daughter of mine—of *mine*, sir—gave the countersign to any such fool-pass as—*love!*"

"Yes, General, begging your pardon! Love's own sweet countersign,—*a kiss!*"

"*Madge!* MADGE!" thundered the incensed General. "Present arms, miss, and refute this young miscreant to his impertinent face. He insists that you want him for my son-in-law—*my* son-in-law! Tell him it's all a mistake on his part, my girl, and—considering his pluck on the field of war—I'll—I'll let him off—and down—easy!"

"Dear old Paw!" laughed Madge, in Southern *patois*, emerging from her fortress, and obeying military orders in the letter if not in the spirit, by flinging caressing arms about the General's apoplectic neck; "I'm right sorry to confess that I just can't get to oblige you; but—but—but it is n't a mistake, you see! I warned Phil that you'd fire all your bomb-shells at first; but who cares, you dear old darling? We all know your awfulest cannon-balls are only blank cartridges!"

"But, my darling," expostulated conscientious Phil, heroically rushing to the discomfited General's rescue, "your father's objections are valid and justified—remember that! There is every possibility of mistake—for *you*—in what all the world will agree in calling a social mesalliance. You know you are of the CLASS, while I am distinctively and typically of the human mass—"

"'The rank is but the guinea's stamp,'"

quoted Madge; who, with the miraculous adaptability of a loving woman, had mastered her lover's mental weapons, and now turned them against himself.

"Ah, but *I* lack the guineas as well as the 'rank,' more's the pity, dear," admitted Phil, sadly; "and, as the General will tell you, Madge, you have no conception of what strait-

ened finances practically imply; the daily sacrifices of luxurious habit, of dainty taste and desire—"

"'Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their wine,'"

scorned Madge, magnificently.

"But—but will the pride of my American princess not yet regret that, socially speaking, she has 'stooped to conquer'? Sooner or later, perhaps, the plain man is fated to cut a sorry figure in a gentlewoman's eyes; contrasted with the white-handed sons of leisure and wealth, conventionally called—'gentlemen!'" he finished, bitterly.

"'The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that!'"

trilled Madge, incorrigibly. "Well, Lieutenant Phil, have you finished for ever and ever? Because if you haven't, I shall suspect you of 'proposing in haste and repenting at leisure,' which would be a nice record indeed for a military man of honor; would n't it, now, Paw General Gastonridge?"

"I refuse my consent to your marriage!" announced the unrelenting General.

"Then we'll elope!" proclaimed Madge, rising like a Queen of Sheba in her oriental draperies of subdued old gold and reds. "Now I must 'be gwine to my ole brack mammy,' to be made lovely for my engagement-dinner! You've got to elope with 'ole brack mammy,' too, Phil! If you were even to suggest parting mammy and her 'bestest lil' white chile,' you'd be only 'poo' white trash' to us both, for ever after!"

"Poor white trash!" echoed Phil's thoughts, when the laughing Madge had departed, and the worsted General retreated to the smoking-room. Was he not but social "trash," indeed, in comparison with the rich old Gastonridge family? Under Madge's girlish frivolity, he knew, existed a strong, sweet woman-nature. Yet, being what he was by birth and breeding and material circumstances, had he not done selfishly to take advantage of her susceptible maiden affection? But the manly heart of Phil Burns cried, "*No!*"—and the heart-voice is ever truthful. Pure and holy natural selection is the manifestation of a higher will than worldly match-making dreams of! It is the perversion of instinct, not obedience to it, that brings about fatal human conflict with the creative plan of God!

The outnumbered yet unsundering General, meanwhile,

was facing his domestic Waterloo. Well he knew that the man chosen by Madge for husband must be his own "Hobson's choice"; but Phil Burns in the character of a Gastonridge by alliance still seemed the illusion of a dream, rather than the conquering hero of wide-awake reality! True, he was goodly to look upon—a young, hardy, handsome specimen of manhood, scarcely less evidently *sans peur*—public heroism notwithstanding—than likewise *sans reproche*: for the cleanly and pure carry visible credentials; and the open glance and fresh glow and inspiring personal atmosphere of chaste-lived, moral, high-principled youth are never successfully counterfeited by unworthy pretenders, nor unrecognized by the kindred pure of heart. Nevertheless, the General could not soar instantaneously above traditions inherited from generations of ancestors born and bred to all the class-prejudices of fortune's heritage and social prestige. That such so-called blue-blood as ran in his own veins was too often tainted with evils that the red blood of the masses escaped,—that the glitter of gold was by no means synonymous with the sterling radiance of moral manly merit,—and that the law of precedence whereby, at each and every function of his social life, the General had sat at the right of his hostess, was but a mockery of the natural supremacy of virtuous, honorable, heroic human manhood, the General did not deny! Yet it was no easy thing for him to put his theories into practice; and perhaps he must have failed to attain the miracle but for the transient resurrection, under the spell of war, of his youth's unworldly ideals. Just for the patriot-hour, while flags were waving and cannon booming, and regiments of brave men marching to the front, dearer to the General than gentle birth, than golden fortune, than the social autocracy that were the inglorious idols of peace, was the soldierly attribute of manly heroism; and Lieutenant Phil Burns had stood a hero in face of death! Then how could any woman—even a Gastonridge—be other than crowned by this man of honor's love?—The General's noble capitulation was his defeat as a worldling; but, as he realized later, his triumph as God's image, man!

The depot at Washington was crowded to suffocation. An immense throng awaited the returning officers. Bands played, and the Stars and Stripes floated. Political, financial, and social celebrities officially welcomed the heroes of the field, while the mob cheered national approval. Madge, radiant in her grace of sex and grand young beauty, stood like a prin-

cess royal encircled by courtiers. Her poise was regal, her simple gown worn with the air of a robe of coronation. But the queenliest woman, at heart, is ever but queen-consort! In her maiden thoughts, the imperial Madge was hailing Phil Burns as king!

Suddenly there was a disturbance in the throng. A woman was forcing her way through it—a shabby little old woman with thin gray hair, and a plain, worn face, and gloveless hands clasped nervously before her. Her bonnet of rusty mourning, eloquent of long and impoverished widowhood, her dowdy black shawl, her humble black skirt revealing well-worn shoes, even the pathetic stoop of her frail little figure bowed by the burdens of life, told the common old story of middle-class struggle and poverty! Yet her face, in spite of its tears of emotion, was transfigured by a supreme glory. As she emerged from the crowd her arms strained tremulously toward the lieutenant of the distinguished group.

"My boy!" she sobbed, rapturously. "My boy! My boy!"

From the exquisitely curled and perfumed *attaché* of one of the foreign embassies, Phil Burns turned sharply. One appealing look he flashed upon Madge as he sprang forward,—a look of love's faith, in whose flame yet flickered potential renunciation! Then an immortal light dawned in his Celtic-blue eyes—the light of filial love and fidelity—as he folded the plain little woman to his heart.

"Mother!" he cried, between his kisses; "dear, dearer, dearest little old mother!"

The General and his daughter started simultaneously, in common discomfiture. Phil Burns's mother?—this poor, shabby, typical woman of the populace, never by any necromancy of gold or fashion to be adapted to the patrician Gastonridge mould? What was to be done? Upon the irrevocable action of the present moment hinged Madge's future; since the Gastonridge line was a line of honor, abiding by its word. The General, as a gentleman, lifted his hat to the woman and mother; but as a father, he stood aside for Madge's initiative. At this crisis of her life he would influence her by no glance or word. In the tense suspense of the moment, he turned his eyes in an unconsciously ferocious stare upon the shoulder-shrugging *attaché*. The dapper and flippant diplomat's flow of persiflage suddenly languished. He adjusted his eye-glass with vague resentment. Why was the old war-horse ogling him so

belligerently? After all, these savage Americans were a *bourgeois* set!

Madge, meantime, was dallying with the decision which must make or mar her life. Useless to say that no ignoble sentiments tempted her. The human respect and sensitive vanity inseparable from the unconscious snobbishness of dazzled youth, joined forces with racial pride and caste-traditions against the nobler ideals of girlhood's heart. The pride and pomp and material glory of the world seemed to her, of a sudden, Life's single reality! From all save the glittering gilt and tinsel of convention's standards she shrank as from barren dreams. With the humble, the poor, the socially obscure, what had she in common—she, proud, rich, beautiful Madge Gastonridge?—Nothing, indeed, by acquired habit; but what by the divine law of nature, making young hearts akin? What tittle of worth boasted all the gilded baubles of her Gastonridge birthright, compared with the joy in her woman-heart because manly Phil Burns loved her? A sudden tenderness thrilled her soul, looking on Phil's old mother! Here was the primitive type of motherhood,—a type she did not know. The wedded beauties and belles to whom marriage means social leadership, the coquettish matrons of a society where venerable womanhood is an anomaly, the selfish young wives slaying love on the altar of vanity, the flippant girl-brides jilting true Christian manhood for Mammon, the unmaternal mothers of the fashionable whirl, resentful of sacrifice and responsibility, and untender in heart and spirit,—all these were her familiar social chaperons, her dead mother's substitutes; but not to one among them all, as to this humble woman of the people, was motherhood the crown of feminine life! A prophetic tremor quickened her maiden heart-beats; the half-sweet, half-sad "shadow cast before," of the pain and glory entwined at love's meridian,—the zenith of woman's life!

"O Phil," she cried, softly, impetuously surrendering to her soul's divine impulse, "are n't you going to present me to—*our*—mother?"

"God bless you, Madge," whispered happy Phil. "Mother—"

But the rest of his speech fell on ears unheeding. Woman and woman, mother and maiden, were blending heart with heart!

The diplomatic *attaché* mistook the situation. He divined romance; but taking it for granted that the General disapproved it, ventured a delicate hint that the conservatism of Old Europe espoused the paternal side.

"Your America, General, is a great country, *socially*," he emphasized, with a disparaging glance of contemptuous significance at the plebeian old person in the rusty weeds, when Madge and Phil, by simultaneous impulse, had presented the General to her.

But if he expected gratitude, the condescending foreigner was unpleasantly surprised. The American General turned on him like an exploding cannon, even as he courteously offered his chivalrous escort to the mother of brave Phil Burns.

"Yes, sir!" he thundered, leading the way to the carriage. "My America *is* a great country, socially and nationally! And why is it great, sir? Not because of its great men, alone or primarily; no, sir! but because it is the country of noble mothers,—of the pure, earnest, selfless, maternal women of the people, whose virtues, sir, the best and grandest sons of the great American Republic but reflect!"

The disconcerted *attaché* hastily lifted his hat and retreated in silence. It was the "common soldier's" plain old mother who rose to the occasion, leaning back against the luxurious cushions like one to the manner born.

"In the name of your own dear mother, alive or dead," she said to the General, "I thank you, sir! That a good mother *is* the first best thing in the world, just stands to nature. You and my son Phil, with your swords and cannon, may be making the history of the *nation*; but it's the loving lives of us wives and mothers that make the history of the nation's *men*!"

"A-men, mother!" laughed the embarrassed lieutenant, flushing furiously.

But the General was bending toward Madge.

"The daughters of the Gastonridges have always been *ladies*," he was saying; "but it is left for you, Madge, to imitate shining alien example, and prove that the lady may reach the loftier stature of simple WOMANHOOD!"

"Well," gasped the amazed Miss Gastonridge, "of all the utter routs, the abject surrenders, the ignominious defeats I ever did hear of—"

But the General interrupted her.

"On the contrary, my love," he corrected, "it is a case of all-round victory, attesting Right's supreme achievement,—'*the triumph of failure*!'"

And who shall say that the General was not right?

A RUBRIC.

Though wonder in some shepherd's heart arise
Why that old footpath should be blossom-strewn
Above aught other of his windy zone,
I'll share it not: for while in longing wise,
(Being three life-times late,) 'neath Devon skies,
Dear Fugitive! my steps pursued thine own,
Nor met with any like thee, save the lone
Wild-flowering March, sad valor in her eyes:

'Twas then I bade her spill thereby, O what
But soldier's laurel, eloquent of thee;
All brookside stars: crowfoot; forget-me-not,
And daffodil, a brilliance against death;
And with valerian's pure secular breath,
Myrtles, that are for immortality?

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

A STUDY OF MRS. MEYNELL'S POEMS.

BY THOMAS B. REILLY.



NOT least among gifts from one national period to another is the remembrance of the higher qualities of art—enduring morality and æsthetic worth. The recent prompt remonstrance of artists against the misdirected vigilance that forbade presentation of Christian truths to the young was of import and promise. It was valuable because it declared for the inspiration and need of Christian thought; its promise is that the brotherhood of arts will not be weaned from the primal source of strength. It is not consistent to practise higher persuasion in an atmosphere of moral *oubliance*. To read His word in assembly and deny visible reminders of His life, is to forswear a vital principle of education. If such censorship would cease at painting or sculpture, protest might be waived; but it is already trenching the field of literature, and young intellects may be perverted into channels of taste that are questionable if not false. At this point appreciation can be a help to criticism, by luring readers from idols of imposture and platitude, and scorning work wherein duties are vague or undefined.

Literature is violent with the young. The spell of impressionism is not easily shaken; its freedom and obligations are too little known, arraignments of its dangers too seldom made. Its sacrilegious severance of the bond of duty engenders a mistrust almost irremediable. That is a perverse theory that permits a man, in search of the beautiful, to enter slums, bring back filth, and call it art. In novel, painting, or poem we are concerned not so much with outward appearance as with qualities of mental and moral nourishment. The expression of great thoughts leads to heroic deeds; therefore should art be moral.

Paganism is not undone when public defence is made of work which, aside from its several virtues, is impure at core. There is no excuse for a man, standing in the path of multitudinous beauty, to lead forth a beast crowned with lilies and call it good. True art touches nothing but the beautiful. It is more than a result of intellect and imagination; it is a shape of life in a worker's conscience, tempered by an aspiration and

sustained by a faith. Its purpose is not so much to retrieve the more difficult truths of life as to intensify the common and give larger and more intelligent views of social relations. That art is best which yields rational delight with suggestions of the highest order. In it we find not only the real qualities of life, but the added perfection of memorable beauty. It calls a temporary truce to the preoccupations of life; lifts us to ideal situations where, forgetting the dust of the journey, we remember only the scent of the wild rose drifting upward from the wayside.

In our judgments of art we are prone to a criterion of sentiment, and are unmindful of a moral standard. Right choice depends largely on activity of spirit, an activity that leads from simple understanding to a sense of the ideal. Work not inducing good thought, or waking emotions, is futile. Good music, novels, or poems lead us where we of ourselves would never have gone. They inspire faith and turn a generous heart toward the best in life. Their mission is not merely to please; they should unfold and uplift, luring us from clamorous paths into the presence of the Fair. Thus may we feel the goodness of a work, and come to know why we feel it. And Lessing wrote no greater truth than this: "Beauty gives pleasure, and pleasure comes only when we understand." This is the knowledge that gives recognition to the worth of common things, to show the beauty of which requires a tact most rare and delicate.

The creation of wonder and sympathy is not all, for transient satisfaction is the sign-post of refreshment, not of repose. It is the moral element that sits longest with memory. The poet, above others, will be judged for what he thinks as well as how he thinks. Of all arts his comes into the child's life first, for every parent is the singer of beautiful thoughts, and there is no translation for the music in a young mother's soul. By the virtue of art we remove some blur on vision: once, in the pause of centuries, we see clear-eyed with a Dante. By it youth breaking through the hedge is startled with its own note, and age nearing the final lapse is sustained by a renaissance of faith. The heart will follow seaward sails, but thought is married to the sand and shore. The ideal is not just beyond but within us; and in its pursuit we are always retrieving something of our lost inheritance.

Experience unfolds tenderness and power. If it does not, it is of men who forget to seal the heart at noon. Of such as

deny that out of the South the same choirs drift, or that the sea, as of old, runs thundering out of the West. That we fail to value gifts of the present hour is not a weakness, else a heritage from the past were futile, and ours to the future impossible. Charm would cease, and the sweet bloom of distant things would merge in dusk and darkness. Good Art is always priceless; and wherever found, there may appreciation be of worth to a higher criticism.

Modern poetry, in many instances, is the retailored thought of a younger world. Yet the song is no less true, nor less agreeable. And old truths come home earlier when voiced in a mother-tongue; for the memory of May is behind them. A rose in the garden of the king is no greater than its brother in the hedge. The heart will not forswear allegiance to the beautiful. Through all the indifferent moods of life—the weeping of the rain, the breath of the sun—it will run to the asylum of art for healthful stimulation and the prophecies of faith.

A love of nature brings us tilt against the inscrutable ways of a Master. And so frail a thing as a daisy is veil to the greatest mystery.

“Slight as thou art, thou art enough to hide,
Like all created things, secrets from me,
And stand a barrier to eternity.”

A woman's thought; made beautiful when she asks:

“. . . what will it be to look
From God's side even of such a simple thing?”

This same singer,* an Englishwoman, gives evidence of an admirable insight to natural and spiritual beauty. You will not catch the full melody at first, nor will the real depth of thought be apparent. The imaginative quality, though profound, is always subordinate to a simplicity born of sacrifice and vigil. Again, there are sudden lapses into unexpected measures that betray the tongue, but create an admiration not foreseen. In the “Song of the Spring to the Summer” is a use of metres which lifts the verse from common rhythm to swell in fair strains at the close:

* In 1825 Mrs Meynell, then Miss Alice Thompson, published a volume called *Preludes*. John Ruskin is credited with saying that in it were some of the finest things he had seen or felt in modern verse. *Preludes* is now out of print; the gist of its contents, together with work of maturer years, is contained in a volume entitled *Poems*, published in 1898. She is the writer of three other volumes: *The Rhythm of Life*, *The Colour of Life*, *The Children*—a trinity worthy of separate study.

"And if thy thoughts unfold from me,
 Know that I too have hints of thee,
 Dim hopes that come across my mind
 In the rare days of warmer wind,
 And tones of summer in the sea."

You remember those March mornings when young winds stormed about the house, and driving rain broke in streams on the window glass. Along the valley legions of stubborn mist shouldered way in silence toward the gorge and sea. A storm-chant thrilled your own soul—in minors. And looking open-eyed, you were as unconscious of the land and tumult as the quiet dead beneath the friendly cedars. And so she sang:

"Beloved, thou art like a tune that idle fingers
 Play on the window-pane.
 The time is there, the form of music lingers;
 But O thou sweetest strain,
 Where is thy soul? Thou liest i' the wind and rain."

And in the lamentable dawn, with heart hungering for a strain of the beloved dead, she turns from the gloom to light:

"Poor grave, poor lost beloved! but I burn
 For some more vast To be.
 As he that played that secret tune may turn
 And strike it on a lyre triumphantly,
 I wait some future, all a lyre for thee."

This is hardly a draught of melancholy; rather one of resignation and chaste longing. Hers is not the bitter wine of sorrow but the sweet. Her emotion is healthy and needs no stimulant. Whatever appeals she makes to our sympathy they are involuntary. Her imagery is sharp and purposeful; and under-running the thought is rare tenderness and belief. Her transcription of natural beauty is reverent. The artistic intention is evident, at times it surmounts the purpose; but, and this is worthy of note, she is never once on the unsafe verge of extravagance. This is a direct contradiction to the French criticism: "*Les artistes ne pèchent pas par excès de modestie.*"

Her doctrine of rejection—"il gran rifiuto" she names it—is rigidly observed. It is this quality that makes for memorable simplicity; the ancient simplicity of the Father so rare in the art of nations. The Japanese painter seeks it. In a few sweeps of India-ink you have color and light; the heat of deserts, the cool surface of rice-fields. There is present a

quality of reticence, or fulness, or modelling, or air. And Millet in a single stroke for horizon gives a breadth of land measurable in leagues. And Mrs. Meynell has written: "I could wish abstention to exist, and even to be evident in my words." From this creed come the vital leap and lapse of her thoughts. Again, in an essay, she says: "Doing will not avail him who fails in being"; a truth which Bishop Spalding turns thus: "Individuals and nations are brought to ruin not by lack of knowledge but by lack of conduct." And suns ago, Seneca, looking at his royal pupil, exclaimed: "Now that the world is filled with learned men, good men are wanting." So, for years, the human heart has been answering a question found in *The Imitation*: "What availeth knowledge without the fear of God?"

From a livable faith comes that intense religious spirit of her work. She also recognizes the fact that at best we are, all of us, builders of ruins:

"We build with strength the deep tower-wall
That shall be shattered thus and thus;
And fair and great are court and hall,
But *how* fair—this is not for us,
Who know the lack that lurks in all."

Nature is for ever chiding us, for ever lighting with the laugh of flowers our studied pavement, and screening with its wild veil the bulk of walls. And though our task be purposeful and dear, yet

"The stars that 'twixt the rise and fall,
Like relic-seers, shall one by one
Stand musing o'er our empty hall;
And setting moons shall brood upon
The frescoes of our inward wall.

"And when some midsummer shall be,
Hither will come some little one
(Dusty with bloom of flowers is he),
Sit on a ruin i' the late long sun,
And think, one foot upon his knee."

I have seen paintings in the homes of men not for a moment comparable with the picture of those words. It is an example of that suggestive reticence used by Wordsworth in painting the mountain daisy:

"The beauty of its star-shaped shadow, thrown
On the smooth surface of this naked stone."

And Chaucer gives the agony of death in the words :

“And bled into his armor bright.”

Dante, the tragedy of passion :

“Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante.”

There is an art of concealment as well as of exhibition, which is the well-kept secret of nature. The attempt to imitate it leads to impressionism, where apparent truth becomes mockery.

All great art has a touch of sorrow in it ; the sadness of a sympathy for lost innocence and spring. And Shelley strikes a truth when he sings to the skylark :

“Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear ;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy
We ever should come near.”

Because of our imperfect conquering there is born weariness and fear, and the heart, with its plea for an ideal redemption, lapses into resignation and sadful peace. The poet, “God’s almoner of the beautiful,” has more reason for sorrow than we who sit without the gate. His path is always hillward, where he climbs to meet the music of the rain, and frost, and sun.

“And if e’er you should come down
To the village or the town,
With the cold rain for your garland,
And the wind for your renown,
You will stand upon the thresholds with
A face of dumb desire,
Nor be known by any fire.”

Though time and again betrayed, he never forsakes the search for blessed thoughts that heal and the cadences that soothe.

Outside of Mrs. Meynell’s sonnets I find few fairer lines than in “A Letter from a Girl to her own Old Age.” The emotion jutting from the lines is sincere. The acute feeling is under control ; the thought is never wayward, the tenderness is complete. As a bit of womanly divination it is keen and remarkable. To stand in the white dawn and picture the hour when splintered pines make rare intaglios against a red west ; to look, in the pause of star-birth, into the uncertain

gray of night is, at most, heroic. And, despite the wholesomeness of the deed, we shun it. Easier far, with a sprig of rosemary, to turn pastward for remembrance.

There are finer shadings in the chords of this woman's soul than in the souls of a score of men; little solitudes of delight; countless hollows left brimming when dreams and the sea recede. These are the pools whence stream her tenderness and insight, constancy and faith. Her judgment and gentleness come only in the peace that follows storm; and her simplest thesis argued from experience is eloquently brief. And that experience—who so brave to dare its echo in the one chamber of the heart! Well for peace that farewells to the past are always lessening, and that garishness is merged in dreamful nights—a care half lost in cares.

“ Hide then within my heart, oh, hide,
All thou art loath should go from thee,
Be kinder to thyself and me.
My cupful from this river's tide
Shall never reach the long sad sea.”

Somewhere she sings :

“ A poet of one mood in all my lays,
Ranging all life to sing one only love,
Like a west wind across the world I move,
Sweeping my harp of floods mine own wild ways.”

Yet in the whole range of her work there is no trace of intrusive sympathy. Hers is the rare admiration of common truths that revives our faith in the harder tasks, and yields love for the familiar things of a day. Stevenson writes: “Life is hard enough for poor mortals without having it indefinitely embittered for them by bad art.” And Mrs. Meynell, practising the charity of that thought, quickens with a fortitude much needed in common life. Good art, being full of interest, begets knowledge, and the latter discovers new corners of the perfect life. Shocking impressions of reality are the result of an artistic evil that dies of its own wound. They neither point a way, inject courage, nor bestow tradition.

This singer believes in gathering beauties, not in concourse but in relation. The Italian theory that beauty was “*il più nell' uno*” is made secondary in her work to this truth, that highest beauty is multitude in simplicity. Hence the spiritual quality of her lines. And from her science of beauty comes,

not the waxen bud but the rose that sways in the wet dawn. And, like Coventry Patmore, the magnetism of her work is largely in its moral tendency; its odor clinging to the lines as the breath of a thurible lingers when the sacrifice is ended. In the negative side of her labor lies another charm, where the promise has more significance than the deed. With austere and delicate choice she enthrones, from countless thoughts—the few.

A poetic mind once thought: "Sorrow, like rain, makes roses and mud." A truth. And in the soil of resignation, for ever stirring unseen, are virtues unguessed—the flowers of mid-winter time. So in a poise of the soul, where hungering and thirst trespassed the tranquil vow, a woman sang:

"I must not think of thee; and tired yet strong,
I shun the thought that lurks in all delight—
The thought of thee—and in the blue Heaven's height,
And in the sweetest passage of a song.
Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng
This breast, the thought of thee waits, hidden yet bright;
But it must never, never come in sight;
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.
But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,
Must doff my will as raiment laid away,—
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep,
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart."

That was worth the labor of years, a sonnet that will scarcely fade; for it is the poignant expression of a tragedy constant to the human heart. It is the story of renouncement; the revelation of a soul that could endure without bemoaning. And what greater than heroism in the face of life?

In this sonnet you find her exhibiting a well-developed restraint. The moral purport, high as it is, yields to an artistic treatment seldom seen in modern verse. Its music swells and falls more tender than the plaint of winds through northern pines at sunset. There is no trace of illusion; no disblossoming of thought by a storm of words. She strikes a note of experience with the braveness of mid-life, for abjuration and charity are truant till then. You may not take issue with that expression of seeming weakness in the last line. Perseverance is yet a virtue, and in none is willingness of spirit a

pledge of fleshly obedience. And most of us, I fancy, are forever homing pastward through a gateway of dreams.

Mrs. Meynell's style is never heavy or commonplace. Serious she is; but, especially in her essays, the lines leap with wit. And her protest, dignified and recollected, leaves no sting. She hints that literary excellence is a matter of sacrifice, which alone can shrive work of blemish, rescue independence from sacrilege, and stand a barrier to digression and robustiousness. It is a reparative process—the last and most difficult to master.

In ranging her work there comes home the fact that she considers, not the final victory of truth, but its prevalence for her, the age and people. She impels confidence through reverence, and the strength of her work lies in that virtue by which we are inspired.

“Chi non vuol delle foglie
Non ci venga di Maggio.”

“He that wants more than leaves had better not go to May”—an advice of Michael Angelo—urging us to seek, even in art, something more substantial than pleasure. But then insight, and power, and reliability are autumnal fruits; a truth, now and then, considered *démodé* by some impatient writers. Not so with Mrs. Meynell, whose conquest of art is due as much to moral gifts as to the æsthetical. Her temperament is not cramped by a commonplace soul; she has things to say which few others have perceived and felt in quite the same fashion. And beyond all technical perfection lives her lovable personality.

A certain generosity is the cue in papers of this kind, and the disadvantages in its style should be reckoned with. Ardent appreciation is not indicative of perfection in the object. Its primary purpose is to lure the reader to personal study and reflection. It should not be thought an anodyne but an excitant to the labor of individual judgment. It is a bait, vulgar perhaps to some minds, but needful to others, to æsthetic appetite. One disadvantage is the demand for a certain accentuation of the value of work considered. Yet it may not praise falsely nor foolishly, nor become boisterous with the strength of the wine. Its conditions should be taken with a certain readiness and yet reserve. It is the view of one passing through royal gardens, and startled by the beauty of the blooms. It is not the cool scrutiny of the king's gardener.

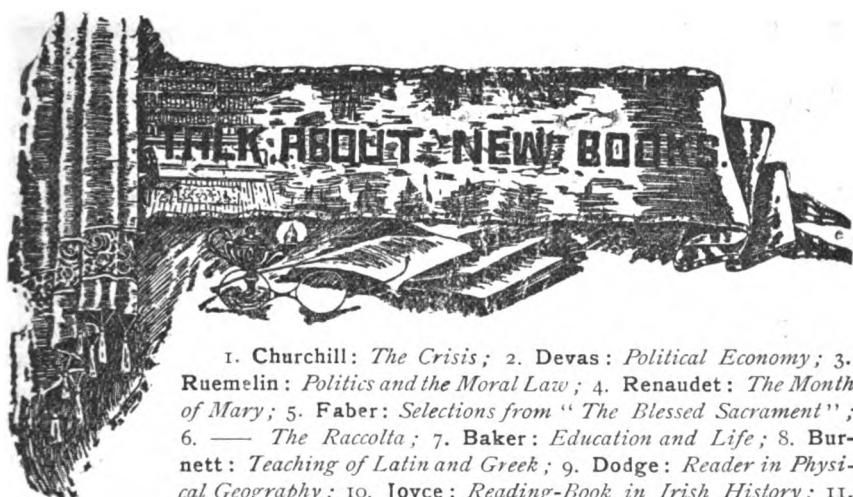
It yields promise, not confirmation. Beyond its limits wait sophistry and cant. It seeks graces rather than faults; a task beloved by that gentle exile of the South Seas, who wrote: "It is best to dwell on merits, for it is they that are most often overlooked." That was a heart made to love, and one knowing anger only in the presence of vanity, intolerance, and cowardice in the face of life. He believed: "Gentleness and cheerfulness—these come before all morality; they are the perfect duties." And from this sympathy, this appreciation of the Father's goodness in life, came the belief that the end of his art was to please. But his work bears him beyond this creed, and reveals the unwritten dogma that merit rests not in passive but in active joy-giving. And this channels way for the truth that morality is the pledge not only of full life but of a perfect art.

NIGHT IN THE SOUTH.

BY W. S. LAURENS.



AN hour for adoration! The still air
 Breathes from the mounded hills a velvet sigh
 That weaves a dream of breezes ere it die.
 Among the petals of the dell. And fair
 The moon-sea's lustrous waves that worldward
 bear
 Billows of pearly blessings from their far
 Cold coasts. And lo! like to a sentinel-star,
 Yon convent-crowning cross—a frozen prayer.
 Peace and Repose: Repose and blessed Peace
 Fare through the murmurous night with silence shod,
 Lest rapt Earth's contemplation have to cease
 For desecrating sound; their holy rod
 Uprist in potent spell; like floating fleece
 Their hushed command: "Adore Almighty God!"



1. Churchill: *The Crisis*; 2. Devas: *Political Economy*; 3. Ruemelin: *Politics and the Moral Law*; 4. Renaudet: *The Month of Mary*; 5. Faber: *Selections from "The Blessed Sacrament"*; 6. — *The Raccolta*; 7. Baker: *Education and Life*; 8. Burnett: *Teaching of Latin and Greek*; 9. Dodge: *Reader in Physical Geography*; 10. Joyce: *Reading-Book in Irish History*; 11. Rambaud: *Expansion of Russia*; 12. Egremont: *L'Année de L'Eglise*; 13. Walsh: *Parochial Schools in Boston*; 14. James: *Little Tour in France*; 15. Simpson: *Life and Death of Cardinal Wolsey*; 16. Crowley: *A Daughter of New France*; 17. Cox: *Lenten Lectures*; 18. Spaulding: *Cave by the Beech Fork*; 19. Lindsay: *Poems*; 20. Blundell: *Pastorals of Dorset*; 21. Houck: *Life of St. Gerlach*; 22. Rye: *The Beloved Son*; 23. Huckel: *The Larger Life: a Book of the Heart*; 24. Pitman: *Phonographic Instructor*.

1.—*The Crisis*,* by Mr. Winston Churchill, is a sequel to his popular novel, *Richard Carvel*. Its scenes are laid in the city of St. Louis, and its heroine is the great-granddaughter of Dorothy Manners. The title refers to those most eventful, most fearful years of American history when our national life was at stake. During that crisis heated argument and fierce campaigns were the order of the day; bitter personalities were freely exchanged; and at last the South stood against the North in open war—a war of brother against brother, of father against son. Mr. Churchill chooses to tell of all these things as they happened in a border State, for in such States bitterness and hatred were greater than anywhere else. The description of the facts of general interest—the gathering of the clouds, the bursting of the storm, and its terrific fury—is masterly and effective. We would mention particularly the description of the famous Freeport debate; the account of the German colony in St. Louis; the story of the saving of Missouri to the Union, and the narrative of the siege of Vicksburg. Through all these and other well-known events of national history is woven a plot in which Stephen A. Brice figures as hero,

* *The Crisis*. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Miss Jinny Carvel as heroine, and Mr. Hopper as villain. Mr. Hopper's character is drawn with remarkable skill. Mr. Silas Whipple, in spite of the author's evident admiration, must have been an unpleasant sort of crank.

There is nothing strikingly new in the plot of the story. The hero and heroine have misunderstandings and suffer much at first; the villain seems triumphant. But virtue and true love conquer, as we know they will, and we are made happy accordingly when the Southern girl, Miss Jinny Carvel, marries the Northern soldier, Stephen Brice. And in the story of this happy marriage may be discerned the aim of Mr. Churchill's book—the complete reconciliation of the North and the South. It is unfortunate that so many of our Civil War heroes are introduced into the tale. History is history and always matter-of-fact. If it is to have any value it must remain so. The novelist must be very careful when he attempts to dress it up as entertaining fiction. Moreover, in this story Mr. Churchill is led time and again into the most glaring sort of hero-worship. He seems unable to touch upon a historical personage without being guilty of it. Even the hero of the novel itself—some worship of whom would be excusable—is really quite too angelic for this world. We would feel that we were getting more of the truth if, now and then, we read of some of his mistakes or human weaknesses. But particularly in the case of Abraham Lincoln does Mr. Churchill forget himself and overstep all due limits. Lincoln was a great and an exceptional man; but he no more deserves to be called “divine” than he merited those grotesque epithets which were hurled at him so often in the early sixties. Again, in Christian ears many of Mr. Churchill's words ring unpleasantly. The title of *Man of Sorrows* belongs, both in justice and in history, to Christ alone; yet there is a chapter under that title, and it concerns Abraham Lincoln alone. Good taste and accuracy are offended, too, when we are told that “Abraham Lincoln gave his life for his country, even as Christ gave his for the world.” The indications are that Mr. Churchill has not yet liberated himself from one of the very common infirmities of youth—exaggeration.

The new book is, of course, bound to be popular—its author's name guarantees that. Probably it will not attain so enormous a circulation as its predecessor, *Richard Carvel*; yet, on the whole, we think the newer volume gives greater justification to the writer's claim for literary rank.

2.—Careful reading of the new edition* of Mr. Devas' *Political Economy* ought to come very near being a demonstration of the thesis that ethics and economics are inseparable. For the student will quickly perceive that the writer's firm grasp and intelligent application of moral truth has been an essential element in the construction of a truly admirable work. While turning over these pages one recalls with a great deal of satisfaction that their author's uncompromising stand for the necessarily ethical character of economic science has now become widely recognized, and that to-day there is very general acceptance of a principle which was formerly scorned. It is plain enough that this happy change has been brought about in great measure by a growing conviction that sound teaching on Consumption is of the very first importance, a truth sufficiently realized only within recent years and far more popular now than when Mr. Devas first set himself resolutely against the erroneous opinions current on this subject. We have grown to understand that, as Ruskin says, "The vital question, for individual and for nation, is never 'How much do they make?' but 'To what purpose do they spend?'"

Mr. Devas' volume is one of the Stonyhurst Philosophical Series, the Psychology volume of which was noticed in our March issue. Both of these manuals have been so completely revised and enlarged that the present editions are practically new works, and add immensely to the value of a series already precious to Catholic students. In fact, Mr. Devas' book in its new form is simply without rival. His information is wide and accurate, his judgment unbiassed, cautious, and objective, his conclusions sound both theoretically and practically. The volume deserves especial praise as affording evidence of very careful attention to the wants of students; every help is provided, with the regrettable exception of a bibliography. Late developments in economic science, changes in legislation and current opinion, recent growth in economic literature, all receive due consideration. The writer's clearness of exposition is enviable. On such topics as monopolies, co-operation, liquor legislation, and in fact on all points where ethical considerations weigh most, he shows himself masterly. His strictly scientific temper always remains in evidence, and a calm and tolerant discussion of problems does no less credit to his sense

* *Political Economy*. By Charles S. Devas. Second edition. Rewritten and enlarged. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

of justice than his conclusions do to the soundness of his philosophy. He knows how to be positive without being unfair. We venture to say his book is in little danger of being surpassed in general excellence for a long, long time to come.

3.—In his introduction to *Politics and the Moral Law** Dr. Holls explains that the publication of this address of Professor Ruemelin has seemed timely in view of the problems of international ethics that now confront the peoples of America and Europe. The chief of these problems is that one arising from a conflict between public and private morals. What is to be done when the ordinary principles of the moral law stand opposed to the dictates of high statesmanship? The answer given by Professor Ruemelin is at least simple and clear. The political actions of statesmen, he says, are not subject to the moral law of private life, but have an independent guiding principle, namely, the welfare of the state. The preservation of the state is the supreme good, rising superior to every commandment. For the sake of the higher interests of the state the rights both of individuals and of other nations may lawfully be ignored. Such are the ethical principles that Professor Ruemelin's doctrine offers for the guidance of our statesmen. A recent writer (Reinsch, "World Politics") has declared that the keynote of international politics among all the great nations has changed from nationalism to imperialism, and that the methods and ideals of world politics at present are the methods and ideals of Machiavelli. Instead of poisoning and crude prevarication, we have the use of tremendous power and skilful deception. To those who believe in and employ these methods the teaching of Professor Ruemelin will no doubt be useful. To those who have not advanced so far, and who may be still engaged in a mental struggle to get rid of the superstition of the moral law, it will afford much relief. One cannot but regret that Dr. Holls, who had such a large and commendable part in the Peace Conference at the Hague, should have thought it worth while to put before American readers principles so pernicious—principles that are not only contrary to justice, but hostile to the permanent peace and welfare of nations.

* *Politics and the Moral Law*. By Gustav Ruemelin. Translated from the German by Rudolph Tombo, Jr. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by F. W. Holls, D.C.L. New York: The Macmillan Company.

4.—Father Renaudet's *Month of Mary** is a book of short meditations intended exclusively for priests and seminarians. Those who spend the month of Mary in accordance with the precepts that we read in his preface will certainly reap great spiritual profit from their exercises. The first meditations are on vocation to the ecclesiastical state. Several others follow on the ceremony of tonsure, on minor and major orders. The rest are on the virtues, death, and eternal reward of the priest. Mary's life is made to yield examples of all the different steps and virtues of the ecclesiastical life. The book is in good, readable English, well printed, and neatly bound.

5.—Another pleasing booklet† is composed of several well chosen extracts from Father Faber's *Blessed Sacrament*. The passages selected show the writer at his best, being full of beautiful suggestions and quite free from the blemishes which do occasionally mar his style. The little volume is presented in a vest-pocket edition, just the thing for those who like to read when travelling, or who are fond of picking up a book for a few moments during chance intervals of free time.

6.—*The Raccolta*‡ is a book which ought to seem indispensable to every pious Catholic, at any rate for reference and occasional use. It does not in every way take the place of a regular prayer-book, though by the Appendix containing prayers for Mass, and Vespers on Sunday, it partially does so, and would even more completely if forms were added for morning and evening prayer. Still, if we wished to use only one book, this would seem to be the best of all. For indulgenced prayers, as such, are evidently to be preferred to others. It is often a sacrifice of spiritual good to use a prayer which is not indulgenced, when an indulgenced one, otherwise equivalent to it, can be substituted with perfect ease. The present volume contains about 370 prayers, and has the peculiar merit of being the only authorized collection of all the indulgences granted by the Holy See.

About one-quarter of those contained in it are not to be

* *The Month of Mary*: for the Use of Ecclesiastics. From the French of G. Renaudet, S.S. New Edition. New York: W. H. Young & Co.

† *Corpus Domini*. From *The Blessed Sacrament*, by Father Faber. Selections by J. B. (compiler of *Our Lord in the Eucharist*). New York: Benziger Brothers.

‡ *The Raccolta*; or, *Collection of Indulgenced Prayers and Good Works*. Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham & Son.

found in previous issues. It is also complete up to a very recent date, being translated from the third Italian one, published in 1898 by order of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences. It is plain, therefore, that it should be procured, if possible, even by those who have a previous edition.

7.—Ideals of education and life furnish, after all, something besides a mere theme for commencement-day exercises. This fact finds its latest proof in the work* in hand.

The first part presents some practical and theoretic pedagogics; it treats of the relations and unification of secondary with primary and higher education. The second part sets before the student ideals of life and incentives to study; it gives the modern gospel of work. The manner of treatment is charming, instructive; the style anecdotal, teaching by example. The dominant note sounds for spiritual training, since sacred and profane science properly constitute a parallelism. Were it not for the earnestness evinced throughout we should take the following as a conscious effort on the part of the author to be facetious:

“A course in theology, scientific theology, should be found in every university, including the state university—and some dare to think the latter is the place for it. Yet who will dare to think that such a course will be otherwise than it invariably is, a cloak for the inculcation of a particular creed?”

8.—Among recent works of pedagogical interest we note that of Professors Burnett and Bristol.† In it are discussed the various problems met with in teaching these branches: pronunciation, prosody, sight-reading, beginners' books, choice of works and of the order in which they should be read, etc. The chapters on the defence of Latin and Greek as educational instruments are especially interesting, and teachers will profit by many useful and practical hints upon method.

9.—The constantly growing perfection of means and methods of education is evidenced in a volume‡ intended for beginners in the study of physical geography. A cursory

* *Education and Life*. By Baker. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *The Teaching of Latin and Greek in the Secondary School*. By C. E. Burnett and G. P. Bristol. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

‡ *A Reader in Physical Geography*. By R. E. Dodge. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

reading of the book gives proof likewise of how interesting even such a matter-of-fact science as geography may become in the hands of a careful and skilful teacher.

The facts given are mostly of a specific and local character, while the principles are illustrated by examples of many familiar scenes and practical phenomena common to the experience of every one. Special mention is due the splendid half-tone illustrations representing real scenes in various parts of the world. Some fault might be found, however, with the distribution of the subject matter. The advanced reader may be able to understand that the fourth, fifth, and sixth chapters, which treat of the centres of life, occupy a foregoing position, in order that the following chapters, which deal with the agencies and conditions making these centres of life possible, may be seen to have a more practical interest and significance. The beginner, however, will not so readily see the meaning of this arrangement, and will look for the sections treating of the centres of life in the latter part of the book, where they would naturally come.

10.—Here is an excellent little book,* one that ought to find its way into all the parochial schools of the country. It is a collection of short reading-lessons in the history, mode of life, religion, stories, poems, legends, etc., of the Irish people, pagan and Christian. A more interesting book of the kind for children it would be difficult to find. While not by any means professedly or principally treating of religious topics, it contains very fitting lessons in the lives of the greatest of the Irish saints—Patrick, Brigid, and Columkille. It seems to be a new idea in school "Readers" and it deserves good success.

11.—An essay on Russia which appeared last year in the *International Monthly Magazine* has been reprinted in book form.† It is an excellent historical résumé of the beginnings and territorial development of the Russian Empire, written in the style of one who is himself interested in the subject, and who knows how to make it attractive to his readers. A rather bad impression is made by the introduction of such side remarks as "Those two scourges, journalism and theology." The

* *A Reading-Book in Irish History*. By P. W. Joyce, LL.D. New York : Longmans, Green & Co.

† *Expansion of Russia*. By A. Rambaud. *The International Monthly*, Burlington, Vt. 1900.

author's meaning here is not quite clear, and at any rate, as the phrase can have no particular bearing on the matter in hand, it could very conveniently be altered.

12.—Since 1899 M. Charles Egremont,* with the aid of several distinguished collaborators, has issued annually a volume descriptive of current events in the Catholic Church throughout the world. Germany, Hungary, Sweden, Turkey, Canada, the United States, every country, is represented therein by a contributor who indicates the religious events and currents of thought that have attracted attention during the previous twelvemonth. The chroniclers tell of changes in the hierarchy, incidents affecting the relations of church and state, noted publications, and the like. As is evident, the résumés cannot aspire to great thoroughness, yet they contain a good deal of information likely to interest those who are attentive to the progress the church is making throughout the world at the present time.

13.—We have received two pamphlets† giving a brief historical sketch of the parochial schools of Boston diocese. These interesting documents are the work of Rev. Louis S. Walsh, Diocesan Supervisor of Schools. They exhibit a rare power of condensing facts and figures scientifically and effectively. It will surprise many to learn that the parochial schools of Massachusetts are an annual saving of \$2,000,000 to that State. Any one who reads Father Walsh's pamphlets must be impressed with his fair and sensible presentation of the cause of the parochial schools to the people and legislators of Massachusetts.

14.—One of the most delightful books of the season is Henry James's *A Little Tour in France*‡—a new edition, with about seventy drawings by Joseph Pennell. It is difficult to conceive of anything more delicate or artistically perceptive than the eye with which Mr. James views his subject or the method in which he describes it; during the reading one

* *L'Année de L'Eglise, 1900.* Par Ch. Egremont. Paris: Librairie Victor Lecoffre

† *Historical Sketch of the Catholic Parochial Schools in the Archdiocese of Boston.* By Rev. Louis S. Walsh. Press of St. John's Industrial Training School, Newton, Mass.—*Growth of Parochial Schools in Chronological Order.*

‡ *A Little Tour in France.* By Henry James. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

breathes and basks in the very air and color of France—so psychological is he in his observation of places, things, and people. The illustrations show Mr. Pennell at his best.

15.—Anything relating to the life of Cardinal Wolsey is certain to be received by readers of history with especial favor on account of the controverted points in the character of the famous Lord Chancellor. The new edition of the life which was written by one of his servants* is, therefore, an acceptable addition to our historical literature. It is not a biography in the strict sense, but rather a sketch of the great churchman's public life. While it lacks, consequently, the complete treatment that would have been given by a writer interested in all Wolsey's concerns, both public and private, and able to estimate and judge of the work he did and the reforms he proposed, and competent to outline and criticise his general policy and fairly represent his motives, it gives us nevertheless a faithful portrait of the Cardinal as seen in the prominent events of a brilliant career, and in the hour of final ruin.

16.—Another suggestion as to how the study of history may be intelligently and delightfully aided is offered in Miss Crowley's very recent historical romance.† The historical framework of this story lies in the stirring first days of New France—its pomp and pageantry, its picturesque chevaliers, noble ladies, missionaries, soldiers, and sturdy *courreurs de bois*, all so focalized as to present a brilliant picture. The book possesses a decided advantage in that it deals with a comparatively unused theme—the settlement of Detroit from the older city, Quebec. Fully appreciating the value of her setting, the author reproduces for her readers much of the picturesque beauty of that fascinating time. She shows, however, no tendency to subordinate human interest to scenery or the exciting episodes of pioneering; but rather rests the interest upon "the unchanging fashions of the human heart."

The narrative takes its real start from the introduction of the famous De Cadillac, who shares with the hero the interest of the story. That the principal characters of a historical

* *The Life and Death of Cardinal Wolsey*. Written by One of His Own Servants, being His Own Gentleman Usher. Edited by Grace H. M. Simpson. New York: Benziger Bros.

† *A Daughter of New France*. By Mary Catherine Crowley. Illustrated by Clyde O. De Land. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

novel should not themselves be historical, is said to be a canon; nevertheless, it must be admitted that the delineation of the *Sieur Cadillac* and his ambitions challenges the attention of the reader to an equal, if not greater, extent than the various vicissitudes of the hero's love-story. The latter, daintily told, brings into view perhaps the prettiest pen-picture of the book—the *Daughter of New France* herself. She is a rescued captive of the Indians, a *Bostonaise*, the child of English parents who have been killed; and in the home of her foster parents, the amiable *Guyons*, she grows from babyhood to ideal young womanhood—beautiful, pure, and dainty as the *arbutus* and *violets* of the Canadian wilds.

Though showing vividness of coloring and action, with perception of the dramatic, the book is graceful rather than strong; there is more facility than warmth. The love-story is not breathlessly absorbing, but is pervaded by a high sentiment; and many delicate, gentle touches throughout manifest the artistic instinct of the authoress. In tone the romance is most healthy; no page of it can offend the most fastidious taste.

17.—The *Lenten lectures** which Father Cox has recently published were first delivered for the instruction of a Catholic congregation. Though their primary end was not controversial, they deal with the cardinal point of religious discussion—the church. The present volume, therefore, will not only be useful to Catholic readers, but may also perform a missionary's part among Protestants. It contains seven lectures. The first is on the *Idea, Existence, Authority, and Visibility* of the Church. Four others follow on the *marks* of the Church, and the two remaining lectures are devoted to the *Infallibility and Indefectibility* of the Church. The Scriptural texts are abundant. In fact, our chief objection is, that the author has quoted so many texts that he had no space to bring out their force by the proper development and analysis. Writers too often forget that Scriptural texts are common property. It is in the interpretation of Scripture that difficulties and controversy arise. It is also to be regretted that too many of the colloquialisms of pulpit delivery have been allowed to survive in printed form. Barring the unnecessary use of technical

* *The Pillar and Ground of the Truth*: A series of Lenten Lectures on the True Church, its marks and attributes. By Rev. Thomas E. Cox. Chicago: J. S. Hyland & Co.

theological phrases, at times without necessity, the book is to be commended as a clear, simple exposition and forcible defence of Catholic doctrine.

18.—*The Cave by the Beech Fork** is a story both healthful and exciting—two characteristics often lacking in juvenile works. The scene is laid in Kentucky and the time is the year 1815. Owen Howard, Martin Cooper, and Coon Hollow Jim are characters that will surely excite the admiration of our manly Catholic youths, while two of the moonshiners, occupants of the cave, Stayford and "Jolly Jerry," will receive their share of interest, and even sympathy. The adventure in the cave and the mystery connected with it, the prowess of Owen with his rifle, his escape from his pursuer while carrying papers containing news of the American victory over the British, and the other incidents of the story, will delight all boyish hearts. Incidentally one receives a little insight into the trials of the early missionaries—of whom Father Byrne is a fair representative—in those early times. Henry S. Spaulding, S.J., is a new name to us and we hope to see more from his pen.

19.—Lady Lindsay's high rank among the English poets of to-day has been recognized by all the critics in England. The introduction of her works into American circulation will serve to strengthen a well-merited position. The present very neat little volume† from her pen gives ample testimony of her poetic genius, graced as it is by pure English, nicety of expression, true play of the imagination, and delicacy of sentiment. It must be confessed that a few of the poems in the collection are but indifferently good. Still we would be willing to excuse the presence of a far greater amount of alloy for the sake of so many lines and pages full of Catholic feeling artistically and effectively phrased.

20.—The special charm of Mrs. Blundell's new collection of short stories‡ lies in their great simplicity of matter and form. The subject, rural life in the south of England, possesses a

* *The Cave by the Beech Fork*. By Henry S. Spaulding, S.J. New York: Benziger Bros.

† *The Prayer of St. Scholastica, and other Poems*. By Lady Lindsay. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

‡ *Pastorals of Dorset*. By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell). New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

certain freshness, too, which should tempt readers cloyed with old themes that have been written up many times too often. The chief element of interest in the volume is intended to be the delineation of provincialisms of speech and manner. The author's fidelity to life, however, does less to reconcile us to rustic abuses of English than does her own peculiarly graceful style of story-telling. Let us have more such work from Catholic pens.

21.—If there is any assurance to be had of the reality of an individual's sanctity, or again, if there is any confirmation required of the church's privilege and commission to approve and venerate saints, it is to be found in the faithful and enduring devotion of the Catholic people towards their saints. St. Gerlach* is one of whom we have an assurance of this kind. For seven centuries and a half this comparatively obscure anchorite has been lovingly venerated in the district of southern Holland where his mortal life was spent.

He was a knight of the Holy Roman Empire founded by Charlemagne, given much to worldliness before his conversion. When the grace of God came to him, however—the occasion of its coming having been a severe visitation—it changed him suddenly, radically, and permanently. The strong spirit of penance and charity that took hold of him abided in his soul, and continued to grow, till in the end it made him perfectly ready for heaven.

The holiness of his life is further substantiated by the steady devotion, as was said, to his name, and the power of his intercession, which those invoking it often experienced.

The author's work has been acceptably done. One might object that some of the imaginative portions, the presence of which is presumed in a life in which the material is so scant, were sometimes a little injudiciously chosen. A date given on page 8 is an evident misprint.

22.—M. Rye's little volume† contains the Gospel story briefly and simply narrated for the benefit of youthful readers. The life of our Saviour is beautifully told; the significance of His words and actions clearly and sympathetically revealed; the practical lessons of His teaching inculcated with no little

* *Life of St. Gerlach.* By Frederick A. Houck. New York: Benziger Bros.

† *The Beloved Son.* By M. Rye. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

skill. The solid doctrinal ground-work, however, which a Catholic reader would look for and require, is not visible. The fundamental truth of our Blessed Lord's divinity is kept hidden from view, nor are there manifest other vital practical teachings of our Redeemer, such as, for example, that of eternal retribution.

23.—At a time when so much morbid and unhealthy verse is published, it is a real pleasure to read such a book as this of Oliver Huckel.* The poetry is uplifting and optimistic, bringing out and emphasizing what is best in man and human nature. Without being at all imitative, there is much in Mr. Huckel's volume which reminds the reader of Browning at his best. Such especially is the fine poem "Victuri Salutamus," and also "Eternal Melodies" and "The Heritage of Knowledge."

Mr. Huckel is particularly happy in his use of rhythm. While there is not, perhaps, a great deal of originality in this department, still "May Days," the first poem in the volume, and "Sunrise Hymn" (p. 138), seem to show a grasp and feeling for melody which verse-writers of the past few years have certainly not equalled. In this connection a certain indebtedness may be noticed of Mr. Huckel to Whitman. We doubt whether a man not unacquainted with Whitman could have written "The Nation that Shall Be," and still, at the same time, there is an entire originality about Mr. Huckel's work and a finish which Whitman's does not possess. There is the same Whitman feeling about the noble "A Man has been Born"—a feeling we say, because there is nothing in the verses themselves which are in the least reminiscent.

Mr. Huckel has succeeded particularly well in his translations—and to translate well is a gift in itself. There are but two such from Theocritus' second idyl and three sonnets from Dante's *Vita Nuova*, but they are enough to show how thoroughly Mr. Huckel has entered into the spirit of the poems, and how remarkably he has produced the very atmosphere of the originals.

Altogether it must be said that we have here in this unassuming volume a real contribution to contemporary literature, and one which cannot but exert an influence for good upon the reader's mind and heart.

* *The Larger Life: A Book of the Heart.* By Oliver Huckel. Baltimore: The Arundel Press.

24.—A short-cut to results is demanded nowadays in every department of activity. Isaac Pitman has presented to the public a system of short-hand writing that avoids many of the defects of the older systems, and renders the work of reporting an accurate accomplishment. It is founded on a scientific analysis of vocal sounds represented by brief signs that are easily acquired. Mr. Pitman has put into his system the experiences of a life-time. We note that the work has been adopted in the public and high schools of Greater New York.

A companion volume * will be found useful in connection with the short-hand system in business life.

BIOGRAPHY OF MOTHER BAPTIST RUSSELL.†

Father Matthew Russell's biography of his sister, Mother Mary Baptist Russell, the founder of the Sisters of Mercy in California, is quaint in its homeliness. There are very few who will think that he has done justice to the subject of his sketch. It seems more like a bit of biography that one would pass round among his own kin than a complete portrait of an eminent woman. Some reason for this may be found in the dearth of materials. Another reason may be found in the kindly good-natured way in which Father Russell looks out on the world. His sister was not the least remarkable member of a most remarkable family. Another member of it, as is known, climbed, in spite of trammels of race and religion, to the highest position at the English bar, and became the Chief-Justice of England—Lord Russell of Killowen.

Mother Baptist was a woman of sturdy character. Her appearance was that of a woman of a sensible, practical, and energetic nature, with good business talent, and with a keen insight into human affairs. There certainly was very little sentiment about her, and in the casual meeting one would not be impressed with the fact that she was at all sympathetic. But the numerous little anecdotes that are related of her pro-

* *Isaac Pitman's Complete Phonographic Instructor*. New edition, revised to date. New York: Isaac Pitman & Sons, 33 Union Square.—*Pitman's Twentieth Century Business Dictation Book and Legal Forms*. New York: 33 Union Square.

† *The Life of Mother Mary Baptist Russell, Pioneer Sister of Mercy in California*. By Her Brother, the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. New York: The Apostleship of Prayer.

found sympathy for the poor and the wretched seemed to show that she had a great, deep woman's heart for suffering. She was not an emotional woman in temperament. With religious very often the training and reserve of demeanor conceal a strong emotional nature. But Mother Baptist's sturdy traits overawed her emotional side. When she was but a young woman of twenty-five, and a young religious of three years' profession, she was selected by her superioress to lead a band of nuns to California in the early days. She accepted the position, evidently, without the clutching at the heart or the pallid face that an ordinary mortal would undergo in the same trying circumstances. This same imperturbable demeanor carried her through many of the anxieties of the trying times in San Francisco when the mining-camp civilization reigned supreme, and made her a tower of strength to many of the more feminine natures who clung to her for support.

She arrived in San Francisco the very day the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was proclaimed in Rome, December 9, 1854, and through nearly fifty years of service her thoughts by day and her dreams by night were to relieve the poor, to lift up the fallen, and to build up an institute that would continue her work after she had been gathered to her own. There can be no better testimony to her deep spirit of piety, as well as to her administrative ability, than the flourishing religious community she has left behind her.

There is a quaint bit of humor, possibly a dash of something else, in a passage in one of her letters which speaks of her relations with Archbishop Alemany. She says: "From the first we felt we had a saint to deal with in the Archbishop."

LIBRARY TABLET

The Tablet (11 May): Publishes a joint letter of the Canadian hierarchy protesting against the anti-Catholic expressions in the Royal Declaration. The correspondence concerning Father Taunton's *History of the English Jesuits* is continued (and in fact appears in every number during May, with little prospect of being ended in the immediate future). (18 May): In response to Lord Halifax's article on Infallibility in the May *Nineteenth Century*, a writer shows the reason of "metaphysical distinctions" in the theology and definition of the Church concerning the Blessed Sacrament. (25 May): Lord Halifax repudiates the interpretation put upon his words. (1 June): An account is given of the attempts made to restore Plain Chant as rendered by the Benedictines of Solesmes.

The Weekly Register (26 April): Father Thurston, S.J., regrets that some people attach importance to "that hoary imposture the so-called prophecy of St. Malachy." A correspondent writes that the article in the April *Month* by Father Rickaby, S.J., on Liberal Catholics shows the confusion in the mind of its author, who includes "under the same condemnation" worldings who take pleasure in criticising the Church and earnest Catholics whose very life is poured forth in defence of her, and who therefore cannot be branded as worldly and disobedient. Robert Edward Dell likewise contributes a severe criticism upon Father Rickaby's article.

(10 May): Some correspondence is begun concerning the justice of criticism passed upon Father Taunton's *History of the English Jesuits*.

(17 May): Dr. Scannell writes that the "degeneration of the clergy" is traceable to the fact that under present conditions the priest who cannot raise large sums of money must make way for one who can; and he says: "I have often known of priests being praised in pastorals and synods for making money, never for writing books." An editorial demurs to the accuracy of Dr. Scannell's explanation.

(24 May): Commenting on an article in the May *Monthly Review*, by the author of *Pro Christo et ecclesia*, a writer contrasts Luther with genuine reformers.

Through the recent issues of the *Weekly Register* there has been running a very interesting series of letters defending and assailing the extreme position assumed by that magazine on the question of Papal Infallibility in replying to Lord Halifax's article in the *Nineteenth Century*.

The Critical Review (May): Dr. Hayman comments rather unfavorably on the recently published *Sermons on Faith and Doctrine*, by the late Master of Balliol, Dr. Jewett. Two notable and praiseworthy recent works on Scottish history are reviewed. An interesting review is that of a book on Luther's teaching concerning the Real Presence.

Biblical World (June): An editorial insists on study of the Bible as a factor in personal religion. Professor Jordan writes on the twentieth century outlook for Old Testament study, and hopes the studies of the past will help to give the Old Testament its rightful place as a source of light, joy, and peace to many struggling souls. The "Constructive Studies on the Priestly Element in the Old Testament" are continued.

Nouvelle Revue (April): M. Roz treats briefly of Father Hecker and the ideas with which he has been identified, insisting on the fact that his writings showed no tendency to minimize either the dogmatic or the moral teaching of the Catholic Church.

Revue Thomiste (May): P. Pègues contributes a rather belated article on the defunct Americanism controversy, pointing out just what the matter was and telling just what the Holy Father meant. The remaining articles are continuations of those already noticed in this department.

Revue du Clergé Français (15 May): P. Hemmer describes the history of rural parishes from the fourth to the eleventh century. P. Ermoni, criticising M. Harnack, explains the weakness of the Protestant concept of the church.

(1 June): Mgr. Mignot, resuming his papers on clerical studies, devotes nearly fifty pages to Biblical Criticism and Apologetics, and says that the progress of criticism need alarm no one, and that the "Jewish miracle" will always remain one of the most convincing of demonstrations.

Études (5 May): P. Bremond, writing on the failure of John Keble to enter the church, finds the explanation in a surrender to considerations of sentiment and affection. P. Prat writes on lilies in the Bible.

(20 May): P. Bigault writes of Mgr. Ketteler as of a man who did more than any one else to impel German Catholics

to the defence of religious liberty and the propagation of Catholic works. P. Capelle criticises an article in the *Nouvelle Presse Libre* (Jewish) by an anti-Jesuit writer, Pérez Goldós, the author of the play "Electra," which caused the excitement against religious orders and the street-riots in Madrid. P. Chévot continues his study of Bonald's inedited letters.

Le Correspondant (10 May): Ph. Dunard, treating of the pretended abjuration of Joan of Arc, presents proof that the text of the abjuration is a forgery, and that acquaintance with the true facts brings out her heroism and sanctity in a most striking way. A writer declares that a coalition of employers is necessary unless the industries of the nations are to be left to the mercy of agitators.

La Quinzaine (16 May): M. Fonsegrive speaks of the depopulation of France, and in view of latest census reports declares that the only remedy is to alter the conditions existing in the middle classes, and to inspire them with confidence in life. M. Salomon traces the conflict between science and moral philosophy which has been characteristic of this last century. G. Dumesnil, writing on the literature of the Middle Ages, points out that the theatre played an important part in the emancipation of the individual.

Monitore Ecclesiastico: This magazine, which is under the direction of Cardinal Gennari, formerly Assessor of the Holy Office, publishes an article which, in opposition to the teaching of some other theologians, teaches that it is never lawful to offer Mass for the soul of a deceased heretic.

Rassegna Nazionale (1 May): Under the heading "La Questione Romana e Mons. Ireland" a writer who signs himself G. V. presents a lengthy and carefully prepared reply to the plea for the Temporal Power of the Pope, delivered in Washington last year. E. S. K. comments on his Grace's article in the *North American Review*. In all some fifty pages are devoted to answering the arguments presented by Archbishop Ireland.

Nuova Antologia (1 April): Professor Negri, without deciding, discusses the interesting question of the authenticity of a letter from the Bishop of Vercelli to Edward III. of England, which relates the story of Edward II.'s escape from Berkeley Castle and finally his adoption of a religious hermit's life.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A SIGN of the pagan spirit that pervades the intellectual life outside the church is the deliberate discussion in The Colorado State Medical Association of the advisability of putting imbecile children to death. Dr. Denison's contention was that "humanity in general would be benefited." The report goes on to say that if the suggestion is adopted a petition will be presented to the Legislature with the view of making such a practice a law.

The deliberate discussion of a practice that Christian civilization has universally condemned among the pagans, and now condemns among the Chinese, is very strong evidence that the principles of a supernatural religion are losing their hold on the minds and hearts of non-Catholics. It is the legitimate outcome of the banishment of religion from the educational life of the country. Fifty years ago, when the system of irreligious schools was inaugurated, there was a large infusion of the religious spirit among the people. But two generations have now been educated without any knowledge of God and the supernatural life, and the second generation is beginning to show a decided lack of a knowledge of Christian principles. The church and the home are no longer the auxiliaries to religious education they formerly were. The lack of positive doctrine on the great fundamental truths, the obscuration of the teaching concerning the rewards and punishments of the next life, which are the sanctions of the moral law—these have broken down the barriers against crime and vice. Suicide was never so common as it is now. Respect for the life of the soul is being supplanted by a care for the body, and the custom of the medical profession of administering anodynes on approaching death is becoming very prevalent; all these are but signs of a growing unchristian spirit.

We must get back to Christian standards again. It is not less religion but more that we want; we must begin with the children, by instilling into their hearts the great fundamental truths without which there can be nothing but paganism.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

IT has been suggested that a very profitable discussion might be started dealing with certain sections of the New York City Charter as revised by the Legislature of 1901. The people at large had little opportunity to examine the work of the revision committee. A few editors, especially the editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, were bold enough to claim that they fully understood some of the questions involving the correct interpretation of the New York State Constitution and other weighty matters, although eminent lawyers are not yet agreed on some of the points at issue. As a specimen of the difficulty of getting at the correct meaning the following passage is given in evidence, which may serve to indicate a very low standard of taste in the choice of language:

"Religious sects and dogmatic books excluded; Bible retained.

"§ 1151. No school shall be entitled to or receive any portion of the school moneys in which the religious doctrines or tenets of any particular Christian or other religious sect shall be taught, inculcated, or practised, or in which any book, or books containing compositions favorable or prejudicial to the particular doctrines or tenets of any particular Christian or other religious sect shall be used, or which shall teach the doctrines or tenets of any other religious sect, or which shall refuse to permit the visits and examinations provided for in this chapter. But nothing herein contained shall authorize the board of education or the school board of any borough to exclude the Holy Scriptures, without note or comment, or any selections therefrom, from any of the schools provided for by this chapter; but it shall not be competent for the said board of education to decide what version, if any, of the Holy Scriptures, without note or comment, shall be used in any of the schools; provided that nothing herein contained shall be so construed as to violate the rights of conscience, as secured by the constitution of this State and of the United States."—(From *Revised Charter for New York City*.)

It will be interesting to discover whether Agnostics will approve such a confused declaration of principles. While the Bible is not to be excluded, the board of education is rightly declared to be incompetent to decide what version of the Holy Scriptures shall be used in the enlightened city of New York.

The London *Guardian* of March 27, 1901, gave the news that the Birmingham School Board, in England, had decided to change its traditional policy and abandon the reading of the Bible without note or comment in favor of Scriptural lessons of a simple character, the singing of hymns, and the repetition of the Lord's Prayer. The editor of the *Guardian* has shown keen discrimination in protecting the religious instruction approved by the Church of England. It may be stated that he voiced the general opinion of intelligent Christians of all denominations in these words:

"It is difficult to imagine that the practice of reading the Bible without note or comment to a class of children can have any great spiritual or educational value for the average pupil. It is a procedure which would not be dreamed of in the case of any other subject in which instruction is given, and it is calculated to inspire the child with the idea that the Bible has no meaning, or that nobody knows what it means, or that nobody cares. And of those who advocate the system many probably do not care."

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Rev. J. C. Bloomfield is a Methodist pastor in Pittsburg. Here is a speci-

men of his historic method: "This is peculiarly a Protestant country, discovered by Protestants—the Cabots." The editor of the *New York Freeman's Journal* has kindly instructed the Methodist pastor by stating the true facts of the case as follows:

The mainland of the American continent was discovered by the Cabots—John and Sebastian—in 1497. At that time Luther was only fourteen years old, and Henry VIII. only six. The Cabots made their voyage of discovery under a commission granted by Henry VII. in March, 1496, to "John Cabot, citizen of Venice; to Lewes, Sebastian, and Santius, sonnes of said John." At that time the English king and people were Catholics in communion and unity with the See of Rome. Now, the question arises: As Protestantism had not on the face of the earth a local habitation and a name in 1497, when the Cabots discovered this continent, how did they come to be Protestants? At that time Luther was a Catholic, and remained so for eighteen years after becoming a monk and a priest; and Henry VIII. was a Catholic, and remained so for thirty-two years after. There are several other egregious errors in Rev. Bloomfield's lecture. The one we have given is a specimen brick.

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The "Records and Studies" of the United States Catholic Historical Society—volume second—contains an instructive paper by Edward J. McGuire, LL.B., formerly librarian of the Catholic Club in New York City. He has made a curious collection of obsolete laws bearing on the relations of Church and State in the early period of New York history, which furnish abundant evidence to prove the religious intolerance of the dominant majority.

The early Dutch settlers of New York about 1621 passed very rigorous laws against the practice of the Catholic religion. When the English assumed the authority later they added to the Dutch intolerance of Catholicity active measures against the persons of priests, which the Dutch had not attempted. For the few years that Col. Thomas Dongan, who was a Catholic, was governor of New York, there was a respite, and New York State had a charter of liberties which, among other grand things, provided that "No person or persons professing faith in Jesus Christ should at any time be in any way molested, punished, disquieted, or called in question for any difference of opinion or matter of religious discernment."

With so much cruelty and bigotry preceding it and following it in the legislative history of New York, Col. Dongan's charter of liberties guaranteeing freedom of worship to everybody is something to be proud of, just as the Catholic legislation of Maryland was conspicuous in a long stretch of bigotry that characterized the early history of our country. With Col. Dongan died religious liberty in New York. In 1691 Henry Sloughter was sent from England, became governor, and immediately called a general assembly to fix the religion of the colony. One of the first enactments was for this purpose. After a series of boastful phrases about the religious liberty they were extending to so many sects, it ends this way:

"Always provided that nothing herein mentioned or contained shall extend to give liberty for any persons of the Romish religion to exercise their manner of worship contrary to the laws and statutes of their majesties' kingdom of England."

This was bad enough, but their zeal against the church was not satisfied yet. In 1700 the General Assembly reached out to the confines of the province to drive the priests from among the neighboring tribes of Indians.

In a long and wordy enactment, beginning with

"Whereas, Divers Jesuits, priests and popish missionaries have come into and have had their residence in remote parts of this province and other his majesty's adjacent colonies, who by their wicked and Subtle Insinuations Industiously labour to Debauch, Seduce," etc., etc., etc. [The capitals are found in the original documents].

"Be it enacted that all and every Jesuit priest, missionary or other Spirituall or Ecclesiasticall person made or ordained by the authority, power or jurisdiction derived, Challenged or Pretended from the Pope or See of Rome now residing within this Province or any part thereof shall depart from and out of the Same at or before the first day of November next in this present year seventeen hundred."

Perpetual imprisonment was decreed as the penalty for any priest found after November 1, and death should he attempt to escape. A series of severest fines were also enacted at the same time for any one sheltering a priest.

And here was an inducement to them :

"Also it shall and may be lawful for any person or persons to apprehend without a warrant any Jesuit, Seminary Priest, or other of the Romish Clergy, as aforesaid, and to convent him before the Governor, or any two of the Council to be examined, and imprisoned in order to tryall unless he give a satisfactory account of himself; and as it will be esteemed and accepted as a good service done for the King by the person who shall seize and apprehend any Jesuit Priest, missionary or Romish Ecclesiastick as aforesaid, so the Governor of this Province for the time being with the advice and consent of the Council may suitably reward him as they think fitt."

This infamous act was repealed only after the evacuation of New York by the British in 1783.

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In the study of *An Old New England Town*, by Frank Samuel Child, published by Scribner, 1895, dedicated to the Daughters of the American Revolution, the author narrates how the presence of a few Episcopalians in the town of Fairfield, Conn., disturbed the orthodox citizens. For a time the atmosphere was religious in the sense that moral, ecclesiastical, and theological questions were uppermost in the minds of the leading people. Against the protest of his dearest friends a certain Mr. Johnson, of Yale College, had joined the Episcopal ministry. When he presumed to establish Trinity Church for the Church of England service, in accordance with the dictates of his conscience, he was made to feel the intolerant spirit of the majority. A petition to the court at Hartford, dated May 15, 1727, affirms "that ten of the Fairfield Episcopalians had been lately imprisoned for non-payment of taxes to support the Congregational Church."

The town voted, July 27, 1738, that liberty be granted to the members of the Church of England to erect a house for public worship in the highway near Old Field Gate. Those living within a mile of this edifice were allowed the privilege of paying to the support of their own church; but "other Episcopalians were for a long time compelled to pay their taxes to the support of the Congregational Church" (pp. 85-89).

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The Aquinas Circle of Malden, Mass., the Rev. Mortimer E. Twomey, president, began a course for 1900-1901 embracing a study of great Biblical characters, as Adam and Eve, Noe, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, Joseph, Moses, David, Ruth and Judith.

Interspersed with the evenings devoted to these important subjects there were studies of three of Shakspeare's plays: Julius Cæsar, Hamlet, and Macbeth.

The Circle meets every Monday evening. The president is assisted by these efficient officers: Miss Mary Farmer, vice-president; Miss Lavinia Smallwood, secretary; Miss Grace Sheehan, treasurer. The literary and social committee are Misses Mary Dolan, Josephine O'Neil, and Nellie Sullivan. M. C. M.

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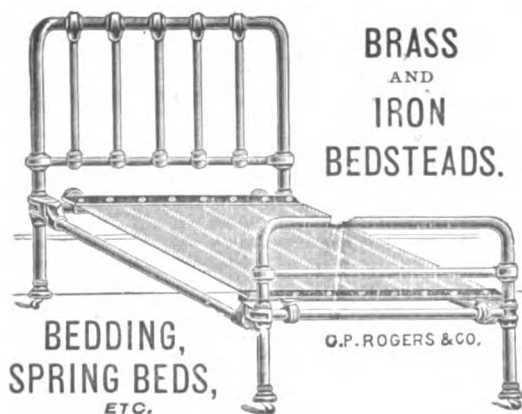
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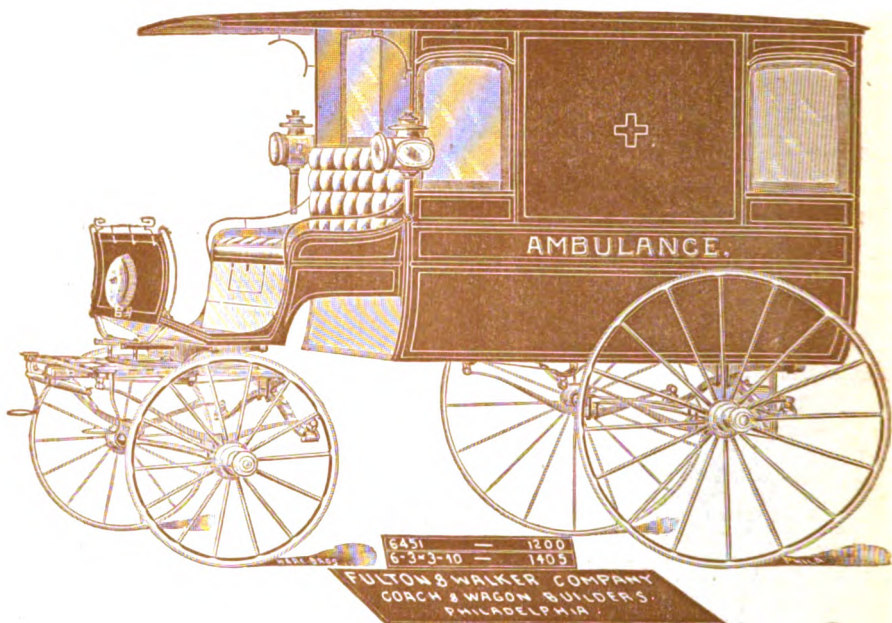
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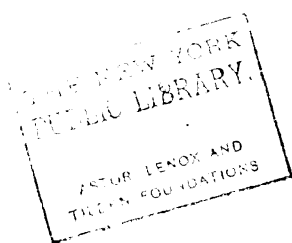




Photo by American View Co., Baltimore, Md.

**The Procession at the Conferring the Biretta on His Eminence
Cardinal Martinelli in the Cathedral at Baltimore.**

THE
CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXXIII.

AUGUST, 1901.

No. 437.

THE WORK OF RACES IN THE WORLD'S
RELIGIOUS HISTORY.

BY H. C. CORRANCE.



THE records of mankind from the dawn of history present clear evidences that different races have played distinct parts, of varying degrees of importance, not only in the social and moral but in the religious training of the world. The whole course of the history of the Jews, as written in their sacred books with the inspired commentaries of prophet and seer, shows more plainly than that of any other nation the direct action of God in the affairs of man. In this instance we see a patriarchal family, conscious from the first of a future destiny which it proceeds to fulfil in ways and under circumstances that, *a priori*, would never have been expected, and, in the ordinary course of things, would have been impossible. Apart even from the more directly miraculous portion of its history, the whole process of its shaping into a nation is marked with the hand of God.

THE MAKING OF THE JEWISH NATION.

A tribe of slaves, which, even after its deliverance, looks back to the flesh-pots of Egypt as preferable to freedom, is taken from its surroundings and isolated in the desert, until the next generation, brought up in this free atmosphere,

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE
OF NEW YORK, 1901.

VOL. LXXIII.—37

became an army of brave and self-reliant warriors. Thus, against its will and against what seemed the natural force of circumstances, it is furnished with an independent national existence and *esprit de corps*. And the same principle is observable in its subsequent history. Left to itself, its natural tendency was, as history shows, to become merged in the surrounding Semitic nations by intermarriage and the adoption of heathen customs and worship. In this case the Jewish nation would have been no more than a memory, like many others, instead of a living and present fact. So strong were these disintegrating tendencies that it seemed, indeed, at many points of its career as if it must have been absorbed among the Gentiles. At several periods it seemed as if Israel and Juda had at last become heathen nations and had finally rejected Jehovah. Prophet after prophet arose and combated these tendencies solely by the power of the Spirit. Even as it was, but a small portion of the whole nation came through the ordeal, that remnant of which the prophets were ever speaking. The seventy years' captivity did the final sifting, and the national and religious life of the few who returned became henceforth compact and unyielding. Outwardly at least, after this, they were strict observers of the law. They had at length been fashioned into an instrument by which the unity of God should be proclaimed to the world, which should give birth to the Messiah, and should hand over to the Gentiles their sacred books full of the rich spiritual experience and prophetic insight of many generations. This is the great work which that nation has been called to do, and which it has done. In other respects, as in arts and in science, it was merely a barbarous people compared with others of higher culture; nor did it politically play an important part, being always surrounded by more powerful neighbors to whom it was subject one after the other in turn.

The Jewish nation, then, has been either one of God's chief messengers to the world or else nothing at all. What further part, if any, it may be called upon to play in the religious history of mankind it is impossible to say with certainty. But at least the continued presence amongst us of that ancient nation, as it were preserved and handed down to the present age while all its former oppressors and competitors have perished, and scattered among all nations in fulfilment of its prophecies, is still a witness to the thoughtful and spiritually-minded of the truth of God.

THE GREEKS AND THE LATINS.

The history of the ancient Greeks is, again, a remarkable one. They played a part in the world altogether out of proportion to the size of their population or territory, and of the petty republics into which it was divided. Their contributions to the world's art and literature are indeed incalculable, having been practically the fountain-head of such to future civilizations. And even from a religious point of view their contribution has not been small. For they supplied the church in the early ages with the language of her creeds and doctrinal definitions, and their philosophy has had an immense influence upon the general body of her theology.

The other great race of antiquity which has most influenced the Christian Church, and therefore the religious thought and practice of European nations, is undoubtedly the Latin. The world-wide empire of Rome was still flourishing at the rise of Christianity, though it had begun to show the premonitory signs of decay. It afforded a ready means, through its vast system of intercommunication and colonization, by which the faith could be quickly planted in the farthest parts of the empire. Its organization, its discipline, and its legal code provided, as it were, a mould into which the Christian system should run and take the form of its unity, extension, completeness, and stability. Undoubtedly these properties, so conspicuous in Catholicism, are due to its inherent principles; but it was the Roman system which at least largely contributed to give them the particular form which they assumed. When the mould was broken by the decay of the Roman Empire the spiritual organization of the church remained. Thus, under God's providence, the material and secular empire of Rome was used as the scaffolding of the spiritual empire of the Catholic Church.

There are those, it seems to the writer, who are inclined to draw too hard-and-fast a distinction between those results which are assigned to what they call the direct action of God in history, as in the case of the Jews, and those which are traceable to what are called purely natural causes. Without doubt a distinction must be drawn, but not so as to exclude the fact that God directs the tide of all human affairs to his specific purposes.

THE FINGER OF GOD IN THE AFFAIRS OF MEN.

If the inspired Jewish prophet could see in Cyrus* the

* *Isaias* xliv. 28; xlv. 1.

chosen of God, if "the Assyrian [was] the rod of his anger,"* if Pharaoh was raised up to show forth his glory,† if "He doeth according to his will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth,"‡ then can it be doubted that the conditions in external heathendom which favored the growth of the church and contributed towards its external shaping and internal development were due to the action of his providence? Protestants, *e. g.*, think that if, in the history of the church, they can point to certain so-called natural causes which contributed to make Rome prominent as the spiritual centre of Christendom and to favor the development of the Papal prerogatives, they have shown that these facts in the church's life are in no sense divine and essential principles of her being. Such a notion can only be founded on the assumption that God interferes but rarely in the affairs of men, instead of his self-revelation being in a certain sense continuous. It is part of that same theory which underlies the assumption that miracles are no longer possible, though they were so once, contrasting with the church's claim that in her such powers are in every age inherent and continuous. The Christian who holds the wider view of God's providence will recognize that the Latin nations have had a very important part to play in the religious history of the world, and that, in spite of their lessened political power, the importance of their spiritual position and work is in no degree diminished. The Protestant Saxon often throws it as a taunt against the church that so large a portion of her members belong to what he is pleased to call "the decaying nations," by which he means those that have not been so successful in the race for commercial wealth (with its many dangers and doubtful advantages) or in the field of mechanical inventions and improvements. But if he had considered the history of the world from a spiritual stand-point he would have escaped falling into this error by duly reflecting on the significance of the smallness, from a political or artistic point of view, of the Jewish nation, which yet has done such an immense work for religion. He would remember that "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound those that are mighty."§

THE CHURCH'S DEBT TO THE LATIN RACE.

Anyway, from the Catholic stand-point it must be admitted that the work which the Latin nations have done for the

* Isa. x. 5.

† Exod. ix. 16.

‡ Dan. iv. 35.

§ I. Cor. i. 27.

church is incalculable. Besides that which has been already mentioned, the very formation of the church in her young and plastic condition, it is the Latin nations which practically saved the faith at the time of the "Reformation." It is mainly due to them that so much of the noble edifice of the past was left standing amid the rack and ruin, the rebuke and blasphemy of that troublous period. It was owing to them that the church was able to recover from the terrific blow she then received and thereafter by missionary effort to extend her bounds to all quarters of the earth, so that there is not a nation, tongue, people, or language in which she is not represented, thus showing herself to be indeed the Catholic Church in fact and not merely in name, in the present no less than in the past. The writer is not here considering the question as to whether it is better or worse for the church that the Latin element should be preponderant. He merely recognizes the fact that it has been so throughout the main course of her history. Some good natural traits the Anglo-Saxon people undoubtedly possess which are not so prominent among the Latin—as, *e. g.*, the love of liberty, fair play, and justice—even as they also have their special vices, such as drunkenness. But to one who believes that God reveals himself through a living church, which delivers through the ages the same clear and unvarying message, and not through a book or individual opinions, it must always appear that the debt which the world owes to those nations to whom the preservation of the church is mainly due is simply immeasurable. To the Latin nations principally has been committed this great grace of being the human instruments by which the church has been kept organically one and preserved from general disruption.

From our short-sighted human stand-point it often seems to us that the loss of such a considerable portion of the Saxon and Teutonic elements was nothing but a great evil. Yet he who trusts in God, and has faith in a divine Providence ordering all things for the best, cannot but believe that in some way this great catastrophe will be made to serve the wider purposes of God, even as the rejection of their Messias by the Jews. There are those who would seek to lay the blame of this catastrophe in a great measure on the Latin element in the church. But while such an opinion depends upon a more or less disputable view of historical events, and while a soberer and juster view would distribute the blame with less partiality, the broad fact that, when the blow fell, the Latin element

kept the church together and preserved a large nucleus around which those outside can once more gather to the centre of unity, cannot be denied. And, if it be for the good of the church and of the world at large; if, in short, it be the Divine Will, Protestant Christendom can and will be gathered in once more.

A MISSION FOR THE ANGLO-SAXON.

We cannot tell what designs God may possess in his hidden counsels for the religious future of the great Anglo-Saxon race. Even now in those places where it prevails it affects the church in various ways, as, in the nature of things, is bound to be the case. And this effect will probably grow more and more marked as the hold of the church grows stronger upon the educated members of that race. What exactly may be the part it is destined to play in the future of the church it is impossible to foresee. But it is not so difficult to see that in some way it must do so. For the religious condition of Protestantism has changed vastly since the days of "the Reformation," at the time when its leaders thought, even though divided amongst themselves, that it was possible to establish a fixed system of belief and practice, on their own principles, which should rival, if not destroy and displace, that of the Catholic Church. The changes and distortions which those principles have since undergone, and the consequent ever-increasing divisions and subdivisions, the widespread unbelief, or at least religious apathy and indifference, and the effects of destructive criticism upon the Protestant theory of the Scriptures, have now combined to make it evident to the thoughtful that Protestantism is but a broken reed on which to rest the religious aspirations, and that if God has given a revelation it is at least not to be found there.

Coincident with this is seen in the Anglican Church that curious phase called Ritualism, of which some exponents go so far in the imitation of Catholic rites and devotions, "seeking after God if haply they might find him."

DECAY OF PROTESTANTISM AS A RELIGIOUS FORCE.

There can be no doubt that as a religious force Protestantism throughout the world is broken, since its failure to satisfy the spiritual and devotional instincts, no less than the intellect, is ever becoming more and more apparent. Its leading and most thoughtful teachers have for some time past been proceeding steadily on the "down-grade" in their beliefs

—i. e., verging towards Unitarianism or Deism. It would seem, then, as if the ultimate goal of Protestantism was extinction as a religion, if indeed in any real sense it can be called such now. Formerly one of the chief reasons given by dissenters for their aversion to the worship of the Church of England was that her preachers dwelt too exclusively on the moral law. Their idea of "Faith" was meagre enough, but at least they recognized the necessity of some spiritual activity as distinguished from mere morality. They did not look upon the latter as all-sufficient. But the scene has changed, and the leaders of most of the Protestant sects seldom now make any appeal to the purely spiritual side of man, but vary discourses on moral subjects with advertised secular addresses. But man is a creature possessing not moral instincts only but also spiritual, and the latter are the more important. He has not only a consciousness, which, though in a much higher degree, he possesses in common with the lower animals, but an immortal spirit as well, which the latter have not. And at the same time, in his case, the one depends in a great measure upon the other. To these the church appeals most powerfully in her ordered scheme of faith and morals, and in her devotional system.

A FORECAST OF WHAT WILL BE.

At the present time inherited prejudices, the heirloom of the past, and the force of circumstances material and otherwise, hinder many from feeling the full force of this attractive power. But as the former hard-and-fast systems of Protestant belief become broken up into ever smaller fragments and give way to that general tolerance springing (alas!) to a great extent from indifference (a process which is already to be seen going on), these barriers will be broken down. Then will men be set free from their former thralldom to follow their spiritual instincts. Where these are strong, they will seek elsewhere that satisfaction for them which they can no longer find in the wreck of Protestantism, and will thus be brought face to face with that ancient system which has outlived all its younger rivals and seems destined to continue as long as the world lasts.

And if this forecast is correct, if in the future it is decreed that the church shall gather once more into her bosom increasing numbers of the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic races, what will be the effect of this upon the church at large? Deep and far-reaching effects it must indeed have, of which

we are even now beginning to see the premonitory symptoms. Some of those effects may be such as many would not altogether anticipate; such, indeed, as some might not think desirable. But the church in her human aspect cannot escape that universal law of life, the necessity of adaptation to environment. In the first ages the action of this law was seen in the effect upon her doctrines, discipline, and organization of the forces in surrounding heathendom. That effect did not, indeed, consist in altering her principles, but in modifying and shaping their mode of presentation to the world. One of the very charges that her adversaries have brought against her is illustrative of this; to wit, that she did not seek to destroy but to fulfil the speculations of pagans and directed their beliefs and practices into Christian channels.* That Protestants can point to certain aspects of her beliefs and practices as akin to some of those in paganism is really a proof of her catholicity, and that she has had the wisdom, courage, and insight to recognize and utilize the scattered fragments of truth which are to be found in every human religion agreeably to the fact that men are all of one blood and have souls of similar origin, to all of which God has spoken at one time through nature and conscience.

It is one of the glories of the Catholic Church, one of the great proofs of her truth, that she alone has been able to harmonize all that is positive in human beliefs and to adjust this in its right relations to the central facts of Christianity. It may be that, with the improved means of communication by which the world is ever being knit closer and its exchange of ideas rendered more rapid, that the great religions of the East will have some message for the Catholic Church. But it is certain at least that nearer home the increasing inflow of the Anglo-Saxon element must affect her in more ways than one. And whatever form this may take, however and whenever it come to pass, that influence will certainly be for good and according to the purpose and will of God. Believers in Divine Providence can hold nothing else.

It may be that even now God is searching His Church, preparing her, leading her on by seeming trials to that wider task he has designed for her, even as he also seems to be leading and preparing Protestantism to the same great issue. "His ways are not our ways"; "The wisdom of the world is foolishness with God."

* St. Matt. v. 17; Acts xvii. 23.

THE DESIGNS OF GOD ARE SOMETIMES PERVERTED BY MEN.

Yet, after all, man, being endowed with free-will, has it always in his power by pride and short-sightedness to hinder the work of God in the immediate present, though he cannot alter his ultimate purpose. This was the case at the Reformation, and it is necessary that both the church's rulers and those outside her should lay to heart the lessons of the past. The characteristic differences between the Latin and the Saxon races were some of those causes which contributed powerfully to that catastrophe, in regard to which the impartial reader of history will not acquit either side of blame. It may be hoped that the lessons of the past will not be entirely without effect in the present and future, and that the opportunity which circumstances seem now to be creating, of in some degree retrieving that great disaster, will not be thrown away through jealousy, arrogance, or want of wisdom on either side. The church is a unique spiritual organization, her doctrinal and devotional system is perfect. But in order that these may have their due effect in attracting outsiders, not only must old prejudices be broken down but new ones must not be set up in their place. The church was never intended by Christ as an engine to be used for political purposes. He said, "My kingdom is not of this world." That her rulers have sometimes mistaken her true vocation and have intruded religion into the field of politics or science, has been the cause of her most conspicuous failures in the past.

Yes, it is not only on the side of the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic races that ignorance and prejudice have to be combated, for these are common to men of all nations, and each nation, as well as each individual, has its own particular weaknesses in this respect. But the greatest danger is when such prejudices are not only engrained in the minds of individuals by inheritance, education, and surroundings, but when they are formulated into a policy, organized into a system, and decked up as fetiches to be worshipped. It should be the prayer of all true Catholics who are aware of the movements of thought in this critical period of the world's religious and social history, and who wish well for the future of the church as God's visible kingdom upon earth, that all, especially our rulers, may be guided by that spiritual wisdom which is superior to all fixed ideas and *à priori* reasonings, which alone can enable men to "read the signs of the times" and to "know the day of their visitation."

REFLECTIONS FOR ORDINARY CHRISTIANS.

BY ONE OF THEM.

DEVOTION.

I.



PERSONAL experiences are not a broad basis for general inductions. Still, when years have more or less measured our stature, and contact with others has brought the chastening sense that we are, by and large, criss-cross up and down, about the size of ordinary people—not exceptional in kind or degree—it may be good, it may do something to relieve others, to give expression to the thoughts of an average man.

But enough of preliminary verbiage: right to it.

Now here's the subject of devotion. Let's broaden it for the benefit of us ordinary folk, for whom if too tightly drawn it would feel like a Sunday-go-to-meeting suit of clothes on a countryman.

We've had it, lots of us, once on a time, or once in awhile; or rather, a sneaking suspicion that at least we ought *to have a try*. It might be youth—oh! those ingenuous days of sweet unabashfulness!—or again, missions; or remorse; or sorrows; or the wondrous instability of human appetite. Anyhow, we have some time or other felt like it. We'd like to be good—*real* good. Now, if carried out, that's devotion, isn't it? There! that brings us right to the heart of our difficulties, abstract and concrete, natural and artificial, and perhaps added to for us poor ordinary aspirants after better things.

II.

What is devotion? See us rise up in all our various shapes and moods: the dry-as-dusts, and the sentimental; the idealists, and the practicalists; those with a touch of morbidness, and the over-sane, horse-sense sort of fellows; the ones with highly sensitized tear-ducts, and those congenitally innocent of the chemistry of tears. How differently the awful thought

strikes us—devotion; and yet really how all at sea every one of us is at its first foreshadowings. How? What? Which? Can I? Will I? What shall I do about it?—And then, alas! after a little, the *sequelæ*. Let our actual lives answer.

Verily doth dread own worse than that first fit?

Forgive me, especially you dear tender hearts amongst us, with whose sighs and anguish such rough words play rude sport; gentle damosels and sentimental Tommies—I share, I've shared your woes; but I can't help it. Is there any better word to express that sporadic, spasmodic, ephemic, distressing attack? Well, let's compromise, and call it a *misfit*. The men act as if they had got on something between a cassock and a night-gown; and the women, dear girls, might feel more comfortable in bloomers.

Ah! if it would only last. Then it might be all right; become the proper article, the correct thing. But I'm speaking of those occasional (perhaps repeated) spasms which most of us know. They are what the doctors call self-limited, they run out of themselves, and medicine seems useless either to kill or cure.

Why?

Ignorance of mind and ignorance of will. We have learnt like parrots a lot of true and holy things, but we don't understand them; and if we did, worse luck, we never schooled our wills to like them for what they really mean.

The evil, I say, is ignorance: we have been wrongly taught perhaps, or at least deficiently taught; and we are encouraged in our ignorance by good-natured but misguided tolerance. We became matriculated and are graduated in error.

We have repented of our sins, have we?—if we have any (the *if* here is exclusively feminine);—good. We want to be good;—better. We wish to be very good;—best. So far we are getting along swimmingly. Then what do we do? Immediately begin to be *too good to live*—in our mind.

Oh! the deep introspections, the grave moodinesses, or the perfervid practices;—or, all together, especially the practices. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*, scruples; or the fussy effusiveness of habitual religiosity.

III.

Here and quickly, a *mea culpa*—though not for that last phrase. *Mea culpa* if I have vaguely disturbed in any one the tenderest and secretest impulses of our nature. Thanks to

the good Lord for those impulses; thanks for the manifold methods in which they find vent with us. Let me not be mistaken. I am not picking flaws in any devotions—in the plural too, mind you. On the contrary, may God in His mercy enmesh me in them more and more, and hold me faithful. To me the lowliest woman mumbling a half understood but piously intended formula is a more consoling spectacle than many vainglorious of us. Nor should there be read behind these lines any vague intimations towards new or sublime knowledge, nor towards self-illuminations or self-guidance, under any or the holiest of names or principles.

We don't belong to that school, if it be a school, we ordinary Christians. For us, there never was and there never will be any other supreme touchstone, any esoteric principle, or more sublimated doctrine and mediation, than the adorable sacrament of Incarnate Love, Christ our Lord. This we grasp with clinging, knowing hands: to this we hold. And sweet and dear to us are all and every one of the devotions hallowed by the assent of His Church and by the practice of myriads of her children.

That is not what I meant by ignorance.

Ignorance . . . to put it better, it is greater instruction in the true meaning and right motives of devotion; greater light in right-doing; greater might in right-willing. It is better education of both mind and will in religious truth and practice as affecting both faith and conduct. It is to nerve us up, ourselves ordinary Christians, in this age of more diffused intelligence, to a more generally diffused, more intelligent realization of true devotion.

THE SUPERNATURAL.

I.

Ah! there we leap across the great abyss. Thought itself, peering over, sees no sounding, and fancy fails even to picture up the further shore. No wonder we object, we ordinary mortals, with feet of clay and dizzy at any cleaving from Mother Earth.

—The very word, dare we say it, sounds to us uncanny.

Forgive, dear Lord, if with such uncouth musings Thy creatures—many of them—in the secret places of their heart

thus meet, thus face, the unfathomable mystery of a destiny to a seat beside Thee; of a call to make us:

Divinæ consortes naturæ:
Partners of the Divinity.

II.

God!—oh, before that name all humanity has bowed down and adored. God!—above, around, within us, there is a hymn that sings, there is a chord that echoes, there is a sense that feels—"His presence near."

But to share His life, hereafter, *and here*; not in figure but in fact; with all it entails in mind and heart, in belief and conduct, in hopes and desires, in relations with and towards Him—then, *and now*,—that is the supernatural:—and at that, all the swellings of our petty vanities, and all the intoxications of our present enjoyments, shudder and turn pale.

This is the true touchstone of religion; the stumbling-block of incredulity; the omitted sign-post of the indifferent; the great dividing line—the test of faith.

That known, accepted, grasped, all the misgivings and hesitations, the little doubts and fears, like black bats take flight. Faith rules all our lesser questionings; we sail on placid seas—for so, even here and now:

"Then we have crossed the bar."

III.

If the supernatural had not become incarnated for us—if there had not been One who personally came here from there to tell us, the vestiges of whose physical presence are as patent in the life of humanity as any fact of history known to us;—One who knows the Father; who pointed the way and set the sail; who has kept it hoisted visibly through all the wrecks of human sailings; who guides the bark even now with an audible voice that calls us to join Him;—with a supernaturalized presence almost sensible in all the holies where men seek Him unswervingly:—if He, the Word made flesh, had not invented and left us a living memorial, the supernatural abiding, of His very humanity made our personal food;—if since His coming a fragrance of holiness, in myriads of believing souls, had not pervaded the earth and the centuries;—if all this accumulation of testimonies did not surround, in-

vade, incite us :—then, of our doubt or rejection of the supernatural, we had almost dared to say : we have not sinned.

Listen :

“If I had not come and spoken to them, they would not have sin : but now they have no excuse for their sin.”

O God our Lord ! we hear Thy voice again :

“I confess to Thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven and earth, because Thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them to little ones.”

CREDO.

I.

It is a strange thought, and yet I think a true one, that most of us, if put to it, would give our life for the faith. That is : were the issue such, cowardice aside, we would give that supreme testimony of our belief.

Oh ! that splendid phrase of the gospels :—“give testimony” ; and what evidence of our real convictions :—life ; and how many times it has in fact been given. With nineteen centuries of such evidence, well may it be hoped, indeed, that as others, if need be, so would we.

Yes, we ordinary Christians, who scarcely give a passing thought to the vows of Baptism, who are at scant pains to keep them in daily conduct, and perhaps at less still to be well instructed in them,—if called upon to testify, to affirm or to deny, solemnly, once for all, as indeed comes with Death for questioner,—we would answer and deny it not :

Credo—I do believe.

II.

We believe ! Yea truly ; such is the impress of truth once graven on us, somewhere, somehow ; notwithstanding the recklessness of our journeyings ; the smouldering of our remembrances ; our indifferent, neglectful uninformedness—not, as infidels would have it, merely because of some unknown dread at death, testifying to a lie—but in face of death, with life the stake—*away down deep* : we do believe.

Sobering thought to flash across a heedless life !

“Dim light

Like distant star o'er darkening night.”

Is it the echo of a sorrowing voice estops vainglorying even here?

—"Do you *now* believe?"—

Aye so. Another scene and another thought loom up on the mind. Those nineteen centuries ago, on which side had we been? Would our answer *then* have been: I believe?

III.

'Tis a brief picture of a real people. As before, and so we now, they did eat and drink, they bought and they sold, they planted and built, they married wives and were given in marriage.

"And whereas he had done so many miracles before them, they believed not in him."

—Some said: He is a good man.

And others said: No, but he seduceth the people.

—Some said: This is the Prophet.

Others said: This is the Christ.

But some said: Doth the Christ come out of Galilee?

—And many of them said:

He hath a devil and is mad.

Others said: These are not the words of one who hath a devil.

—The Pharisees therefore answered:

Has any one of the rulers believed in him, or of the Pharisees? But this rabble that knoweth not the law is a cursed set.

Truly, on which side would we have been *then*? Shall our lives give answer?

IV.

Man of business, man of the world, man of many prejudices, habits, interests; who even deem such subjects irksome—my neighbor:—are we not afraid to *think it out*?

At least, as we pass by with averted glance, let our pulse quicken a moment at this thought: that, in some depths of our being, *now* lies, dormant perhaps, but not dead, the baptismal spirit that will one day clamor out, with us or against us:

Credo—I believe.

A MOTHER'S THOUGHT ON ORDINATION DAY.

THY Son and my son, Mary!
Master and servitor!
Thy Son and my son, Mary!
Linkèd for evermore!

Ah, could a creature kneeling at the CREATOR'S Feet
Hear, amid chant and pealing, tidings more strangely
sweet?

Still thro' the bells' glad ringing, soundeth this one re-
frain—

Still thro' the choir's soft singing, only this changeless
strain:

Thy Son and my son, Mary!
Master and servitor!
Thy Son and my son, Mary!
Linkèd for evermore!

Thou, most bereaved of mothers bent 'neath Calvary's
Tree,

That I and countless others, thus should uplifted be!
Thine eyes thro' blood-mist gazing there on the Smitten
FACE,

That mine should here upraising, see from this altar's
base—

My son to thy Son, Mary!
Bonded as servitor!
Thy Son and my son, Mary!
Linkèd for evermore!

Nor saint nor angel pleading wast ever as thou art,
Tender and sure in reading a human mother's heart—
Lend of thy gentle gifting-voice thou its grateful bliss!
Help it to meet uplifting for boon divine as this!—

That my son by thy Son, Mary,
Is chosen servitor!
Thy Son and my son, Mary!
Linkèd for evermore!

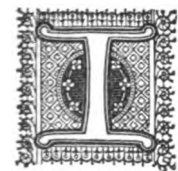
MARGARET M. HALVEY.



THE KADRI TEMPLE AT MANGALORE.

SOME RELIGIOUS TEMPLES IN INDIA.

BY REV. S. VAS.



INDIA, or Hindustan, as its very name implies, is the land of pagans. Although the Catholic faith has shed its rays on this benighted land, yet it can be said that paganism still keeps it under sway, as it has done for centuries past. True, the forces of modern civilization have done much in the way of enlightening the minds of the people, and the consequence is, that many of the absurdities which once formed the tenets of their belief are no longer regarded as such. The Hindus, in general, can be said to be a religious sort of people. Consequently buildings dedicated to religious worship are extremely numerous in India. There is hardly a village which has not its temple. Besides the temples with which all villages are provided, one finds many erected in isolated spots, in woods, on the highways, in the middle of rivers, on the banks of tanks and large reservoirs, and especially on the summit of steep rocks and mountains and hills.

The district of South Canara has many famous pagan

temples, but I will confine myself to a few. Written accounts of them are rare, and as they differ from modern buildings, it is not quite so easy to give an exact description of them.

The Kadri temple at Mangalore is situated at the foot of a hill nearly a mile outside the city, and is dedicated to Manjunatha, one of the pagan gods. The temple looks majestic enough, and the dome especially shows much artistic skill. It is surrounded by a court-yard about two feet broad throughout. In front of it is a large and high pillar, to which nearly a hundred lights are fixed, one over the other. At the annual festival held here people from all parts of South Canara flock together, and the concourse is something tremendous. Just above the temple are situated the seven tanks, much frequented by the people for bathing purposes. When the famous traveller Pietro della Valle (1620) visited this place, it is said to have been in a magnificent condition. Since then much of its former grandeur has vanished. The chief of the Kaufete Jogis now resides there, but the temple officials are Tulu Brahmins and the affairs are managed by a board. On the ascent, and to the left of the road, a fountain issues from the rocks and pours a considerable stream of the purest water. The south of the temple is a regular forest of cocoanut-trees. A flight of steps, which commence just at the main door of the temple, leads one to the Kadri hill, from which one can enjoy a beautiful scenery. The extreme summit of the hill is occupied by a number of small cells built of stones, eight or ten feet square.

Among Jain temples the first worthy of mention is the splendid stone Basti of Moodbidri, which is twenty-one miles away from Mangalore. It is very extensive and magnificent, containing, it is said, on and about it, a thousand pillars, and no two alike. It is the greatest of Jain temples, built nearly five centuries ago, all of solid stone. In the propylæum are several pillars of great size, the lower halves square, the upper round and lessening, recalling Egyptian forms, and all covered with a wondrous wealth of sculptured gods, monsters, leaf and flower work, and astonishing arabesque interlacement cut with admirable clearness. One quadrangular face bears a hymn graven curiously in twenty-five small square compartments, containing four compound words, which may be read as verses in all directions, up or down, along or across. On the outer pediment there is a long procession of various animals, living and mythical; among them the centaur and mermaid, and an excellent representation of a giraffe. The temple is of three

stories, rising over one another in a curious Chinese fashion, the uppermost covered with copper sheets, laid on like slates. A very beautiful pillar stands in front, inferior in height only to that at Karkal, and surmounted with a capital and canopied



THE TEMPLE OF ONE THOUSAND PILLARS, MOODBIDRI.

entablature of delicate open stonework ending in a highly enriched flame-like finial.

While one sits in the propylæum amongst the wonderful columns, themselves most elaborately carved, the ponderous doors may be pushed back and a dark interior is disclosed. Entrance is forbidden, but presently down in the gloom a light glimmers and small lamps are lit, encircling a high arched recess and revealing a polished brass image, apparently eight or ten feet in height, standing within. This is Chandranath, the eighth Tirthankara, bearing all the invariable Buddha forms and lineaments. The tall brazen image seen far down in the mysterious gloom wears a strange unearthly appearance, and after gazing for some time the limbs and features seem as though moving under the flickering play of the light.

The Jain temple at Karkal, though inferior in size to that at Moodbidri, is not without interest. In plan and general appearance it differs considerably from most of the Jain temples in the district, and seems to bear a greater resemblance

to the old Jain temples found in other parts of India. It bears the earliest inscription which has been found, 334 A. D., and is built wholly of stone. It is situated on a broad, rocky platform below the hill, on the side next the town; square, with a projecting columned portico facing each of the four quarters. The columns, quadrangular for a third of their height, pass into rounded sections separated by cable bands, and have the sides and sections richly decorated with deities and most graceful and elegant designs—rosettes and stars, leaf and scroll work, in endless combination, all made out of the carver's brain, wrought almost as finely as Chinese ivory work. The friezes and pediments round the porticoes and temples are ornamented in like manner, and frequently a stone in the wall displays some quaint, wonderfully well-cut device—a hundred-petalled flower disc, two serpents inextricably entwined, or a grotesque head surrounded with fruitage. The temple is roofed with immense overlapping flagstones, and it bore some sort of cupola now ruined in the centre. On the massive folding doors of one of the four portals being rolled back, a strange sight is disclosed. In a large, dark, square recess immediately facing the entrance stand three life-sized images of burnished copper, the counterparts of the great statue on the hill above, each resembling each, and looking weird and unearthly in the gloom of the adytum as the light through the opening doors falls upon them. A like triad stands within each of the other three entrances.

Next to the temples the most beautiful of the architectural remains of Canara are the *stambhas*, or pillars, which are generally to be seen in front of large temples. The finest *stambha* is at Haleangadi, close to Karkal.

It is a single shaft of stone, thirty-three feet in height, standing on a high pedestal composed of three stages, square at the base, each side of which bears a large four-sided panel, filled with an indescribably intricate design of interlaced lines cut sharply in relief; each different and framed with a different quilloched border. A band of scroll-work and monsters runs round beneath, differing in design on each side, and above there is a deep fringe of tasselled ornament, over which the figure on the hill is cut in relief. Above this the monolith rises in eight segments, separated by mouldings, the first octagonal, each face bearing a different arabesque ornament; the next two segments are sixteen sided, with every alternate face decorated, and the following two each with thirty-two



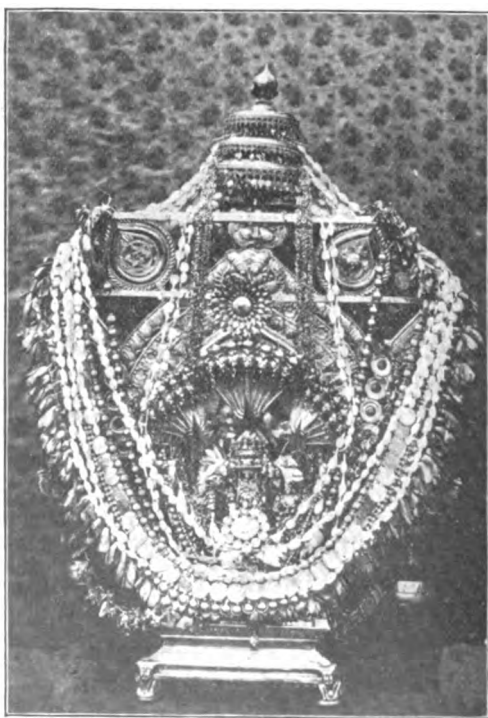
IN FRONT OF THE JAIN TEMPLE, HALEANGADI.

sides, one in four being engraved. Then comes a segment left smooth and plain, next one with a deep tassel and fringe pattern, and lastly the capital rests on a segment slightly narrowing, then swelling, richly adorned with fretwork and beaded mouldings. It is not easy to describe the capital; a broad concave moulding, ribbed on the surface, bends round umbrella-like over the neck of the shaft, and above this are two other solid round mouldings, the upper and larger supporting a solid square abacus, from whose corners depend stone pomegranates. The whole is crowned with an elegant shrine of four short pillars carrying a voluted canopy, under which is an image of the deity. Nothing can exceed the stately grace and beautiful

proportions of this wonderful pillar, whose total height may be fifty feet.

It would not be out of place here to say a few words about the deities which are worshipped in the pagan temples. The principal idol is placed in a niche. It is clothed with garments more or less magnificent, and on great festivals is sometimes adorned with rare vestments and rich jewels. A crown of gold set with precious stones often adorns its head. For the most part, however, the idols of stone wear a cap like a sugar-loaf, which imparts to the whole figure the appearance of a pyramid. The Hindus, by the way, appear to have a special fancy for the form of a pyramid, which perhaps is due to some symbolical notion. We know that various nations of antiquity, among others the Egyptians, regarded the pyramid as the symbol of immortality and of life, the beginning of which was represented by the base, and the end, or death, by the summit. The pyramid was also the emblem of fire.

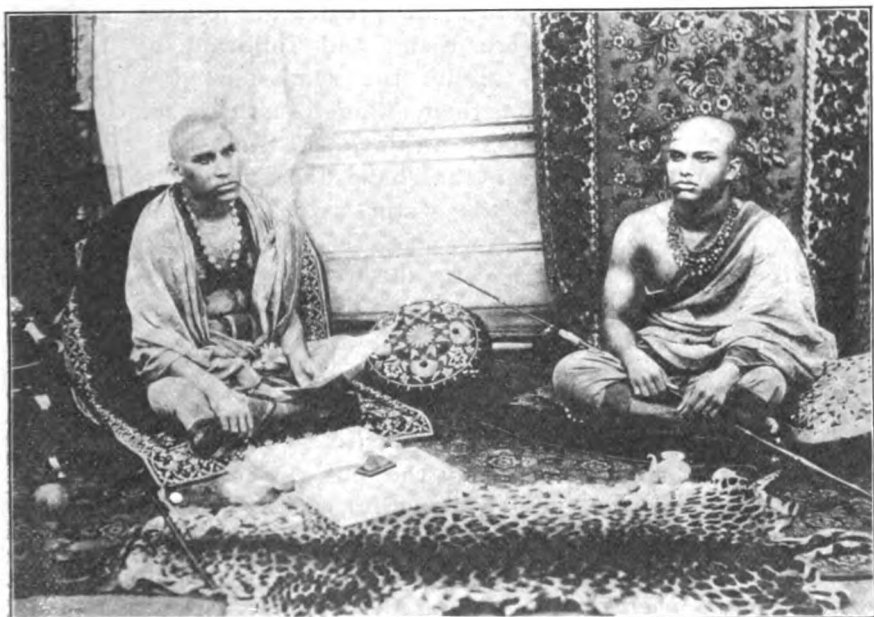
The illustration below is a specimen of a pagan god. It is to be adorned by eighty thousand ornaments of gold, of all



VENKATARAMANA TEMPLE GOD.

and sizes, including beads, heads, coins, flowers, shells, stars, chains, human hair, and all profusion and confusion. In fact, Hindu gods are in vain decked with rich ornaments; they are not thereby rendered less disagreeable in appearance. Their physiognomy is generally of frightful ugliness, which is carefully enhanced by daubing the images from time to time with a coating of dark paint. Some of the images have their mouth, eyes, and ears of gold and silver, but this makes them, if possible, more hideous. The attitudes in which they are represented are either ridiculous or grotesque.

In short, everything is done to make them objects of disgust to any one not familiar with the sight of these strange monsters. The idols exposed to public veneration in the temples are of stone, while those carried in procession through the streets are of metal, as are also the domestic gods which every Brahmin keeps and worships in his house. It is for-



SWAMI OF KASI MUTT, BENARES.

bidden to make idols of wood or other easily destructible material. It is true one often sees statues of clay or of masonry, but these are not of much account and inspire very little veneration. No idol can become an object of worship until it has been duly consecrated by a number of ceremonies. New temples are also subjected to a solemn inauguration. Both temples and idols are liable to be desecrated on many occasions. If, for example, a European, a Mohammedan, or a Pariah entered a sanctuary or touched an idol, that very instant the divinity would take its departure.

In close connection with the subjects above treated come the *Swamis* (literally Lords), who are charged with the management of the temples and hold high temporal and spiritual powers. The illustrations are of the two *Swamis* of Benares and Gokern, two famous temples of Northern and Southern India.

Their power is exercised over the whole caste. It consists in regulating its affairs, in keeping a strict watch that all its customs, both those for use in private as well as in public, are accurately observed; in punishing those who disregard them, and expelling from caste those who have deserved this indignity; in reinstating the penitent, and several other no less important prerogatives. They also exercise very extensive spiritual power. The *Sashtanga*, or prostration of the eight members, when made before them, and followed by their *asirvadam*, or blessing, will obtain the remission of all sins. Any *prasadane*, or gift, from them, though usually some perfectly valueless object, such as a pinch of the ashes of the cow-dung, the fruits or flowers that have been offered to idols, the remains of their food, the water with which they have rinsed out their mouths, or washed their feet or face, and which is highly prized and very often drunk by those who receive it; in short, any gift whatever from their sacred hands has the merit of cleansing both soul and body from all impurities.

On the other hand, while the beneficial effects of their blessings or their trivial presents excite so large an amount of respect and admiration from the dull-witted public, their maledictions, which are no less powerful, are as greatly feared. The Hindus are convinced that their curses never fail to produce effect, whether justly or unjustly incurred. Their attendants, who are interested in making the part which their master plays appear credible, are always recounting ridiculous stories on this subject, of which they declare they have been eye-witnesses; and in order that the imposture may be the less easily discovered, they always place the scene in some distant country. Sometimes they relate that the person against whom the curse was fulminated died suddenly whilst the Swami was still speaking; that another was seized with palsy in all his limbs, and that the affliction will remain until the anathema has been removed; or that a laborer saw all his cattle die suddenly at the moment when the malediction was hurled at his head; or that one man was turned to stone and another became a pig; in fact, they will relate a thousand similar absurdities quite seriously.

The Swamis never appear in public except in magnificent state. They like best to show off their splendor when they are making a tour in their districts. They either ride on a richly caparisoned elephant or in a superb palanquin, sur-



SWAMI OF GOKERN MUTT, NORTH CANARA.

rounded by guards, both mounted and on foot, armed with pikes and other weapons. Bands of musicians playing all sorts of instruments precede them, and numberless flags of all colors, on which are painted pictures of their gods, flutter in the midst of the cavalcade. The procession is headed by heralds, some of whom sing verses, while the rest go on ahead and warn the passers-by to clear the way and to pay the homage and respect that are his due. All along the route incense and other perfumes are burnt in his honor; new cloths are perpetually spread for him to pass over; triumphal arches, made of branches of trees, are erected at short intervals. This magnificent spectacle attracts great crowds of people, who prostrate themselves before the Swami, and after having offered him their respectful homage, join the rest of the crowd and make the air ring with their joyful shouts.

The final illustration is of the different masks used by Hindus during their numberless dancing parties. Hindu dancing bears no similarity to that of the European. Stage-acting in the shape of comedies and tragedies is hardly to be found among the Hindus. The chief characteristic of their dancing is their dress, which very often is horrible and grotesque to

look at. Their dances consist in wrestling, jumping, and moving the shoulders, heads, hands, legs, as if agitated by violent convulsions, to the sound of musical instruments. The Hindu taste for music is so marked that there is not a single gathering, however small, which has not some musicians at its head. The instruments on which they play are, for the most part, clarionets and trumpets; they have also cymbals and several kinds of small drums. The sounds produced by these instruments are far from pleasing, and may even appear hideous to European ears. The *nattuva*, or conductor, is the most remarkable of all the musicians. In beating time he taps with his fingers on a narrow drum. As he beats, his shoulders, head, arms, thighs, and in fact all the parts of his body, perform successive movements; and simultaneously he utters inarticulate cries, thus animating the musicians both by voice and gesture.



COSTUMES USED DURING THE DANCING PARTIES.

THE SCULPTOR'S STORY.

BY MARIE DONGAN WALSH.

THE world is growing a small place nowadays; for with their discoveries they are bringing together the furthestmost parts of the earth; and we in the old, old city, which has seen the birth of countless nations and kingdoms, feel the change most of all. Men have come indeed, throughout the ages, to gaze on the wonders of eternal Rome and pray by the Tomb of the Apostles; but not in their thousands, as they do now, from lands unheard-of and unknown to our grandfathers. These strangers linger by our art-treasures; then carry away copies to their distant homes, where they learn to love and appreciate them better, perhaps, than our own people, whose ancestors fashioned them and who have grown up among them from childhood.

And not only do I speak of the "capi-lavoli"; of our Raffaello, our Michelangelo, and our Fra Angelico; but of our *modern* statues and paintings, poor and inferior as are the best of them compared with those of the golden age. But to those eager northern eyes, keen with the enthusiasm of nations still in their youth and promise, our art is touched with all the ineffable charm and romance of an Italian sky. Even when they have come to my studio, down there in the Via Margutta, their admiration for my poor efforts has shamed me into wishing it had been bestowed on a more worthy object. Once, indeed (a day I must ever remember, for the incident led me to the decision of putting this all too true story on paper), the shame was more than momentary. I was passing through the Sculpture Gallery of the Palazzo Morosini, on my return from an interview with Cardinal Morosini, who had called me to consult about some statuary. A group of strangers stood there before my statue of St. Bernard; and as they turned away a young girl with a spirituelle face (who needed but the lamb to render her a perfect copy of Carlo Dolci's Sant' Agnese) said enthusiastically to her father, in English (I know the language fairly well, so I understood all they were saying): "Father, it must have been not only a

great but a *good* man who carved that statue, don't you think so? Surely he gave the world a little of his own goodness in completing such a work." My God! what a mockery! *I* great, *I* good! Poor child, if she had only known the truth, and the history of the man who passed beside her, she would have shrunk from me and from my statue as a thing polluted. But no! perhaps I wrong her; for in their unspotted innocence the angels pity and weep over earth's sinners; and this maiden surely carried the mark of the childlike purity of heart. But in the sense of guilt and utter unworthiness with which the comment left me, and the consciousness that *this*, perhaps, was the impression I gave the world, the idea took complete possession of me that I *owed* it to myself and to my neighbor, as some feeble reparation, to put my story in writing and leave it after me, so that at least my *memory* may not be like the living man—a hypocrite acting a deception, pretending to be what I am not.

I know what men would say—men who have never known the white heat of passion and its life-long remorse; that if guilty of a crime, it should have been proclaimed long ago in a court of justice! But human nature is weak; and now in my old age, when my little world has learned to know me as an honest man, I am not equal to divulging my secret for the few short years that remain, especially as by its revelation no human atonement can be made for the sin of long ago. It is an effort even to write of it; for though its remembrance has burnt into my mind like a searing-iron; though youth and manhood and failing years, time—one of God's mercies to the aged—has softened the spot; and though the scar remains, the wound has healed; only to be reopened as I write these memories with a sting of keenest pain. . . .

They say every statue has its story; but I trust *few* possess a record like the statue which critics are pleased to call my finest work (in which criticism I entirely agree with them; for though the work of my chisel, it was the inspiration of another, a purer and more gifted soul and genius than mine could ever have been, even if undefiled by crime). I shall try to write it all calmly; not softening, exculpating, or exaggerating; for God knows, I would not appear worse in the eyes of my fellow-men than I am, for the reality is bad enough. But the task is difficult. Now and then my feelings overcome me, and the pen is all too slow for my thoughts, which run like lightning to accomplish the hateful task of unearthing a past

laid underground for years. It seems strange to think that my hand could be slow and feeble—I, who always had such a contemptuous pity for weakness, and whose vigorous strength was a by-word, in the days of the youth I am about to record. There are few, perhaps none, of the old comrades now, who remember me in my youth—the wildest, maddest lad who ever plagued the art schools, but whose passionate temper was ever near the surface, surging under the reckless gaiety like a whirlpool. There was never a piece of daring or of folly too wild for me, never an adventure that smacked of enterprise or danger but that I must be in it; and Guido Guidi was another name for devilry among all my artist comrades. But woe to the man who roused my evil jealousy or vindictive passion! for then I was indeed the “diavolo” they called me in sport.

These, however, were the merry, careless days, before the real stress of life had begun; and so far my exploits had been but boyish follies with no grave consequences. Afterwards things began to look more serious, when I had set up my own studio to begin work as a sculptor in earnest (if the work I did then could be said to have anything earnest about it). True I had a certain ability—*great* ability, friends told me—if I had only chosen to use it; and I knew within myself I was born for a sculptor and nothing else; for from a baby I had done naught but model—in sand, in clay, in whatever could be found. But I would only work when the spirit moved me; now feverishly, then lazily; then not for weeks at a time; for in a fit of irritation I would often destroy the work of months. As time went on the natural result of my ill-regulated life followed. I drank, I gambled with the money earned by an occasional fit of hard work; and little by little I fell into bad company and the way of a thoroughly dissipated life. Religion I had lost long ago; the tendencies of atheism found a ready reception in my proud brain and overwhelmingly arrogant will, impatient of all control and self-restraint. I fully agreed with the demagogues who preached the doctrine that no men of brain and spirit should be under the guidance of priest or church. Casting off every restraint, I went as far as the worst of them, reckless and impulsive in this as in everything—without belief in God, a future, or anything else pure and noble and holy. Gradually the mode of life began to tell on me and on my art; uncertainty clouded the power of ability; and I knew myself, what I never would have acknowledged to others (for I hold—what many people do not—that a sculptor

or artist, if not deluded by too much vanity or too much modesty, is the best judge of his own efforts), that the quality of my work was going down. It was a faithful reflection of myself: wayward, uncertain, doubtful; now apparently full of strength and power, then feeble and futile as a girl's first efforts. Good people, nay, even respectable people, began to look askance at my wild doings and my idleness, but worst of all (to me at that time) sculptor-friends would look at one of my *gesso* models critically; then turn away from it without the joking, yet often frank and true, criticism of its badness or the tribute of jealous praise for its perfection. It was a bad sign, for I knew the fraternity and what that silence meant—utter disappointment, and maybe pity for my inability. . . .

Only one man of the better set had until now no blame but encouragement for me always—a man who had been my friend from boyhood, and who had first started me on an artistic career. Everyone knows the sculptor Francesco Lorenzi and his work. His splendid statues have gone over the world far and wide; and his name was already celebrated when he lent a hand to a passionate, headstrong boy, whom he always declared “not only had the artistic face, but still worse, the artistic temperament—all ups and downs!” “*Figlio mio*, it is not good, but you can do better,” he was wont to say at first, when my failures were only the result of boyish carelessness or negligence; for his faith in my talent was as unbounded as his generosity. But when he saw my life was going from bad to worse, my art in consequence following its footsteps, Lorenzi spoke to me seriously, and rebuked and blamed me unsparingly for the wilful losing of talent and soul. Arrogant always, I brooked control or advice from no man, even my lifelong friend. First contemptuous, then passionately angered by his plain speaking, I told him to leave my studio; that I wanted no saints or preachers there, and that he could keep his wisdom for priests or old women, instead of wasting it on men of the world, who had thrown off the trammels of conscience once and for ever.

After my curt dismissal Francesco Lorenzi never came to my studio again. An estrangement arose between us, and we seldom met; for his way of life and his companions were very different to mine. Indeed, I tried to avoid him, for somehow or other I dreaded the full, honest glance of the kind face; and with the capacity of an evil nature to corrupt good into bad,

I was beginning to hate the sculptor as much as I had loved him formerly. On the rare occasions on which we met, he had looked at me with a grave, almost pitying, look which maddened me. Then—poor blind fool that I was!—I would redouble my reckless talking, and pile on all the bitter, revolting cynicism I was capable of; content if I could, as I fondly imagined, shock him into turning away, pained and serious. But now I know better. “Maestro!” you with your wide, great-hearted knowledge of the world of men and things, were not shocked, nor even yet impressed, with my parrot-like puerilities, but your good heart yearned with unavailing pity for a foolish lad who, like so many other young idiots, was ruined by men believing themselves not one atom of the foul doctrines they preach, yet leading others to the brink of damnation. Certain it is that my new friends did little for me in return for my devotion to their cause; and the one commission I obtained from being favorably known as a promising member of the advanced anti-religious sect, came like a thing accursed into my life; bringing me, through my own blind jealousy, to the deed which no repentance can blot out from time’s avenging record.

My first large commission—that of a monument for a public square—was an important one for a young sculptor just beginning his career. My nomination for its execution caused me a considerable amount of gratification; for it showed a confidence in my abilities I had begun to lack sadly myself of late. It was the statue of one who might stand for the patron saint of the sect I elected to follow—a renegade and apostate monk, whom the false sentiment of a materialistic age would fain embellish and erect into a martyr! For awhile I put all my powers of conception and execution in my subject. Heaven knows I had ideas evil enough to create a thing breathing forth the fallen soul of Lucifer; but how to combine it with *power* and *nobility*; above all, to render it *convincing* enough to be held up as an ideal, a martyr of the intellect, to the people? *This* was the obstacle that rose like an iron wall between me and success—a task to puzzle cleverer brains than mine. Harder and harder I worked at the statue; destroying model after model in dissatisfaction, and toiling with a frenzy of industry not known for months. But all in vain. The day came at last when I saw my model was a *total failure*; weak, faulty in every line, lacking in conception, realization, and above all in *virility*. I failed to infuse even the soul of evil into my marble renegade; and not all the

angry, surging passion of mortified pride lent one touch of power to the chisel with which I wrought so feverishly. Even the monkish draperies hung stiffly from the rigid wooden limbs of the dummy. Fairly beaten, I flung down my tools hopelessly, giving myself up to an access of despair.

The time was drawing near now when the commission must be finished; yet all the long weeks passed in futile endeavor saw the work absolutely no nearer completion. All my dreams of fame and distinction vanished. The creative power had gone from me for ever; and in imagination I saw myself fallen to be one of those aimless, unoccupied beings who haunt the studios in hopes of obtaining a few stray jobs. What added most to the fury of impotent passion was the fact that the artist-world rang with the praises of a successful statue Francesco Lorenzi was completing. A "*capo-lavolo*," a triumph of pure idealism—this and other praises, couched in terms of wild extravagance, made me long with a sick, jealous longing to see the thing which had evoked such a storm of approval. I knew he had had a commission from Prince Morosini, about the same time as mine, for a statue of some saint or doctor of the church, for the sculpture hall of the great palace; and that he had been asked to go to the palace to do the work. But since then I heard nothing more of the matter till the news of his extraordinary success came to me, in the day of my own bitter failure. Well, *he* had succeeded where *I* had failed; *he*, the rich man, who needed no more laurels to add to his fame, while *I*, who might have made a name just by the one success, was destined only for miserable failure.

All the hot envy rose rampant within me at the thought. Never taking into consideration Lorenzi's years of patient, steady work contrasted with my own hit-and-miss efforts; his superior genius and character with my ill-regulated life; his pure ideals with my unworthy aims, I brooded, nursing my envy; finally persuading myself that my former friend had done me a positive injury by his success. I drank deeply to drown the thoughts which filled my brain, and from being gay and devil-may-care turned daily more moody and morose. I was left much alone; for the merry lads of the studios were afraid of me, none daring to arouse me from sullen apathy into the fits of passion which were its only alternative.

One evening I overheard some sculptors talking in a "*caffè*," where I spent my nights as usual drinking; and the very truth of their carelessly-pungent Roman wit made me

long to draw a *coltello* from under my cloak and stick it in them, though their words only increased the longing to see my rival's masterpiece.

"Young Guidi's going down the hill fast, is n't he?" said the elder of the two; "drinking himself to death, they say. But he always *was* a *mascalzone* (good-for-naught); that race, with a temper like his, never come to a good end."

"*Già*," assented the other; "his artistic career is about ended now with the mess he has made of Sor' Carmano's statue! Small wonder he threw the work up, for a worse attempt I never saw. Per Bacco! his renegade monk resembled a timid novice more than an apostle of the new regeneration, looking as if he had n't the courage even to be a *common heretic*! Lorenzi's statue is worth a dozen of it. Well, well, *carò mio*, give *me* the *saints* instead of the *sinner*s, if that is the way they make them."

Then they both laughed, and, dismissing the subject of my poor statue contemptuously, launched into a pæan of praise on Lorenzi's, until my blood, heated with drink, fairly boiled over with passion; and it was all I could do to keep my head enough to get out of the place before doing the gossips some harm.

That night, returning to my lodging, I cogitated as to how I could manage to secure a glimpse of Lorenzi's statue; to judge for myself what manner of a marvel had so aroused Rome's critical enthusiasm. I had no mind to humble myself to the man after our quarrel, pandering to his no doubt already overflowing self-satisfaction by asking to see his statue. But see it I would, by hook or by crook. At last a plan suggested itself. The studio where Lorenzi worked was in a kind of outbuilding in the Palazzo Morosini; and if I went there at a time when the sculptor was temporarily absent there would be no difficulty about getting the porter to admit me for a moment; if not, well, there was always the window, and I could climb like a cat. My mind was made up. "Diamene! I would go *that very night* and risk it. So, turning from the direction of my home, I dived back again into the narrow, winding streets of old Rome that lie towards the Tiber; emerging at last upon the Sant' Angelo Bridge. The night was dark as yet, though the moon was slowly rising; and the lights on the grand old Angel Fortress and the exquisite turn of the river gleamed out brilliantly. But my mood was not one for picturesque effects, as I strode on swiftly through the

darkness, evading gay bands of carnival revellers making their way homeward.

Passing the bridge and the grim shadows of the Borgo, I reached Palazzo Morosini at last. The *portone* was closed; but the side-way through the gardens was still accessible once the wall was scaled, and I had climbed fully as high in many a boyish freak. The quiet street was utterly deserted; the old and rotten masonry of the wall, with its many footholds, aided my attempt, and in a few seconds I was up and over, dropping lightly into the soft turf around the orange-trees in the court-yard garden. A sound of voices made me remain quietly in the shadows. One of the voices sounded strangely like Lorenzi's; but probably this was only imagination, as long before this he had gone home to the queer old nest near Trajan's Forum where he had his studio. Finally the voices grew fainter, then ceased altogether, followed by the sharp bolting of a door; and I ventured out to reconnoitre the chances of doors and windows. My blood must have cooled down somewhat by now with the long walk in the keen night air, for I began to feel altogether a fool, to be lurking about another man's premises like some thief or criminal, to gratify a jealous whim. What would be Prince Morosini's opinion if he found me peering in at his windows or trying to force my way in at midnight? The explanation of wanting to see Lorenzi's statue would appear but a bald one looked at in the light of clear common sense; and it is more than likely I might find myself to-morrow with a doubtful reputation added to a ruined art career. But, God help me! I was never one to stop to think *before* acting; I only begin to think *after* the harm is done. However, now that I *had* forced my way in, I would see this thing through and catch a glimpse of the statue, even if I were to be caught. I crept past the three windows of the studio building; they were all closed; then by the door, trusting as a last resource to force the lock. The darkness was dense in the shade of the ilex-trees, but putting out my hand cautiously at the doorway to feel for the lock, I found to my astonishment that the door-knob yielded to pressure and opened. Could the sculptor be still at work? But there was no sound or light. Nevertheless the fact of his having gone away and left the studio open seemed incredible; even though, practically speaking, the statue was safe once the outer *portone* of the palace was closed, as no one could possibly steal so colossal an object. Still I hesitated. What if

he should be inside?—the man of all men in Rome that I least wanted to see. However, this was no moment for delay. So far luck had favored me, but at any moment I might be forced to escape without accomplishing my purpose.

With a cowardice unusual and unaccountable, I pushed the door open and entered. All was darkness; and I had to light a wax taper, shading it with my hand so that no ray of light should be seen from outside. Then by the feeble, uncertain glimmer I groped my way to the statue, which stood revealed at the farther end of the great empty chamber on a stone pedestal, veiled by a cloth. My goal was in sight. With a trembling hand I tore off the covering, the sudden draught raised by the movement extinguishing the taper. Simultaneously a burst of moonlight clear as day flooded the high-barred windows, and fell full and searching upon the pure marble of the sculptured form; revealing in that coldly-clear and merciless light every exquisite grace of its chiselling and its perfect execution—of which no smallest part escaped my trained eye! And *this* was the thing they had called merely *beautiful*, with their painful meagreness of speech! *Beautiful?* Gran' Dio! it was a *revelation*; a dream of peerless beauty worthy of the master Greeks; and gazing spell-bound, I was fain to lift my hat from my head involuntarily as one does in a church (I, who had never entered a church for years nor felt one sentiment of pure emotion!). It stood there towering above me in awful majesty, like the form of some avenging angel, with hand outstretched in denunciation, an unearthly calm depicted on the chiselled ascetic features, the deep-set eyes blazing forth a scorn which seemed to blast and scorch me. Such must have been the aspect of the Angel of the gates of Paradise, driving back sin-stained humanity from the golden portals.

Softened but momentarily, however, with unwilling admiration called forth by this vision of unearthly purity, my mad jealousy returned a hundredfold. A storm of bitterest hate and passionate resentment broke over my soul, in which ten thousand evil demons whispered in my ear!

Looking back upon it now, the thing seems incredible! I was mad, we would say nowadays, with the pitiful sentimentalism which screens every crime on the plea of inherited or temporary insanity. Yes, mad, truly; but with evil passions, long unrestrained, burning like a hell of fire within my breast. For a second I stood there irresolute; for each one—even the

worst of us—has his moment of mercy. Then the spell was broken. Absolutely startling myself with my own sneering laugh, which reverberated eerily through the solitude, I muttered: "Frightened by a moonbeam on the face of a marble saint! Bah, Guido, thou art but a coward! What is saint or devil to thee? At any rate, if thou starvest in thy garret, Francesco Lorenzi will not crow over thy failure; his own troubles will keep him busy." My jealous passion overflowed with a sudden burst of homicidal fury; and as I would have killed the *man* in cold blood if he had stood before me at that moment, I took out my vengeance on the unoffending *marble*. Snatching a hammer from the heap of tools and muffling it in some sacking, *I struck repeated, heavy blows at the statue; hacking, marring, and disfiguring it into a shapeless torso.*

The fiendish work took but a few moments to accomplish; and when I paused before the marble fragments littering the floor my white heat of frenzy cooled instantaneously, leaving only despair like that of a lost soul, to be replaced in turn by the animal instinct of self-preservation, engendered by the dread of discovery. . . .

A slight rustling of the curtains which hung across the doorway made me start as if shot; then remain rooted to the spot, when they were drawn slowly backward and a figure appeared in the opening—that of Francesco Lorenzi; his face strangely aged and drawn, and ghastly pale in the streaming moonlight! Like one in a nightmare I stood confronting him, my eyes fixed on his face, my feet weighted with lead; unable even to move or speak, much less to escape from the place. The sculptor made one step forward, with agonized eyes turned upon the ruin of his work—the master-piece of his old age—and on its destroyer—his once dearly-loved friend and pupil! Then, with a terrible cry which rang out in the stillness, throwing up his arms as if in acute physical agony, Lorenzi fell heavily to the ground not many yards away from me!

Throughout this heart-breaking scene I had looked on dumb and frigid as the marbles around me. But with the dull thud of that falling body life and, as it were, *consciousness* awoke within me of overwhelming guilt and consternation. My madness had passed—but too late, too late! For as in an agony of remorse I knelt beside the prostrate figure, striving to raise the gray head on my knee, it fell back helpless and inert. Again and again I felt for the heart—it had ceased to beat; and, knowing little as I did of death, I realized that this was

no swoon or unconsciousness. Lorenzi was *dead*; killed as surely as if I had murdered him with my own hand, and the mark of Cain stood out branded on my brow where all men could read it.

It must have been long that I knelt there, calling him by name, chafing the marble-cold hands fast stiffening in death—whose icy touch brought a cold thrill of horror through every nerve of my body—and striving by every means in my power to restore life to the inanimate frame from which it had fled.

The moonlight had faded into the black darkness which precedes the dawning; and presently morning would break in cheerful sunshine, when they would find me here keeping a vigil by the dead; the murderer and the victim, with the hammer and the mutilated statue to act as witnesses of my crime. Then they would take me and lead me to the prisons by the river, stigmatized as a base, foul murderer, a monster of villainy and blackest ingratitude. And for ever, between me and the eternity of misery awaiting me, would arise that pale, horror-stricken face in the moonlight, and the bitter cry of mortal anguish ring unendingly in my ears! Again the instinct of self-preservation asserted itself, too strong to be resisted; and without one look backward I rose and fled swiftly like one already pursued.

No one detained me, no one witnessed my rapid flight, as I scaled the wall, dropping into the street again. But cold drops of sweat stood on my forehead, and my heart beat wildly and tumultuously, loud as if its hammer-beats would rouse the echoes of the stony street. Strange, jeering voices sounded in my ears, and pursuing footsteps rushed along beside me in the shadows. But never pausing till I reached my humble lodging, I locked myself safely in; to pass through long days and sleepless nights of mental torture, to which death would have come as a welcome relief. Nor could the old reckless unbelief, the scepticism of all things in heaven and earth, be called in to aid me in this refined torment of remorse. It, too, had failed me. My unwilling "*Credo*" had been said the instant after the consummation of my crime; for as I knelt by my friend's murdered body I knew *once* and *for ever* that there *was* a God whose infallible justice would pursue me beyond the grave.

Weeks elapsed before I ventured abroad again, pleading illness as an excuse for absence from the studio; and indeed my appearance substantiated the statement to the comrades

who forced their way into my retirement, anxious to be the first to tell of the tragedy with which the art-quarters of Rome were ringing. And for fear of their suspicions I dared not deny them admittance. No exaggeration is it to say that mine was the torture of the rack—the inward guilt and the endeavor to keep an outward calm so strangely at variance with my passionate, impetuous nature, as one after another came to relate with morbid avidity and interest every detail of the mysterious story; which alas! I—the only witness—knew too well: how Francesco Lorenzi (who had stayed late at the Palace Morosini on the night of the murder) had been found lying dead in the studio, by the fragments of his ruined statue, a hammer by his side. Then they would argue and discuss the subject from every point of view, till I felt my brain reeling with the strain. Some opined that the sculptor destroyed the statue himself in a fit of morbid discouragement; then died with grief at the result. Others asserted it was a deed of vengeance—a deliberate murder; though no signs of violence (beyond a blow on the head which might have been caused by the fall) had been found on the body. But one and all agreed in wondering what hidden enemy a man like Francesco Lorenzi could have had. Afterwards followed unending speculation as to the possible capture of the murderer and his identity. Strange to say, suspicion never for one instant fell on me; even though they knew of my erstwhile friendship with Lorenzi and its subsequent rupture, for fortunately my brooding jealousy about his statue had been kept to myself. Indeed, they wondered that I took the thing so hardly, when I could not keep the horror out of my face; for sometimes they looked at me curiously, till I wondered if the deep furrowed lines in my face, and the white threads that came into my hair after that night of horror, had not betrayed my secret to the world.

But no; thoughtless and unseeing, the crew of reckless youths never guessed that each careless word on the subject cut like a stab; each conjecture and repetition smarted like a touch on the raw wound of my quivering sensibilities. But with the first resolution and endurance of my life I forced myself to go through it all—the torture of the day in public, and the unspeakable solitary nights, till, in sheer desperation, I would rush into the streets and pace them incessantly till morning—anything, *everything*, to save me from the one torment of the lost—thought. As I passed old Tiber in these

midnight vigils, its dark turbid depths appealed to me to end the struggle; but like all murderers I was a coward. Each time I essayed it Lorenzi's white face seemed to rise from the river's misty surface to warn me back, till I fled in cold horror from that vision which so haunted my waking and sleeping hours; but most of all, mark you, when I contemplated any desperate deed, or gave myself over to darkest despair.

One day I heard a man saying, "Francesco Lorenzi's death was going to make a man of that ne'er-do-well Guidi; it made such an impression on him that he sowed the last of his wild oats the day he heard of this terrible deed" (which, little though they knew it, was indeed the truth). But it would have taken keener minds and more observing than those of the artist fraternity to penetrate the mask of iron I learned to wear.

And with that strange human capacity for forgetfulness, the nine-days wonder over the tragedy passed. Be it saint or emperor or best-beloved—those whom we deemed most necessary and powerful are alike forgotten. Before the summer heats poured blindly on the streets, driving Rome panting to the shadowed byways, the world had ceased to comment on Lorenzi's fate. He had passed into the dim region of immortal shadows, whose work only lives after their personality is forgotten.

And I? . . . After a long summer spent in the mountains, where I carried my dark burden with me into the solitudes, alone with God and nature, fighting the battle with despair, I returned to the city, and did what I thought never to have done again—plunged into genuine hard work. My old haunts knew me no more. Between them and me there was an impassible gulf of distance like that of years—my crime and my newly-awakened conscience.

This new attitude caused much amusement to my cynical friends of the past, who nicknamed me "Simon Stylites" and the "Sculptor-Saint"; taunting me that the "clericals" had got hold of me and made me a coward. In the old days ridicule instantly aroused me to shamefacedness or resentment, but now I pursued my way heedless alike of sneers or laughter; for neither seemed to touch me. Occasionally I felt as if I illustrated one of those strange psychological problems one hears of, in which a man's whole personality has been changed into that of another! The reckless, passionate youth, so full of the pride of life, had gone for ever, as well as the boyish

scapegrace Lorenzi had once loved; and in their place was a sombre, silent man whom I myself scarcely recognized, with a grim secret darkening his life with an ever-present shadow. Oh, it was strange, strange! I the uncontrolled, the passionate, to become impassive to sternness, possessing a self-control seldom to be met with in our southern land, where storm and laughter are ever near the surface. Sometimes, but seldom, the old fits of sudden anger welled up and would almost overflow, over some wilful carelessness of the *scarpellini* or a more than usually bitter taunt of my comrades; but I had but to glance at the *gesso* model of the renegade monk, kept as a "memento homo" in a corner of the studio. Then my hand would fall at my side and the fierce words die away unuttered on my lips, to be instantly replaced by the stony calm which had become second nature; the habitual feeling that I had done with life's petty vexations and troubles on my own account.

Only one touch of human comfort came to me during that period of poignant remorse. I was talking to Francesco Lorenzi's old friend and doctor with the brave face I showed the world in discussing the event, though even yet the mere mention of it sufficed to drive the very life-blood from my guilty heart. After many lamentations over his friend's untimely fate the old man ended: "Well, poor fellow, they may say what they will; for my own part I hold it was no murder but *disease* that brought him to his death. *Aye, disease!* stare as you will, Guido, with those great sombre eyes of yours! Some one may have ruined his statue out of jealousy or pure wickedness (for that *galantuomo* had no enemies), or even *he himself* may have destroyed it in a fit of discouragement, such as you artistic geniuses are capable of; but, *Dio lo sa!* it wasn't like the man." . . . I, the silent listener, winced as if he had pierced my armor with a sword-thrust, and my lips and hands clinched in a supreme effort for self-control. But the good old man noticed nothing. He was full of his subject and went on, meditatively: "Yes, his death was bound to come suddenly sooner or later; so the loss of his statue was not altogether to blame, though the shock may have hastened it. For years he suffered from heart-disease, and suspected it himself too, even before I told him. *Quel povero Francesco!* ever thoughtful for others even in his own troubles. Methinks I can hear him now, as I tried to break the fact to him gently, saying in that cheery way of

his: 'Thank you, old friend, for trying to spare me; I have guessed as much for years. God has been good to me in this as always; for it is the death I would have chosen. The lingering agonies of a mortal sickness or a helpless old age are things to be dreaded; and besides this, men with heart-disease often outlive the rest. Anyhow, He knows best for us all.'

"But the agony, the sorrow, to see his beautiful creation ruined before him?" I queried. "Surely *to him* it was the agony and pangs of death."

"*Figlio mio*, it was but momentary," said the old physician, laying his hand on my shoulder and speaking gently and reverentially, "that sharp shock of horror; then the instant realization of the 'One perfect Beauty' opening before the eyes of the soul who so loved the pure and beautiful on earth! Nay, Guidi, do not think that one regret for earth clouds his happiness, or that it does not repay him for that instant's purgatory here."

So I treasured up this slight glimmer of light in the darkness of my sin, though avenging conscience rose up in judgment before me, repeating, "Yours was the hand that struck the blow that gave the fatal shock."

Soon after this a new difficulty beset me. A commission came from the princely owner of Palazzo Morosini, asking *me* to take up my dead friend's work; to commence another statue to replace the one destroyed. My first instinct was to unconditionally refuse the commission. Was *I* to benefit by the ruin my own dastardly hands had wrought? *mine* the name to perpetuate the history of the crime? The thought was too awful in its grim irony; and yet a strange hesitancy seemed to drag me back from refusing, something within me urging me to accept it. I had even commenced the letter of refusal, when once more came the old haunting vision which had driven me from death and the river—Lorenzi's ghastly, haggard face.

Anguish and perplexity tore me with conflicting emotions, and at last—I know not how or why—I *accepted* the commission; but with the agreement that it should be undertaken without payment, and as a memorial of Francesco Lorenzi. But the work was to be done in my own studio. Even my iron nerves could not face the thought of working in the spot where Lorenzi had labored and died; and where my guilty passion had perpetrated the crime of a life-time. Monstrous enough it seemed that the murderer should take up the work

of the victim; too terrible the mockery that the hypocrite be posing as the devoted friend of the murdered man. So with hands heavy and unwilling I commenced the task. Who knows but what this burden was to be part of my expiation; part of the debt of blood-guiltiness which still hung over my head? Quickly the statue grew under the tireless chisel, for, leaving all other labor aside, I worked at it unceasingly; and more and more my heart was in the work. Cost what it may, the expiation should be complete; and resolutely stamping out my repugnance, I strove to reproduce, as far as possible from memory, the lineaments of the saintly face; moonlit-illuminated as it appeared before my desecrating hammer fell upon it.

But try as I would the features and expression of my St. Bernard were different to Lorenzi's. They became softened, less spiritually severe, and less full of the *triumph* of the spirit than of its *renunciation*. The likeness of the avenging angel was merged into the pity of a sorrowing spirit, who feels for frail humanity and its struggles, and longs to atone for sin by its own perfection. The head in Lorenzi's statue had been grandly thrown back as if listening to heaven-sent inspiration, while the power flashing from the brow and eyes accentuated the gesture of the outstretched hand, full of the unspeakable majesty which had cowed even my sinful recklessness. But in mine the whole attitude was different; it seemed to *shape itself* in opposition to all efforts to render it a copy of Lorenzi's; for the head was cast down as if in deep humility, the hands lightly crossed on the breast—a very embodiment of silence and mortification. . . .

At last the statue was finished, and falling short as it did in every particular of the perfect model of which I had robbed the world so ruthlessly, I saw that it would stand; if not as a great work of sculpture, yet as a memorial of atonement. . . . My friends crowded around me to congratulate me on my success. This was the portion which in my cowardice I had dreaded; to stand by and listen to their comments on its history, and the memories of the half-forgotten story it was sure to evoke. Nor was I wrong in these surmises. It attracted much attention; and people came from far and near, Romans and strangers alike, curious to see the work which memorized a tragedy. They gazed, wondered, and admired; asking me questions about the story till I could have fled from the place to escape them; and I often fancied when I heard people reading out the simple lettering engraved on the pedestal,

"FRANCESCO LORENZI. IN MEMORIAM ÆTERNAM. G. G.,"

what horror I could spread among them did I but whisper in each ear, "That statue was carved by Lorenzi's murderer!" The unanimous admiration might have moved me to satisfaction had I still any feeling left; but as it was it left me so impassive that the public must have wondered what manner of man I could be, to take such an ovation of enthusiasm so coldly. Only for the sculptors' comments I listened keenly, willing to accept the judgment on my work from their hands. Their critical eyes dwelt long upon it, perhaps in realization that this was no ordinary effort, but that heart and soul were in it. Their final verdict was satisfactory; and I was content, not for my own sake but for the sake of the man whose ideal it had been, and for whom I only acted as worker. "It seems to me," remarked one gray-haired sculptor, who had most admired it, "that Guidi's marble hath a resemblance to Lorenzi; his very features and his gentle look, so kind and compassionate. *Amico mio* (turning to me), thou hast robbed my very idea from me, for I've often thought myself to make him a model for a symbolic statue of charity!" "Nay, rather," softly spoke a young religious painter, whose face (like those of the Catacomb saints he loved to paint) had all a Raffaello's pure serenity of feature, "it is no face of saint or visionary, but the impress of the Divine Compassion of the Godhead; the dying Christ on Calvary, as he breathed forth that most sublime of utterances, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'"

I turned to glance gratefully at the speaker, whose words had aroused the first spark of feeling within my breast; but he had forgotten us all. His dreamy eyes were riveted on the marble figure, his thoughts far away in the land of his pure ideals. "God grant it may be so!" I sighed, when they had all gone at last and left me alone with my statue in the darkening twilight; for in those words lies all my hope. The past is gone with all its fiery passion, and no repentance can recall it; but something within tells me that my dear old friend forgave me, as he hoped to be forgiven; and his kind face—not drawn and agonized as I saw it last; as I see it still in waking and sleeping dreams, but full of happiness and gentle compassion—will be the first to greet me on the other side, if I live to expiate my sin. God's peace has come to me in these later years, after all the storms and troubles—a peace

I have little deserved ; but won for me, I know, by the prayers of the man I so deeply injured. He gave his life cheerfully for mine ; and like a guardian angel has helped me to live ! Else why did I *believe* as I knelt by his dead body ? Why had I not perished miserably by my own hand, or had grace to fight the battle with despair—the power to work, and drown the thoughts which were leading me to madness ? No ! Francesco Lorenzi deemed his life well sacrificed to purchase the salvation of one wayward, erring soul.

My work, too, has prospered ; my statues have made a name ; but their reputation brings no moment of self-praise, or pride of power ; and adulation is but gall and wormwood, knowing as I do that it is the price of blood.

I am an old man now ; I work no longer in the studio, for my eyes are weak and my hands tremble too much to guide the chisel. The lads do all the work for me ; and when I go in to give them a few suggestions, they listen to me with deference. Young people are more sensible nowadays ; they recognize the claim of the elders to an experience wider than their own, brilliant as may be their abilities. And I think with a sigh of my own hot-blooded youth, and how ill I requited the kindly hand and heart to which I owed so much. Ah, well ! life, long as it is, is too short for my repentance. . . . I only creep out when the brilliant sunshine floods our grand old city, to make my favorite pilgrimage to the tomb of the Apostle, whose life-long penitence bids me hope the most for my own sinful past. For at St. Peter's feet I feel great peace and hope, and near St. Peter's dust I trust one day to rest, in the quiet little "Campo Santo" behind the Basilica, where Francesco Lorenzi lies.

The story of my life is told, and after all it has been more of a relief than a penance to put it into words. It is the story of a moment of fierce, unbridled passion in the heat of a godless youth ; followed by a remorse so deep and bitter that no penalty of human justice could exceed in severity. Far be it from me, in my poor judgment, to speculate on the punishment for sin in the world to come ; but I sometimes feel that no purgatory could be more searching or more all-devouring than the wages of my sin, paid in the baptism of conscience-fire through which I came back to God.

GUIDO GUIDI.

A NOVEL "PASTEUR INSTITUTE" IN IRELAND.

BY JAMES MURPHY.



N a rather comfortable farm near the town of Belturbet, in the county of Cavan, Ireland, lives James Magovern, "the man who cures hydrophobia."

At the farm-house there is generally a number of patients, men, women, and children, who have been bitten by mad dogs, and who come here for a preventive cure of hydrophobia. Not from Ireland alone do these patients arrive. Scotland, England, America, Australia, South Africa, all at different times furnish their contingent.

In whatever part of the globe Irishmen reside they are, as a rule, well aware that in a remote district of the old country lives a man who has a secret cure for the awful affliction of rabies.

When I visited the farm there were ten persons under cure; two of them were children, a boy and a girl, seven and ten years old respectively. Two others were butchers' assistants from the town of Fleetwood in Lancashire, England. A fifth was a resident of Cape Colony. And the remaining five were from the County Fermanagh, where a short time previously rabies had spread from a number of dogs to an ass and a great many head of cattle.

The patients who are under treatment roam about at their own free will. There was no inoculation of any kind, no clinical treatment; merely a simple course of the most ordinary dietetic care, accompanied by a slight invasion into the domain of necromancy, probably with the sole purpose of impressing the patients.

Magovern himself had nothing of the manners associated with professional men. Obviously he is but a prosperous Irish farmer. To more than this he does not lay claim; he is a tiller of the soil, his chief preoccupations being the sale of his cattle and the cultivation of his fields; and he talks most freely and willingly of the prospect of the crops, of the weight of his young pigs, and of the number and condition of his poultry. The fact that he cures hydrophobia is merely an in-

cidental event of his career. He advertises not for patients, he seeks not wealth out of his cures, and accepts without attending to its quantity the sum of money which each one in his generosity may choose to leave him as a token of gratitude for the results obtained.

Sometimes for whole months Magovern has not a single person under his care; and again, and this mostly in the autumn, hundreds of people are in daily attendance on him; his own commodious farm-house does not suffice to furnish them lodging, and they have to rely on the hospitality of the other farms for miles around.

The course of treatment to which Magovern subjects his patients lasts at least three days, and usually five.

On the day of arrival the party who has been bitten by a hydrophobic animal is simply submitted to some preliminaries, the connection of which with an ultimate effective cure it is not easy to understand.

A little bridge spans a limpid rivulet that tosses sparkling from crag to crag, as it bounds down the slope of the hill on which the farm is situated, to mingle its fresh waters with those of a larger stream in the plain below. Fulfilling a rite which Magovern invariably adopts and to which he seems to attach considerable importance, the patient is blindfolded and led backwards and forwards over the little bridge while Magovern or his aged mother stands near and repeats a mystic formula relative to the fear of mad animals for water, and the effectiveness of this liquid in warding off the fell disease. This is on the first day; the patient on that night eats a supper prepared in accordance with special prescriptions of Magovern.

On the following day a fast is enjoined. The patient is rigorously forbidden to indulge in solids or fluids of any description, other than a drink prepared by the medicine man himself. This drink is supposed to be a decoction of barley. It is light and agreeable to the taste; but, in accordance with the statements of those who have gone through the cure, it seems to stimulate rather than to assuage the pangs of hunger.

The fast lasts for three whole days, and those who have gone through it declare that of all the agonies to which it is possible for the human being to be subjected, this assuredly is the most intensely painful. Magovern distinctly explains that it is an important part of his formula. The patient, it has

been said, is left largely to himself if he is grown to adult age. He consequently knows the risks he incurs if he breaks the fast, and the restraint which he is obliged to put upon himself during these three days is a tax upon his moral energies which rarely in life finds its equivalent.

On the fifth day the fast is terminated; the patient still drinks copiously of the decoction prepared by the healer, but he is now free to eat and drink at his will. He is again taken to the little bridge, this time without any bandage on his eyes, and he is led backwards and forwards while other mystic words are repeated by some bystander. The patient is now cured, and with a hearty God-speed from Magovern and from his venerable mother, a really delightful and interesting type of a high-spirited and benevolent old lady, the sufferer leaves the farm-house, usually carrying with him some bottles of the barley-water preparation, as well as a radical conviction that his cure has been effected.

Magovern and his mother are the simplest and most straightforward persons that any one could desire to meet in life. They will tell you frankly all about their cure, except certain little formulas which they maintain involve the secret of this cure that Providence has wished to be theirs alone. The story of its origin reads like a legend.

In the beginning of this century, they relate, the grandmother of the present head of the family once, as a little girl attending her sheep on the banks of the Shannon near its sources, after falling asleep, suddenly awakened as if by the rustle of passing winds, and looking around her in bewildered surprise was astonished to perceive no one near. On the ground, however, hard by she perceived a carefully folded paper, and on picking it up found that it contained what seemed mystic tracings and letterings drawn out apparently in explanation of some formula or plan.

Instinctively she felt that this paper was for some time yet to be kept by her as a secret. She accordingly hid it, and it was only ten years later, when she married Philip Magovern, that she entrusted to him this document. Magovern read and understood. It was a cure seemingly dropped from heaven by an angel and destined to alleviate the woes of those attacked by incipient rabies. The secret was to be transmitted from father to son in the young girl's household, and was not to be made public property.

Singularly enough the cure, if such it be, has proved quite

astonishingly effective. Not only has Magovern prevented hydrophobia where the disease seemed inevitable, but he has also invariably made good his claims to cure it when his services are resorted to within three days after the symptoms of the disease have broken out. Sometimes it is true the patient, even after adopting the preventive cure, is attacked by the disease. But in no case does this seem to have occurred where the patient himself did not admit that he had violated the prescriptions regarding the fast.

The question arises, Does Magovern really effect a cure, and is this cure other than by mental suggestion?

It really seems as if the fast, and possibly also the libations of the barley-water mixture which Magovern secretly prepares, actually effect the cure of rabies. The three generations of Magoverns may safely be said to have treated more patients than the Pasteur Institute of Paris and its various branches throughout the world. The Pasteur Institute during its existence has only cured something over eighty per cent. of its patients, while the Magoverns have given freedom from disease to probably a fraction over ninety-nine per cent. of those who have called at their residence.

It may naturally be objected that in the case of similar important results the entire world should by this time be acquainted with the Magoverns and their marvellous aptitudes, and that men of science should already have investigated the entire circumstances. The fact is, that the physicians in Ireland are well aware of the events. The Magoverns do not advertise themselves, and Irish people in general have such a facility in admitting the existence of extra-medical cures that it does not occur to them to publish abroad many incidents that are of a character to astonish the world.

Relatively to some facts in connection with Magovern's cures I myself can personally vouch :

One night in the charming town of Enniskillen, on Lough Erne, in company with two tourist friends, I was walking up East Bridge Street when a big dog came tearing along from the opposite direction. The younger of my companions, not suspecting that the animal had the disease, held out his hand as if to caress it when it approached. The mastiff stopped and bit him deep in the thumb. With our third friend we belabored the dog with sticks and beat him into unconsciousness, but not until another of the party had been bitten in the leg through the trousers.

Previously to this the dog had bitten a tailor and his little son, both in the hand.

All the parties who had been attacked repaired to Magovern's place for treatment except the tailor's child. His hand had merely been scratched, and his condition was thought by his parents not sufficiently serious to warrant treatment. The man who had been bitten through the cloth was examined first by Magovern, and was rejected as not needing the cure, inasmuch as it was clear to the experienced medicine man that the virus had been removed from the tooth in passing through the cloth. My other acquaintance, who had been bitten through the thumb, went through the treatment, as also did the tailor.

The latter was effectively cured and had no more after-trouble with the wound. The same may be said of the one whom Magovern had decided did not require treatment.

The little boy whose case had been neglected, through the fault of his parents, within a week had symptoms of the disease. Magovern was hastily summoned, and by his aid the child was restored to perfect health.

My travelling acquaintance, who had been bitten in the thumb, likewise developed symptoms of rabies. His relatives afterwards told that he had come away from Magovern's moody and oppressed. He admitted that he had violated the prescriptions of the rigid fast. The sensation of hunger, he said, was so terrible that if he had to lose even life itself at the moment, he would have greedily devoured any edible that came in his way. As a matter of fact he had gone into a turnip-field and had eaten some young Swedes, and had also voraciously devoured some raw cabbage. His people were not aware that Magovern could still treat the disease after it had broken out. The services of a local medical practitioner were requisitioned, but in a few days the unhappy young man's vitality was exhausted and the end came.

THE LETTERS OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

BY REV. WILLIAM HENRY SHERAN.



ON the value of letters Cardinal Newman wrote as follows: "It has ever been a hobby of mine, though perhaps it is a truism, not a hobby, that the true life of a man is in his letters. Not only for the interest of a biography, but for arriving at the inside of things, the publication of letters is the true method. Biographers varnish, they assign motives, they conjecture, they interpret Lord Burleigh's nods; but contemporary letters are facts." Fully one thousand of these facts, which illumine and reveal so much in the early life of Cardinal Newman, were collected and published by Anne Mozeley in 1897; they are letters written during his membership in the English Church, and the collection, by no means complete, forms two large volumes of reading matter, as interesting, perhaps, as any ever laid before the modern public. It would be a serious mistake if the letters written after his conversion to Catholicism were allowed to remain unpublished. However, the volumes in question, covering the formative period of his life, may always appeal more strongly to the public. At any rate they will claim the special glory of revealing Newman, not as a great theologian or controversialist but as a youth whose dominant impulses lay in the direction of poetry and Romanticism.

If we compare the pen-picture in these Letters with another more elaborate and complete, in the *Apologia*, the peculiar charm of the former will become apparent. It is true that in the *Apologia* the method he employs in order to win his readers is admirably conceived; he puts himself vitally and almost dramatically before them; he brings them, as it were, within the actual sound of his voice and the glance of his eye; he lets them follow him through the long course of his years as student, tutor, preacher, and leader, until they know him as intimately as those few friends with whom he had lived most freely. And after putting his personality before them with all the intense persuasiveness of a dramatic portrayal, he asks

whether they are ready to believe the foul charges of Kingsley. He reveals himself to the world and trusts to the conciliating effect of this self-revelation before entering a specific denial of the charges brought against him. So that the *Apologia* is an elaborate and ingenious piece of special pleading; whereas the autobiography in the letters is conspicuously free from any ulterior purpose or any artificial restraint; it bears the unconscious simplicity, the charm and freedom of youth; it is in the strictest sense a self-revelation, but it contains not a trace of the dramatic element. There is, however, plenty of fancy and idealization—the play of that faculty which gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name. As the life-stream is traced, pure and sparkling, to its hidden mountain spring, we see above it the uprolled clouds of the morning and the transfiguring light as it glances upon the thousand objects with which youth comes in contact.

NEWMAN A ROMANTICIST.

Cardinal Newman was born a poet, and bred a Romanticist; and poetry and romance inspire his earliest letters. Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, and Shelley were the study and meditation of his childhood; in imitation of these he became identified with the Romantic movement, which has given birth to the best and most vital literature of our day and generation. It was the Romantic movement that led Newman to a serious study of Catholic history; for, like all Romanticists, he wished to enrich our dull, modern life with new emotions; he wished to come into imaginative touch with distant times and places; he delighted in the artistic and ennobling life of the Middle Ages, in their rich blazonry of passion and their ever-changing spectacular magnificence; he wished to feed the senses and the imagination which were starved by the blank walls of the Church of England, the slated hideousness of London streets, and the regulation diet of systems, formulas, syllogisms, and generalities, prescribed by the eighteenth century. And so Newman goes out in search of the image, the specific experience, the vital fact; in later years he aims at reconstructing the English Church according to the Romantic ideal; but in early life the Romantic spirit led him away from England to behold the historic treasures of the Continent, and especially of Sicily, which always had for him a strange fascination. The account of his foreign travels forms, perhaps, the most thrilling and entertaining part of his early correspon-

dence; entertaining because it records his youthful impressions of the ancient cities, cathedrals, the art and life, and natural beauty of the southern countries of Europe; and thrilling because of the almost tragic ending of his life in Sicily. It was this journey to Sicily that inspired the most delightful hymn in English literature, "Lead, Kindly Light." The following letter may be taken as typical of his Romantic sympathies:

John Henry Newman to his Sister Jemima.

"ROME, April 11, 1833.

"I find myself in a foreign land for the first time in my life. How shall I describe the sadness with which I am about to leave the tombs of the Apostles. Rome, not as a city but as the scene of sacred history, has a part of my heart, and in going away from it I am as if tearing it in twain. I wandered about the place after the Froudes had gone. I went to the Church of Santa Maria, which Dionysius founded A. D. 260; I mounted the height where St. Peter was martyred, and for the last time went through the vast spaces of his wonderful Basilica. I am going among strangers into a wild country to live a wild life, to travel in solitude and to sleep in dens of the earth—and all for what? For the gratification of an imagination, for the idea of a warm fancy cherished since boyhood, drawn by a strange love of Sicily, to gaze upon its cities and mountains.

"I have to-day made my preparations for my journey: a set of cooking utensils and tea-service, curry-powder, spice, pepper, salt, sugar, tea, and ham; cold cream, a straw hat, and a map of Sicily. I shall want nothing from the island but macaroni, honey, and eggs."

Among natural objects that engaged his attention one finds volcanoes, and it is noteworthy how he describes Vesuvius. In a letter to Jemima, Newman pens the following description of the crater:

"I will give you some account of my going up Vesuvius yesterday. Mr. Bennett and myself started about half-past eleven. We mounted mules and asses which brought us up to the foot of the mountain. You go a long way between two walls, the boundaries of vineyards; then over the lava, which is like a ploughed field, in color and shape, petrified. On dismounting you address yourself to the task of ascending the cone, which does not seem much too high to run up, though certainly it is steep; however, it is eight hundred feet high.

We set to, and a tug it was. At length we were landed on the first crater; and sitting down on the ashes at the top, which are so dry as not to soil, we cooked some beef and drank some wine—most delicious wine. Then we began our rambles. The crater was truly an awful sight! The vast expanse of the true crater broken into many divisions and recesses, up and down, and resplendent with all manner of the most beautiful various colors from the sulphur, white clouds of which are ever steaming and curling from holes in the crust. The utter silence increased the imposing effect, which became fearful when, on putting the ear to a small crevice, one heard a rushing sound, deep and hollow, partly of wind, partly of the internal trouble of the mountain. The view is very striking and romantic. The vast plain of Naples, which is covered with innumerable vines, was so distant as to look like a greenish marsh. We could see Pompeii and its amphitheatre very distinctly, and in the same direction various streams of lava, their age indicated by their shade of blackness, coursing down to the mountain's foot. It was grand to look down the sheer descent; and I must say that it is the most wonderful sight I have seen abroad."

The description of Etna is equally vivid, and the country around it was found equally charming: "At Etna the transitions from heat to cold are very rapid and severe; in the same day I was almost cut in two, and exhausted with the scorching and dust of lava, though I never got chilled." Concerning his visit to Sicily Newman writes: "I had two objects in coming, to see the antiquities and to see the country. I have seen much of the country, and can only say that I did not know before nature could be so beautiful. It passes belief. It is like the Garden of Eden, and though it ran in the line of my anticipations, it far exceeded them."

Again, he writes from Syracuse: "I never saw anything more enchanting than this spot. It realized all one had read of in books about scenery—a deep valley, brawling streams, beautiful trees, the sea in the distance. But when after breakfast on a bright day we mounted to the ruins of the ancient theatre, and saw the famous view, what shall I say: to see that view was the nearest approach to seeing Eden. It was worth coming all the way from England, to endure sadness, loneliness, weariness, to see it; yet it is but one of at least half a dozen, all beautiful, close at hand. I find, back of us, the hills are receding, and Etna in the distance is magnificent.

Yesterday the scene was sombre with clouds, when suddenly, as the sun descended upon the cone, its rays shot out between the clouds and the snow, turning the clouds into royal curtains, while on one side there was a sort of Jacob's ladder. I understood why the poets made the abode of the gods on Mount Olympus." The ruins as well as the landscape attracted the attention of Newman: "I have seen here (in the neighborhood of Syracuse) the fountain of Arethusa; I rowed up the Anapus to gather the papyrus and to see the remains of the temple of Minerva, and I looked at the remaining columns of Jupiter Olympius. I have been conning over Thucydides, particularly yesterday and this morning, and am at home with the whole place, only I have not seen the amphitheatre."

It was natural that the Romantic spirit, gratified in the midst of so much beauty, should find expression in verse as well as in prose. Walter Scott and Wordsworth and Coleridge, not to mention other Romanticists, adopted verse rather than prose, and the lyric form of verse, inasmuch as lyric poetry allows the largest freedom to emotion, and treats nature with the greatest fulness, sympathy, and insight. Accordingly, throughout the letters of Newman we find scattered many a gem of lyric poetry. Only a few examples can be quoted, and these not in full. In a letter to his mother from Gibraltar he adds these verses on the voyage thither:

" Whence is this awe by stillness spread
O'er the world-fretted soul?
Wave reared on wave its boastful head
While my keen bark, by breezes sped,
Dashed fiercely through the ocean bed,
And chafed towards its goal.

" But now there reigns so deep a rest
That I could almost weep.
Sinner! thou hast in this rare guest
Of Adam's peace, a figure blest;
'Tis Eden seen, but not possessed,
Which cherub flames still keep."

After concluding his travels in Sicily Newman penned the following lyric, in which religion and Romanticism are combined:

" Say, hast thou tracked a traveller's round,
Nor visions met thee there,
Thou couldst but marvel to have found
This blighted world so fair?

" And feel an awe within thee rise
That sinful man should see
Glories far worthier Seraph's eyes
Than to be shared by thee.

" Store them in heart! thou shalt not faint
'Mid coming pains and fears;
As the third heaven once nerved a saint
For fourteen trial-years."

It is difficult for us, who are accustomed to regard Newman as a great theologian and dialectician, to appreciate his deep and abiding love of nature—a love essentially Romantic in character. The relation of Newman, and of his Oxford friends and fellow-converts, to Nature was closely akin to that of the Romanticists. On this point Professor Gates remarks: "Newman, like Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley, found Nature mysteriously beautiful and instinct with strange significance, a divinely elaborated language whereby God speaks through symbols to the human soul." Keble's *Christian Year* is full of this interpretation of natural sights and sounds as images of spiritual truth, and with this mystical conception of Nature Newman was in sympathy, as is evidenced continually in his lyric poetry. Nature was for him as rich in its spiritual suggestiveness as for Wordsworth or Shelley. But in interpreting the emotional value of Nature Newman had recourse to a symbolism drawn ready-made from Christianity. The mystical beauty of Nature, instead of calling up in his imagination a Platonic ideal world, as with Shelley or becoming a visible garment of God, as with Goethe or Wordsworth, suggested the presence and power of seraphs and angels. Of the angels Newman writes: "Every breath of air and every ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect is, as it were, the skirts of their garments, the waving of the robes of those whose faces see God. What would be the thoughts of a man who, when examining a flower or an herb or a pebble or a ray of light, suddenly discovered that he was in the presence of some powerful being—God's instrument—who was giving them their

beauty, grace, and perfection?" Hence it is not surprising that in his letters he would refer to "our blighted world so fair," and feel "an awe within him rise" at the sight of those glories of Nature which were rather intended for the eyes of seraphs than for sinful men. As the "third heaven once nerved a saint," so Newman believed that a right interpretation of Nature should nerve and strengthen us—a cardinal doctrine in the creed of the Christian Romanticist.

The trains of thought to which the letters of Newman give rise are so various and interesting that it is impossible to treat more than one or two of them in a single essay. It is easy to imagine how Newman might have become the first poet of his age, if he had not aimed at becoming its greatest prose-writer; and although he succeeded in the task, we may feel some regret that this success was gained at the expense of poetry. For in the poetic work scattered through his letters he reveals his kinship with the great masters of imaginative and emotional writing; all the charm of all the muses often flowers in some lonely lyric published, like "Lead, Kindly Light," in the mass of his correspondence. However, the literary world may be thankful that he wrote so many letters—letters filled with the delightful story of his childhood, a charming chronicle of every mood and fancy of youth, an unmistakable promise of that wonderful religious and literary career which has practically changed the Faith of England and built a monument of her art for all time.

St. Paul Seminary.



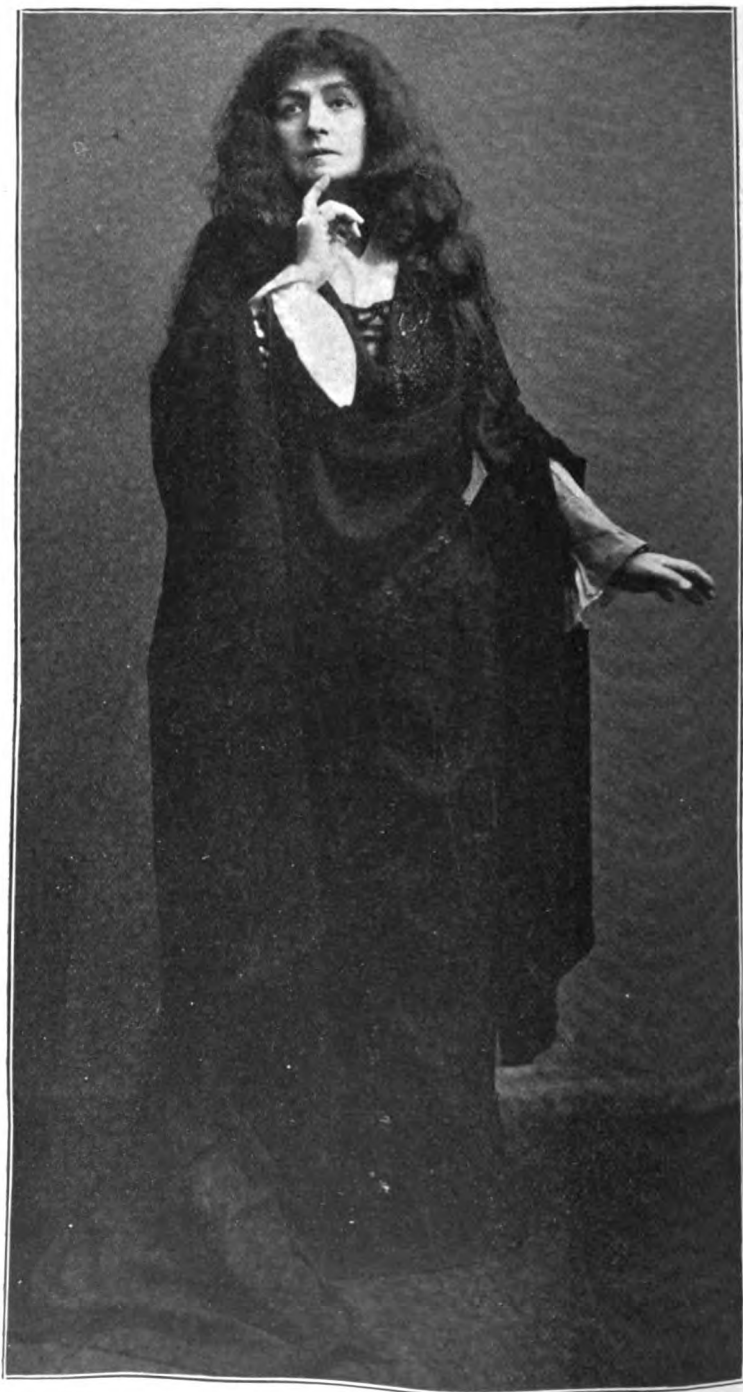
HELENA MODJESKA.

BY CHARLES J. PHILLIPS.

SHAKSPEREAN drama during the past year was marked by many revivals, and none more notable than Madame Modjeska's "King John," the initial production of which was given in Orange, N. J., early in October, preliminary to the extensive tour which has since been so successfully carried out.

The tragedy of "King John" has always been a vehicle for the talents of the greatest stars of the stage. In the early days of English drama Mrs. Siddons won glory by it, and many more of the greatest names since have added laurels to their fame by its means. But it has been unknown to this generation of America, a quarter of a century having passed since its last production here, when, in 1874, Junius Booth played the title-part. But, just as in "Macbeth" interest in the character of Lady Macbeth is all-absorbing, so in "King John" the dominant interest lies in the "sweet Lady Constance," with the story of whose wrongs is woven some of the history of the reign of the usurper John. This character of Constance, played in the production of 1874 by Agnes Booth, was never again portrayed on the American stage until the present day, when the great Polish actress, encouraged by the financial success which marked the London revival by Beer-bohm Tree in 1899, brought about its presentation here. It had long been the desire of Madame Modjeska to portray the character of Constance, so strongly did it appeal to her in all its beauty of motherhood and womanliness; but her ambition to do so was never before gratified. Knowing its possibilities, and urged by the interest which it aroused in England, she went forward with her project, determined to make this revival a success; and the appreciation the public has tendered her shows conclusively that the world is not yet all lost to the greatest in drama and literature.

In her portrayal of Constance Madame Modjeska displayed to perfection her great gifts. There is not in all Shakspeare's dramas a more exacting character than this; for, being a most perfect picture of true womanliness and motherhood, it calls

**MODJESKA AS CONSTANCE.**

for a play of the affections and emotions which only the fertile imagination of a genius could supply. It is a character of such sweetness and maternal love, and such fierce resentment for the wrongs heaped upon the queen-mother whose every right is usurped, that only the power of an artist could do it justice, and only the power of this greatest artist could make it real, consistent, and true.

Yet one can hardly say that this is Madame Modjeska's greatest triumph, for it is an impossibility to pick from the long list of her achievements one that may be styled the best; but this much can be said: she has never essayed the impersonation of a character that is more becoming to her character, or one that offers greater opportunities for the reaching of the highest points of art.

Of her many rôles perhaps the two best known to-day are Mary Stuart and Lady Macbeth. As the ill-fated Queen of Scots she has established a renown never surpassed. The pathetic story of Mary has always appealed to every heart; it possesses a charm that no other story knows, and none of this charm is lost to Madame Modjeska, for it is her favorite, if she may be said to have a favorite. Her heart and soul are in deep sympathy with the exiled queen, so deprived of all her rights; for she herself, an ardent patriot, has gone well through the school of sorrow.

Since the days of Mrs. Siddons there has been no Lady Macbeth so powerful, so terribly grand and impressive, as Madame Modjeska. There is no Lady Macbeth to-day but this one high-priestess of tragedy. She is a revelation, a fear, a terror, and a human heart.

Of the more than two hundred characters Madame Modjeska has portrayed, her Shakspearean productions have won her, perhaps, the greatest fame. She has played eighteen in all, and among them, first, after those already mentioned, Juliet must be placed. Cleopatra, Ophelia, Rosalind, Katharine, Beatrice, Portia, Imogen, and the list of others too long to name, follow, each in itself a master-piece. Of her more recent rôles, that of Marie Antoinette was added to the list in 1899.

Interest in a play awakens interest in its actors, especially when they stand for all that is great in histrionic art. The life of Helena Modjeska holds that absorbing interest which marks that of all who have reached the heights, for, like the

lives of all the great, it is the story of a struggle. Poverty, that seed from which such mighty hearts have sprung, may claim Helena Benda, the maiden name of the actress, as a choice fruitage. She was born of poor parents in the city of Cracow, Poland, and no doubt her childhood's heart imbibed from the old fortresses of Poland's ancient capital much of that strength of character which served as rampart and battlement in her after life. At the early age of seventeen she was married to a Modezejewski, of which name that by which she is now professionally known is a contraction. Poverty continued to be her lot, and it was during these trying years that her instinctive goodness of heart was the means of bringing her before the eyes of the world. Poor herself, she was ever ready to assist her comrades in distress; and being fond of the drama—"stage-struck," many called it—an amateur play was proposed by which to realize some material aid. The story of her recognition by a theatrical manager, who chanced to witness the performance, and her subsequent appearance soon afterward, in 1861, on the professional stage, for the details of which we are indebted to her kindness, reads quite like a romance. But it is very real, as were the hardships she underwent for devotion to the art of which she had always been fond, and which, now within her grasp, had become her passion and hope.

After six years of earnest endeavor, which did not go unrewarded, she won the laurel she had struggled for so faithfully—a hearing in the Imperial Theatre of Warsaw. This took place in 1868. Her husband having died in 1865, after three years of widowhood she now became the wife of Count Charles Bozenta Chlapowski. She continued in her beloved work, and gained greater favor year by year with her interpretations of the characters of Molière, Goethe, Schiller, and Shakspeare. She had created a sensation upon her *début*, and never losing prestige, step by step she mounted the ladder of fame.

In 1876, what might be termed the turning point of her life occurred. In that year she and her husband came to the United States with a party of their countrymen, among whom the now famous Sienkiewicz was numbered. Many circumstances, chief of which was the political position held by her illustrious husband in their afflicted native land, had enforced her to retire from public life. They journeyed to California, their present home, and settled there with the intention of

living a retired and restful life. But the career of Helena Modjeska, as far as the English-speaking stage was concerned, had only begun.

With that same undaunted courage by which she had won the plaudits of Europe, she set about, first, to learn the English language; mainly, she has said, that she might speak the great Shakspeare's lines in his native tongue. Then followed in their course those trials and ordeals through which she had once before struggled, and by which she now won a place on the American stage, making her *début* with John McCullough in San Francisco, in 1877, only a year after coming to this country. Her success was instantaneous and great.

She next appeared in the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, and continued through the series of successes which had marked her old-country career until she again made her *début* across the seas, the scene of this triumph being the Court Theatre, London, in 1880. After a year's sojourn in Europe she returned to America, which she finally adopted as her home.

Madame Modjeska—or more properly, the Countess Bozenta, as she is known in private life—is personally a most charming woman, possessing all the grace and culture which such a life as hers could inculcate in a gentle heart.

In the preparation of this sketch the writer was privileged in meeting Madame Modjeska, and the interview was necessarily very interesting as well as somewhat unique.

I first presented myself to the actress's manager, who received me cordially. It had taken almost an hour to find him, and I had grown rather doubtful of success, though hardly yet despondent. Yes, this was the manager; and would he kindly tell me if he could arrange an interview with Madame Modjeska the following day, or give me some suggestions as to how to procure an interview?

"To-morrow is Sunday," he said; "then I am afraid"—with a dubious shake of his head,—“I am afraid it will be a little difficult, if not impossible. Madame Modjeska will never transact business of any nature whatever on Sunday. She positively declines to do it. Many and many a time I have gone to her and asked her to do this or that; but she always says, ‘I will do it any other day, but not on Sunday. Sunday I will spend as if I were at home.’ She will be at church, however, in the morning with the count, and you might see them there. If you present yourself to the count, he will receive you most graciously, I am sure.”

The next morning found me on the look-out at the cathedral, but neither Madame Modjeska nor her husband appeared. Concluding that they had attended some more convenient church, as later proved the case, I had almost given up my project, when I recalled a reference the manager had made to the "Private Car."

In the afternoon I went in search of the Private Car. It was a little late, to be sure; but as this was not to be exactly a fashionable call, I did not lose heart at the hour until I reached my goal. There every curtain was drawn and not a glimmer of light could be seen. However, I tried one door and found it locked. Then I went to the other entrance, and lo! the door opened. Feeling a little startled, if not guilty, I stepped in. The room—an observation apartment and office—was in darkness; there was no sound and not the faintest light was visible. I rapped; a door opened at the end of a hall revealing a lighted room within, and a maid took my card to the count, who soon himself appeared. He gave me a most gracious and hearty greeting, and, having made a light, invited me to a seat.

Over an hour of interesting book and stage talk ensued, the count proving to be a very fund of information and jovial good nature. Sienkiewicz and his novels, Heine, Martini, Hugo, Spanish novelists of the present day, and many kindred subjects he touched upon, remarking particularly the great loss we suffer in having to take the works of these authors through translations where worlds of expression and beauty are lost.

My hopes began to sink, when he looked quite as doubtful over the possibility of my seeing Madame Modjeska as had the manager; and when he returned from her apartments with apologies, I began to lose heart. But the apologies were followed by a cordial invitation to meet Madame, with Mr. R. D. MacLean and Miss Odette Tyler, her leading support in this tour, the same evening in the theatre.

"You see," he explained, "it is so seldom we spend an evening not travelling, when Madame my wife does not play, and she enjoys so much seeing a play, for it is rarely she can, we have decided to go. Then we have heard a great deal about this young actor, Tim Murphy, and we could not let the opportunity pass."

When I reached the theatre and inquired for the Count Bozenta I learned he had not forgotten me. As I was ushered into the box he greeted me in his hearty way and called

Madame, who was enjoying the sight of the audience. My heart stood quite still as she approached, murmured the name in that accent that is known so well, and gave me a hearty welcome, extending her dainty hand. As some one has said, "Feeling exalted in the presence of the high," I felt the swirl of greatness about me in the presence of this wonderful woman whom I had admired so long before I ever saw her.

Madame Modjeska surprised me. On the stage she is wonderful, but on this side of the footlights she is more wonderful. She is no longer the actress—that is the most indelible impression my meeting with her left me—but a beautiful woman with a face, unmarked by years of toil, as sweet as her manner. It is a radiant face—in fact, the word radiant describes most aptly her whole personality; such a face, the poets would say, "the soul shines through." But above all it is strong; the clear lines of the profile bespeaking undaunted will force, a sort of powerful beauty that is rather awe-inspiring in its soft severity.

I had abundant opportunity to study every expression and feature of the distinguished actress. She seemed to enjoy extremely the sensation of being before instead of behind the foot-lights.

"Ah, I do love to go to the theatre!" she said enthusiastically. "She likes it when she is not working herself," the count joked merrily. She applauded joyously, and her fresh, bright smile and radiant eyes were a picture of perfect pleasure. It was indeed a great treat for her, whose life-work had been the stage, to see a play. She would hear no criticism whatever. "I am not in a critical mood at all," she said, sitting back luxuriantly in her chair. "I just sit here and enjoy it very, very much."

During the last intermission I approached the subject of my errand, though loath to mar her enjoyment by intruding any suggestion of her daily work; but she responded most graciously.

"I came to this country in 1876, twenty-four years ago, and have since played eighteen Shakspearean parts. The count and I were just going over them the other day. Ah! Shakspeare—he is the master. He is so grand, so different from the others. When I was in Poland I wished to learn English above all other things, that I might read Shakspeare in his own tongue, the language he wrote in. Ah, he is sublime!

"But it is different to learn a part in the English; it takes

such very careful study, for me, so that I may make no mistakes.

"How long a time does it require to prepare a *rôle*? Perhaps two months, perhaps a year; I do not know how long, for you must think so much always. To learn the lines, even to have them 'trippingly on the tongue,' is easy. It is not the memorizing that is difficult; it is to become the part, to have it as I wish it, as I feel it ought to be, to make it become a part of me, to get the spirit of it—that is difficult.

"Take the *rôle* of Juliet, for instance. When I was studying that I could not sleep at nights, but paced up and down, restless, always excited with it. In the morning I was out at four o'clock to see the sunrise; and at night I often went to the graveyard to be alone with Juliet, to study and think.

"King John was new, and at first I dreaded it for fear I could not give it all the expression it should have. I love the Lady Constance, and indeed I am happy that I am playing the *rôle*.

"No, I will not return to Poland after I retire. We will live in our Californian home, where it is very beautiful. You should see the flowers we have in the mountains there."

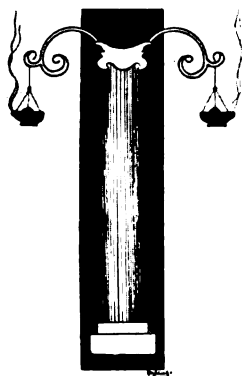
The ringing up of the curtain cut short the conversation, and after the play was over there was little time for anything but formalities.

When I parted with my friends, Madame Modjeska turned back and, waving her little hand, called "*Au revoir*." I caught a glimpse of the disappearing figure wrapped in its exquisite silks and furs, the queenly poise of the head, and the fresh face with its radiant smile lighting it with the light of genuine good. Then the crowd before the theatre hurried me along.



THE FIRST CHRISTIAN NUN.

BY NINA DE GARMO SPALDING.



HE sun was shining softly in the atrium of a Pompeian house, and lingered in the red-gold, waving hair of a young girl who was kneeling by the marble impluvium watching the gold-fish that flashed to the surface in that same sunlight. The sound of a cithara was heard from one of the rooms opening onto the court. She was listening and thinking.

She had just come home from a drive along the shores of the bay. The sun had glittered on the blue water and touched the hills with gold. She had been very happy. It was the fashionable hour for driving; all the gay youths in their gilded chariots had been returning from the baths. There were many greetings on the way, and it was of one of these youths that Plotina was now thinking and wondering if the young Valerian's heart had really been given to the stately Julia. She thought that he looked like a god as he dashed furiously past her in his graceful bronze chariot, with the silver bells jingling. He had been leaning forward, watching intently his spirited horses as their delicate hoofs hardly seemed to touch the earth; he had not seen her.

She rippled the clear water with her fingers and watched the startled fish dart to the other side of the basin. She heard a step on the mosaics, and thought it was the atriensis whose duty it was to care for this open hall. A deep, musical voice said: "I sought your father, fair Plotina, but I find a beautiful substitute." She rose and turned and saw Valerian, who was standing behind her, as perfect in face and form as a young god, it seemed in answer to her thought. On her fair skin, under which was a network of almost imperceptible blue veins giving to it a startling whiteness, sometimes the accompaniment of that red-gold hair, crept a rosy flush. She looked very beautiful to the impetuous young Roman as she stood there in the soft light. The long folds of her peplus, fastened on the

shoulder with an emerald buckle, and hanging loosely to the mosaic floor, revealed the firm, white throat and arms. The water was dripping from her small, pointed fingers. She raised her blue eyes, which told of her Greek origin.

"Yes, we are alike, my father and I, although I tell him that it is only the color of our hair that is the same." And she smiled with a gleam of mischief that made her still more charming because more human.

"When I left Pompeii Plotina was still a child, and I return to find her a young woman to fill the Roman beauties with envy." His openly expressed admiration brought a light cloud over her face, for, as he said, the motherless child had suddenly grown into a young woman of great beauty, to all of which the father, absorbed in his music, had been blind; so she had not been satiated with the praise which the young gallants showered upon the Roman women.

A few crystal drops still clung to her fingers. She clapped her hands, and one of the drops leaped through the air and lighted on the gold-embroidered sleeve of his tunic. He looked at it gravely while she told the slave to summon her father to the tablinum, where Valerian would await him.

"You have baptized me, fair priestess, with the mystical rite of the fanatic Nazarenes, and my soul is thine as truly as they pledge their lives to the impostor, Christus."

She looked up at him with startled eyes and started to speak, but checked herself and walked around the impluvium towards the tablinum.

"By Hercules!" he said to himself as he followed her, "her soul is as gentle as a dove's, and she must be wooed in a manner far softer than the eagle-hearted Romans." And so thinking, he spoke to her impersonally of a new song that he had brought to her father, in which he himself was much interested.

They walked slowly side by side, and through the tablinum they could see the red pillars of the peristyle with its tall vases of rare flowers, and beyond that, through a mosaic triclinium, the rich green of the garden made the bright mosaics still brighter and the gleaming marbles whiter. Opposite the entrance on some rocks reclined a marble maiden, and from the urn in her hands gushed forth a stream of clear water which trickled down the sides of the rocks with a musical sound. The cithara was still tinkling in the distance, and the warm southern air, trembling with sweet sounds, filled the soul

of the young Roman, so susceptible to pleasing impressions, with happiness.

The music ceased, and when the old Flavius joined them Plotina withdrew into the garden, where they could hear her happy voice as she talked with her maidens or sang a bit of song.

Flavius saw the eyes of the younger man follow her graceful steps through the peristyle and into the garden, where she was lost to view. He sighed and said: "She is a good daughter, Valerian; but I fear that she is no longer a child."

He looked his surprise, however, when the young man answered: "You would hardly take her for a child with that beautiful, womanly head and stately carriage."

Flavius passed his hand over his forehead and sighed again. "I had not realized it. I am afraid that I keep her too much with me, and she has few pleasures such as young people enjoy." And Valerian vowed to himself by Hercules, his favorite god, that before many moons had risen and set he would bring some of those same pleasures before that fair shrine.

As a means to that end he talked with the old enthusiast about the music of Rome as compared to that of Greece, and brought forward the new song, which really had been his object in coming. He talked so eloquently and so well that when he rose to go the half had not been said by Flavius, and he eagerly cried, putting his hand on the young man's shoulder: "Come to me again, Valerian, and, by Minerva, I'll convince you yet that the world has never heard the equal of the Odes of Horace. Come and dine with us to-morrow. There will be no other guests."

He had dined with Flavius that night and many other nights, and there had been many moonlight excursions on the bay and the Sarnus. For young Valerian, the wealthy son of a wealthier Roman father, who preferred the soft southern air to that of Rome, had yet to learn that anything could oppose his will. He was the product of the times, and with the example of a profligate court before him he gratified his every desire.

There was something about this young Greek girl, some subtle power, which held him, yet repelled him. His thoughts were all of her, and his gay young friends found him a poor companion. He would feel a great love in his heart, and with

the love-light in his eyes he would seek her only to find the burning words grow cold on his lips. He could not explain this nor, in the days that followed, what it was that drew him again and again to her side, if it was not a love that he could tell.

One evening they were sitting in the garden. Flavius had been called into the atrium by some clients. The water rushed down from the urn over the rocks and the air was full of the odor of flowers. She had grown more lovely than ever, in the young Roman's eyes. He was lying on the soft grass at her feet, as she sat on a low marble seat with her hands lightly clasped in her lap. He lifted his head, which was resting on his hand, and looked at her so intently that her eyes drooped.

"Plotina," he said softly.

"Yes."

"Look at me." For an instant their eyes met. There was a whole world of sweetness in the gaze of the blue that was caught and melted into the glad light from the brown. He sat up and leaned forward until his face almost touched her clasped hands.

"Plotina," he said again. She did not answer. He looked up into her face, but she closed her eyes so that they should not speak the love that filled them. He bent his head and pressed his lips to her hand. Again he looked up, and now her eyes were open wide.

"Plotina, beloved, I love thee." He almost whispered, and taking one of the small hands in each of his he placed them against his face. He felt them tremble, and he could hear her quickened breath above the sound of falling water. She leaned over closer and closer until her lips touched his hair. It thrilled his sensitive being through and through. He pressed the little hands closer and murmured again :

"I love thee, Plotina."

"And I thee, Valerian," she whispered. He rose to his feet, still holding her hands in his, and drew her up from the carven seat, close to him. He put a hand lightly on either shoulder, and looking down into the beautiful eyes he said :

"O my Plotina! I love thee more than life itself; it is thou who hast taught me what truly is love. Thou hast been to me a goddess to be worshipped. At thy shrine, fair one, I have long poured out the offerings of my heart. I have come to thee many times, beloved, to confess my love, but ever there

has been some mysterious force which held thee from me and stopped my words; but now thou art mine, mine!"

A tear of happiness, which could not find expression in words, hung on her long brown lashes and brushed against his face. He spoke lightly:

"See, beloved, thou hast baptized me again." She drew away from him, and sitting down on a low seat made room for him beside her.

"Dost thou believe in the gods, Valerian?"

"As my life, and my love for thee," he replied wonderingly.

"Dost thou remember what thou saidst to my father about the Arena?"

"That I would like to see every one of the new sect of the Nazarenes thrown to the beasts and killed as mercilessly as they crucified the mad Carpenter. Is that what thou speakest of, Plotina?" She shrank from the arm that would encircle her.

"Wouldst thou see me the prey of wild beasts?" He started and the color left his lips. He was impulsive and sensitive, and whatever he did or believed he did and believed with his whole soul. He said slowly and with horror:

"Art thou a Christian?"

"As I live and love thee, Valerian."

He bowed his head in his hands and sat with his eyes fixed on the mosaic floor. Slowly he lifted his head and looked at her.

But his great love was stronger than his horror, his determined lips relaxed and, drawing her to him, he said:

"Plotina, I love thee more than all else in the world; more than my religion, more even than the gods."

When Flavius came back to them his surprise was no greater than his pleasure, for he had already loved Valerian as a son.

The days passed in happiness for the gentle Plotina and her lover. The happiness was not unmingled with sadness, however, for the young girl had embraced with her whole soul the doctrine of the new religion. Living as she had without young companionship, when her old Roman nurse first had hinted at the faith which kept her from sacrificing to the gods and made her always tender and happy, she had listened eagerly, and gradually the light of Christianity was shed over the pagan maiden's life.

It was a great sorrow to her that *her* God was not Valerian's god, and many times since they were betrothed she had tried gently to win him to her faith; but the young Roman, deeply as he loved her, was intolerant of her belief, and he hoped that she would of her own free will come back to the religion of her fathers.

He awoke one morning with a feeling of great foreboding.

"By Pollux!" he exclaimed, "Justinian's dinner ran too richly with wines last night. I will go to my Plotina, and in her beauty and grace forget myself and my ills." The pall which smothered Vesuvius seemed strangely ominous and weighed upon his spirits.

He found her where he first began to love her, and where the image of Julia died in his heart. She knelt by the side of the marble basin throwing some food to the fishes. This time she knew his step and rose smiling.

"I was thinking of thee, Valerian."

"Ah, when do I cease to think of thee, Plotina!" he exclaimed, bending to kiss her warm little hand. "I was sad and I came to thee, and already I feel that sadness leaving me; for who can feel sorrow with thee, beloved?" And he looked at her fondly.

"What tasks occupy thee, Plotina, when thy Valerian is not with thee?" he said, drawing her down beside him on the seat, all inlaid with pearl and covered with soft cushions.

"I think of thee, Valerian, and I pray often that thy heart may be inclined to the true faith; that the love of that same Christ who died for us, for thee, Valerian, may fill thy heart."

"Thou knowest not what thou askest. I love thee and I love the gods, and only they have the power to save; but if thou wilt believe in an unknown God, my love is so great, as great as life itself, that even this cannot bring a shadow between us, and in my house shall be placed an altar to thy God." So engrossed were they, they had not noticed a suddenly increasing darkness. He was interrupted by a slave with a frightened face, who rushed into the chamber shouting:

"Fly! Save yourselves! Pluto is raining fire and stones upon the city!"

Springing up and drawing aside the curtains, Valerian saw that the slave was right. Fine ashes and stones were coming down in the peristyle like rain. Together the lovers ran to the entrance. Frightened slaves with cries and groans were

rushing past them out into the street, where all was confusion—slaves calling upon each other and the gods for help. Terrified horses, becoming unruly, dashed past and flattened the people against the shaking walls. Shrieks of fright from children, loud cries from men and women, mingling with the snorts of terror from the animals, filled the air. Great stones were falling from no one knew where, walls were suddenly crashing inward and the cries became groans of pain.

Plotina took the cross from about her neck with trembling finger and murmured, "O Christ! save us; save Thy people by Thy holy cross and suffering." As though in answer to her prayer old Domitilla, her nurse, cried out to her above the terrible sounds:

"The bay, the bay! The fire comes from the mountain; let us fly to the bay."

"Christ, I thank thee!" Plotina said before she ran through the deserted house, calling for her father.

Together the four made their way through the confusion of the streets, passing the shops so gay but an hour before. It grew darker. Before the temple of Juno, into whose doors poured a stream of believers imploring the protection of the goddess, stood an old man, one of the sect of the Nazarenes, crying in a loud voice:

"The wrath of God, the Father of Christ, is fallen upon an unbelieving city. O ye idolaters! your marble goddess cannot save ye." He stood in their path with threatening arms uplifted, the light of a fanatic burning in his eyes.

"Give way, old blasphemer!" cried Valerian. "Give way, I say; Juno will save her people."

"Woe to thee, young man! Repent ere it is too late. Leave thy false images and turn to the true God." In his Christian zeal he would not let them pass, and this and his words fired the young Roman's blood with a sudden antagonism.

"Listen, oh listen, Valerian!" pleaded Plotina, desperately.

"Come," he cried, almost roughly forcing her toward the temple; "Juno will protect us." And, followed by the others, he made his way through the throng.

"O Valerian! Father!" implored Plotina, when she could make them hear her voice above the din about them. "Come to the bay, away from the mountain. Come with me to safety."

But already Flavius was prostrating himself before the altar

in an agony of supplication; Valerian, encircling her with his arm and drawing her to him, said gently, "Wilt thou not pray to Juno now, Plotina?" And so standing there in the midst of idolaters he repeated with them their entreaties to their deity, while the prayer of this Christian maiden rose from the degradation about her as purely and truly as the thin flame rises from a rubbish heap high up into the clear air.

A sudden hush fell upon these terrified people as a white-robed priest of Juno appeared before them. Valerian, with those about him, fell on his face before his sacred person. Even Domitilla, with a servant's humility, bowed low before him—in respect, perhaps, to his white hairs. It was like the sound of reeds blown by a sudden wind. The stricken people were prostrated; only one remained standing upright, with hands clasped before her and her rapt, beautiful face upturned and glorified with a look of perfect trust.

Slowly the priest raised his arm and, pointing to Plotina, took one step towards the unconscious maiden. With a cry Domitilla sprang to her side.

At the sound of crashing walls it was as though a whirlwind had caught the reeds and tossed them wildly about, breaking themselves upon one another, standing upright only to be hurled back again. The one moment of awe and calm had passed, and again the din of terrified men and women filled the air and all was confusion.

When Valerian struggled to his feet Plotina was no longer by his side.

Domitilla had gathered her up in her arms, and with one hand over Plotina's mouth, silencing her cries, she muttered to herself: "If they think that marble woman is going to keep these walls from falling on their heads they can stay here until she crushes them; but Domitilla prefers a surer safety, and is going to save her child."

With a superhuman effort she made her way to the shore with her now unconscious burden.

When Plotina's eyes opened again she was floating on the troubled waters far from under the dark and awful cloud.

The red glare from that mountain of death lighted the bay with its many small boats filled with fugitives like herself. She was alone save for her nurse. The falling walls of the temple, with the molten lava, had buried the two hundred worshippers for centuries from this world.

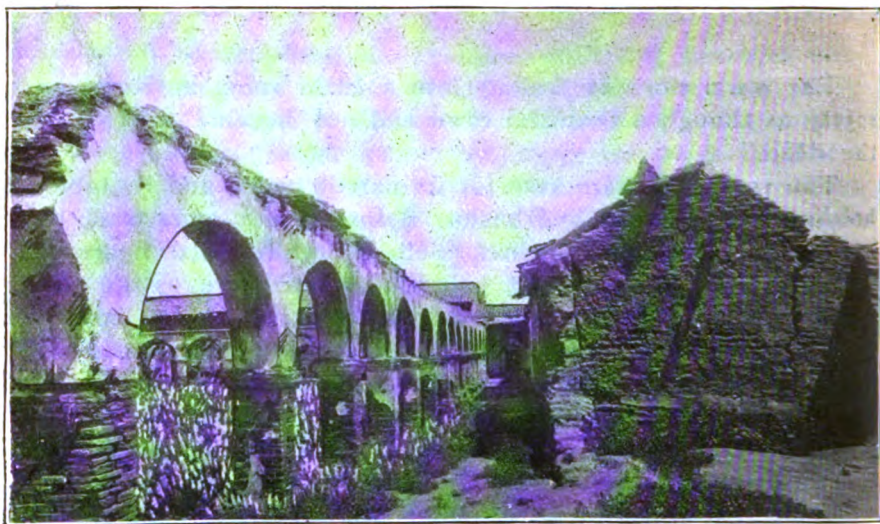
The warm sun was shining into a little room in Rome as softly as though a beautiful town had not become a "city of the dead."

The room was bare save for its narrow couch and its table, holding a silver ewer and basin. Before a rude cross made of twigs tied together with fibres knelt the white-robed figure of a young girl, her long, soft hair, almost as white as the garment she wore, waving over its loose folds; her eyes looking up with hope and with a deep happiness that pierced sorrow, a happiness not of this world but as one who sees a vision above and beyond it. She prayed.

"Day and night I will pray unto Thee, O Christ, Son of God. Thou divine man, who with us did suffer and for us was crucified that we, with Thee, might live not for this life alone, but for the eternal happiness of the hereafter, grant to me, O God, the souls of my beloved and my father; grant to me life on this earth that I may pray continually unto Thee, that for ever we may dwell with Thee in happiness, until Thou hast pardoned their souls the blindness which kept them from Thee in this life, and gather them to Thy loving bosom. Then, my task on earth being finished, let me too die and come to Thee—and to them."

She rose to her feet and, walking to the window, looked out across the Campagna, toward the southland where her home and love lay buried. The western light, streaming across the white house-tops of Rome, caught her window, lighting and glorifying the wistful face of the first Christian Nun.





THE GRAND GRAY RUIN AFTER THE DEVASTATION OF EARTHQUAKE AND TIME.

THE PRESERVATION OF THE MISSIONS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

BY E. H. ENDERLEIN.

THE California Missions, twenty-one in number, lie along the famous and romantic old trail, *El Camino Real*—The King's Highway—which was established by Carlos III. and his successors, Carlos IV. and Fernando VII., when California was part of Spain. *El Camino Real* was the recognized highway of official travel which, entering San Diego on the south, led to the Missions, which were located about a day's journey apart and formed a cordon in California, a continuation of the cordon in Lower California, and ended on the north at San Francisco.

Along the cordon of the King's Highway lay the civilization of a life purely Spanish. Upon this trail rode the couriers of the three kings, bearing the royal *rubrica*. Upon it, in zerape and sombrero, rode the Spanish don, his carved leather saddle inlaid with silver by the Indian armorers of Santa Inez. Upon it also travelled the Franciscan friars in the brown habit of their order, girded about the waist with a knotted cord. These Franciscan fathers were the founders of the Missions. Full of absolute self-abnegation, they were loved by the people,

for they were spiritual democrats. Possessing nothing they could call their own, they were free to pray, to help, to comfort, with no distinctions of place or person.

The story of the founding of the Missions is full of romance. The greatest activity of this early colonization was contemporaneous with the American Revolution, and the two movements, so widely apart in distance and character, have found close re-



MONUMENT TO FATHER JUNIPERO SERRA AT MONTEREY.

lationship as the long procession of years has united the interests of the Atlantic and Pacific coasts.

The Mission buildings to-day are among the few monuments of antiquity upon this continent. Rich in romantic association, picturesque and beautiful, they have stood for a century of time, the tangible remains of the works of the Spanish padres, who had severed their connections with civilization and pene-

trated into new and untried regions to make converts to their faith. So long ago as 1767 the Missions in Lower California were given to the Franciscans of the College of San Fernando in Mexico, and there was appointed to take charge of the work a little band of twelve friars under the leadership of Father Junipero Serra. It was the desire of the government

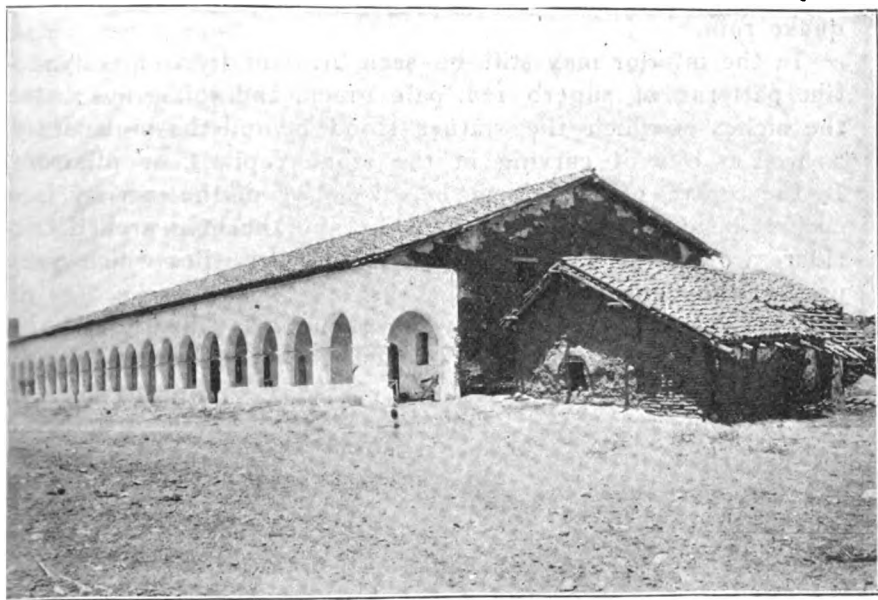
at the time to colonize Upper California, and almost before the friars had commenced their work there came an order from the king to send a colony to the harbor of Monterey or to San Diego, and arrangements were at



once made for the expedition, with Father Serra in charge. This priest was one of the most remarkable men of whom the history of the church gives any account. Full of learning and zeal, with wonderful administrative ability, Father Junipero became the spiritual and temporal leader, the first in rank of apostolic missionaries. The unselfishness of his life was absolute. He was filled with fervor and insatiable passion. At Santa Barbara, among the treasures of the Franciscan College, is an old daguerreotype which was taken from a portrait of a century ago, a beautiful likeness of the face of this eighteenth century spiritual enthusiast, the foremost and grandest figure in Mission history.

Nine of the Missions were founded by Father Junipero. All were built, under the direction of the padres, by the Indian converts. The method of founding each was the same in all cases. A cross was planted upon the spot to be consecrated a booth built of the spreading boughs of the trees, and then with the sprinkling of holy water the spot was christened with the name of a saint. Mass was celebrated, the Indians being





WITHIN THE WALLS OF SAN FERNANDO THE TREATY OF PEACE WAS SIGNED
WHICH YIELDED CALIFORNIA TO THE UNITED STATES.

summoned by the clangor of the bells which were swung above the rude altar. Two friars were appointed to take charge of the holy spot, to win converts, to baptize and teach and bring into the fold all the Indians in the vicinity, and later the Missions themselves were erected.

The first Mission founded was at San Diego in 1769, where, upon July 16, Father Serra and his band chanted the grand hymn of "Veni Creator" and laid the corner-stone of civilization in California. Only a pile of crumbling ruins, a few olive-trees and waving palms, are left to-day to show where this sainted friar commenced his heroic labors.

San Juan Capistrano, founded also by Father Serra in 1776, has been a pile of ruins since the year of the great tremor, 1812. This edifice, stately in its desolation, splendid even in ruins, was built of stone in the form of a Latin cross. Its walls were five feet thick, its dome eighty feet high, and in its belfry with four arches hung the consecrated bells. With its round tower and Roman arches, and its long, covered corridors, it was by far the most imposing in its architecture of all erected by the Franciscan fathers. It was almost exactly like

that of San Francisco Antigua, in Guatemala—also an earthquake ruin.

In the interior may still be seen brilliant frescoing, Byzantine patterns of superb red, pale green, and soft grays; also the niches in which the statues stood behind the high altars, as well as bits of carving in the stone capitals, or pilasters. In the centre of the dome-shaped ceiling of the sacristy is a curious head of Indian workmanship, and the long, arched corridors are still paved with the large, square tiles which were used in the century past.

This grand gray ruin may be seen to-day by the tourist who speeds in the palace car past the little hamlet of San



Juan. If he visits the spot he may wander through room after room, court after court, through the long corridors with their broad Roman arches, over fallen pillars and through many carved doorways, and he cannot but shudder as he thinks of the great earthquake which destroyed this stately edifice, and which under its

crumbling walls buried thirty-three kneeling worshippers, who upon that day were celebrating the feast of the Immaculate Conception. Since that time the orchards of olives, the stately palms, the flowing fountains, the aqueducts, the cisterns, the zanjias have all disappeared. The stone carvings are defaced, the confessionals worm-eaten, and in the quadrangle the summer suns and winter rains have covered with vegetation the many untrodden thresholds. In the superb arches still hang the bells, full of legend and story; the bells that have rung for war, for peace, that have seen the rise and fall of Mission life, and now hang silently in the ruins. Besides the bells but little else has been sacred to time or its spoilers, yet the ruin

has a grandeur and beauty most appealing, and is often called the "Melrose Abbey of the West."

The Mission of San Fernando Rey was founded in 1797 in honor of Ferdinand V., King of Aragon. It is one of the

Missions built after the death of Father Serra, and "became so prosperous that it was the belief that his soul passed directly into heaven, and that this great wave of concession was the result of his prayers."

The Mission is twenty-one miles from Los Angeles. Until 1820 San Fernando was in a flourishing condition, but it is now almost in ruins. Around this venerable pile lie mounds of debris, but it is quite easy to trace the original scope of the buildings. The old church, the protecting walls and ranges of cells, the pillared walks, the beautiful arched corridors, the famous fountain, and high-walled olive groves and gardens, are all easily located, while the old palms rise high where they have waved their rustling leaves for a century of time. Near by is the monastery, which is 240 feet long by 60 feet wide. The old cloisters, the red tiled roof, the quaint window-grill, and the great chimney form details of a whole which is indeed an architectural treasure. The out-buildings, now gone, once measured a linear mile, and were grouped in patios. Here are still traces of the aqueducts, cisterns, and the store-house, which

at one time, it was said, held \$100,000 worth of produce within its walls. Even a larger sum than this must have been represented by the great extent of buildings. Many of the beautiful altar ornaments are kept



in the chapel, which is well preserved: quaint silver censers, carved wooden figures of the saints, and fine old paintings, all of which came from Spain and are beautiful in design and workmanship. The historic value of this Mission is augmented by the fact of its occupation by General John C. Fremont, who signed within its walls the armistice which established peace between the United States and California at the close of the Mexican War.

The Mission of San Luis Rey is in the Santa Margarita Valley, forty miles from San Diego. It is located upon a small hill, thus becoming a dominant feature of the landscape for many miles around. This Mission was founded in 1798, and is the one Mission which remained prosperous long after secularization. The church, with its tower, open belfry, and long rows of arches, is still very beautiful and well preserved. It has not materially altered since the days of the early Franciscans. Here is the grave of Father Zalvidera, even yet cared for, and strewn at times with fresh flowers. The court-yard still contains its fountain, though the long corridors and arches have fallen and are in various stages of dilapidation. The church proper, however, is in serviceable condition. In 1893 it was made a Franciscan college for preparing boys for the priesthood. Upon May 12 of that year three boys from Mexico were invested with the habits of the order as postulants. At this interesting service there was a great concourse of people, tourists, Mexicans, Indians, besides church dignitaries, including the Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles, the Vicar-General, the Commissioner-General of the Franciscan Order of Mexico, with three fathers from the College of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe in Zacatecas, who brought with them the novices. The services were of the deepest interest. Father O'Keefe, of Santa Barbara, visits this point regularly, and four padres are permanently stationed here.

Pala, an *assistencia* of San Luis Rey, founded in 1816, is a chapel twenty-four miles from Oceanside. While the buildings, which formed a square enclosure of about two hundred and fifty feet, are in ruins, yet the quaint bell-tower, which stands some distance from the Mission buildings, is perfect. It has two stories besides the foundation, and each contains a bell, the bells hanging from arches. A short flight of steps built in the foundation leads up to the lower bell. Around this quaint landmark is a lonely cemetery, and simple black and white crosses mark the spot where lie those who once mur-



MISS TESSA KELSO, ONE OF THE FIRST WORKERS IN THE PRESERVATION OF
THE MISSIONS.

mured a Pater Noster within the walls of the crumbling structure. Mass is celebrated in the chapel every other Sunday, by a priest from San Luis Rey.

The Missions of San Fernando and San Juan Capistrano, being located near Los Angeles, have long been objects of great interest to its citizens, who at different times and seasons made pilgrimages to these historic spots. They looked with dismay upon the disintegration of the noble structures, keenly alive to the fact that they were monuments of energy, of courage, of religious fervor, and of an advancing civilization that should not perish. It was lamented that the hungry

tooth of decay had so long been permitted to gnaw upon them undisturbed and unhindered, and it was felt that the people of to day owed to the past, to the brave, heroic conquering force of the old padres, that the structures be preserved.

In 1892 this sentiment crystallized into an organization known as the "Association for the Preservation of the Missions." The chief worker in this organization was Miss Tessa Kelso, then the Los Angeles City Librarian. She had able coadjutors in the Very Rev. Father Adam, rector of the Cathedral of St. Vibiana, V. M., Los Angeles, and vicar-general; also Don Antonio and Señora Mariana Coronel, all of whom have been intimately and prominently associated with the annals of California. Mrs. Mary E. Stilson was elected secretary, and more than one hundred names were recorded by her on the membership rolls of the new organization. Although plans were formulated and some considerable money was raised, yet no definite work was accomplished. Excursions were made to San Luis Rey and San Juan Capistrano, and plans outlined for their restoration, Miss Kelso being chairman of the acting board and most enthusiastic in her efforts to advance the work, which, however, moved slowly. In 1895 Miss Kelso resigned her position as librarian in Los Angeles, accepting an offer from Scribner's Sons in New York. Don Coronel passed away, and others who were most interested in the association were scattered. Thus, for a time, the work for the preservation of the Missions languished.

In 1896 a new impetus was given to the work, and an organization was effected and incorporated under the name of The Landmarks Club, with Charles F. Lummis at the head. The articles of incorporation stated that it was "for the systematic and permanent preservation from vandalism and decay of the historic remains, monuments, and landmarks of Southern California, chief of these being the seven venerable Missions and their dependent chapels, from Santa Barbara on the north to San Diego on the South." The province of the club was to "raise and apply funds with every safeguard of business, legal, and artistic care." The club was most happy in securing for its head Mr. Lummis, who is a well-known author and authority upon Spanish civilization. With Mr. Lummis' intimate knowledge of the Indians and the Spanish people, and his closeness of sympathy with the work of the preservation of the Missions, he has proved a most able head, and he has had the effect of bringing in touch with the club people from



CHARLES F. LUMMIS, HEAD OF THE LANDMARKS CLUB.

all parts of the United States. Through his magazine, *The Land of Sunshine*, Mr. Lummis has presented most vividly the value of these beautiful old structures of a past century, lying along the cordon of the King's Highway, with all their tragic and romantic history, and their struggle between the years of barbarism and civilization.

Mrs. Stilson was elected secretary of the new club, being

fairly in touch with the work of the other organization, and the funds which had been raised by that society were turned over by Miss Kelso to The Landmarks Club. The requisite for club membership was simply the payment of the annual dues of one dollar. There were no outside expenses of any kind, so that all the money collected went at once into the treasury to be applied upon the work of the restoration of the Mission buildings. Father Adam was also greatly interested in The Landmarks Club, and, through his influence and that of Bishop Mora and others, leases were secured for a term of years upon the Missions of San Juan Capistrano and San Fernando, with the preference to the club as purchaser should the property ever be sold. Each movement made was practical, each step was taken with "the concurrent judgment of the historical student, the architect, the lawyer, the business man,"



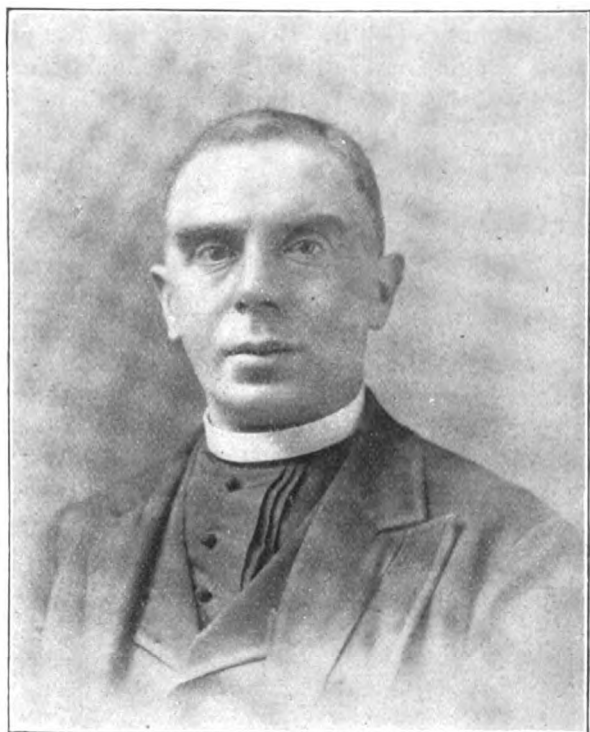
MRS. MARY E. STILSON, SECRETARY OF THE
LANDMARKS CLUB.

and thus the work of The Landmarks Club was commenced. People from all parts of the Union have sent the one dollar annual dues, thus becoming members of the club, and the membership rolls record names of many distinguished men and women, as well as associations and societies, in practical sympathy with this work.

San Juan Capistrano was considered in many ways the most important of the landmarks, and therefore the initial work of the club was at this Mission, it being directly under the supervision of Judge Richard Egan, of Capistrano, whose personal efforts have been most valuable to the club. Rev. Father O'Keefe, of Santa Barbara, has also been in close sympathy with the movement from its incipency. Generous was the response when the work of the club became fairly known. Railway officials contributed transportation, lumber merchants gave material, artists, engravers, notaries, journalists freely added their services. Society inaugurated a series of entertainments, the tourist and the stranger assisted, and many Eastern publications helped in the good work.

At San Juan Capistrano the simple and most pressing needs were studied. The fallen roofs on various portions of the buildings were replaced with roofs of Oregon pine covered with tiles, so that the general appearance is just as in the old days when the Mission was the centre of California life. The

breaches were repaired with solid masonry, new door and window frames put in, and the stone vault secured with iron tie-rods. Scrupulous care was taken to preserve always the original character of the building. Colonnades and room walls were tied with bolts from side to side, and the stone pillars restored to their original beauty, which before were a



FATHER ADAM GAVE EVERY ASSISTANCE TO THE LANDMARKS CLUB.

menace to the two noble domes, which were all that remained of the great stone church. To-day the chief buildings, which cover several acres of ground, are saved. They have substantial roofs, their walls are sound, and they are ready to face another hundred years of time.

The next point of attack made by The Landmarks Club was at San Fernando. Upon September 9, 1897, the anniversary of "Admission Day" in California, The Landmarks Club commemorated the centennial of the founding of the Mission by an excursion to this spot. Hundreds of people went upon this excursion, and the day marked a new impetus in the club work, as the impression of the historic value of the pile was greatly augmented by visiting the ruins. Speeches were made touching the history of the building and its founding by Fray Fermin Francisca de Lasuen, father president of the Missions of California, and its dedication to San Fernando, King of Spain, more than one hundred years ago. Upon this day the great cloisters were most beautiful in the brilliant sunshine

and through the venerable arches the distant purple peaks and the patches of blue sky were full of picturesque beauty. Many people lingered in the old chapel, admiring the brilliant frescoing, the quaint altar ornaments and the pictures of the saints; others wandered through the old olive orchard, or traced the outline of aqueducts and vaults and cisterns in the quadrangle.

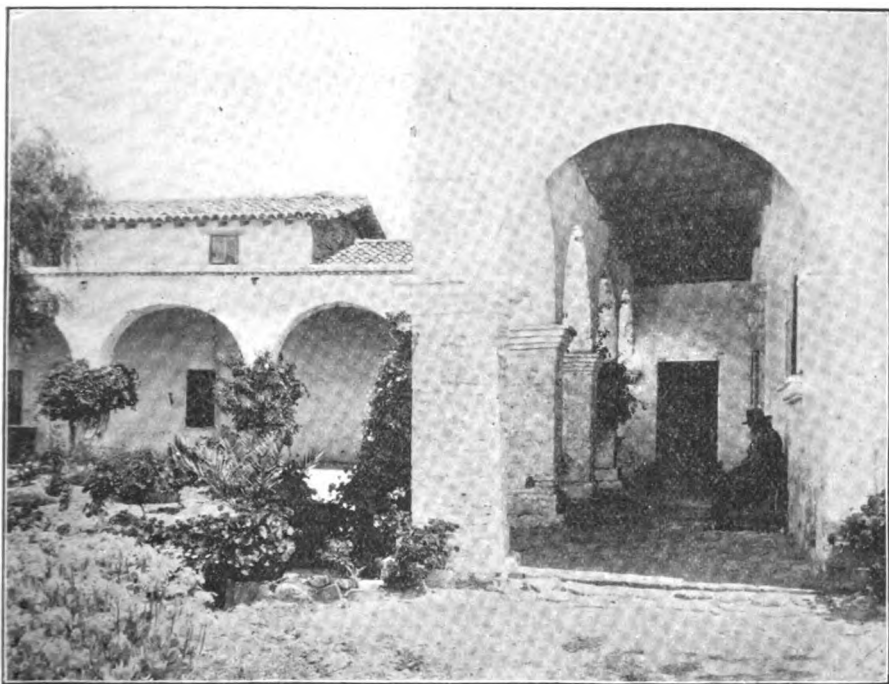
Valuable work has been done at San Fernando since that day. The main buildings have all been repaired, and the disintegrating work of summer heats and winter rains has been stayed. While of course the minor buildings cannot all be preserved, yet many have come in for a share of attention.

Some work has also been done by the club at San Diego de Alcalá, where rests the martyr, Father Jaume, in whose blood California was baptized in 1775. But this Mission is too much of a ruin to do more than protect the main roof and certain portions of the walls from crumbling further.



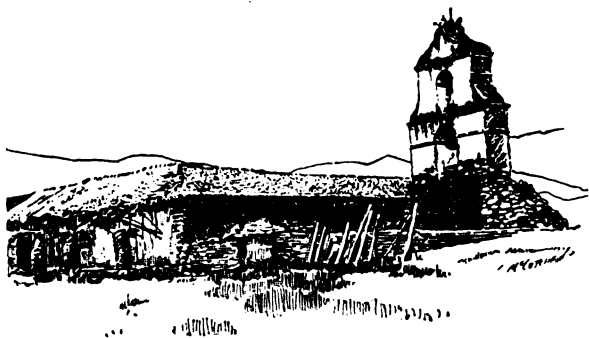
MANY PEOPLE LINGERED IN THE OLD CHAPEL.

The work of The Landmarks Club has been of the greatest value from an archæological and historical stand-point. From its incipency it has had the cordial co-operation of the Catholic fathers. Two years ago Father Adam's failing health made a change of climate necessary, and he is now in Barcelona, his native city. In his going The Landmarks Club lost a



valuable worker. With time the membership rolls of the club are gaining new names. The work is moving on for the protection of these venerable piles, which represent, on the Pacific coast, an energy as forceful and a courage as true as that manifested by the Puritan Fathers upon the bleak and inhospitable shores of New England. Their restoration and preservation is a labor of love with the people, who are advancing its progress with zeal and devotion.

Los Angeles.



THE MAKING OF THE WEDDING GARB.

When I was weeping,
In my pain I said :
“ I weary of my life—would I were dead,
In silence sleeping,
Where troubles are no more, nor cares, nor tears,
Nor visionary hopes, nor fears
Like dark night-shadows all around us creeping,—
Would I were dead ! ”

Were death but sleep,
Small harm to wish into the grave to creep,
And no more weep ;
But were death life,
Far truer life than that men live on earth :
Were death but birth
To life where cares, and tears, and toil, and strife
No longer are,
But which the Just alone
With other Just may share,—
Could I still dare,
Whose days so little justice yet have shown,
To seek an entrance through death's golden gate ?

Nay ! Rather for long season let me wait,
And with the embroidery of love and prayer,
And holy deeds, and suffering, prepare
The wedding garment for the wedding feast,
That I be not the lowest or the least
In that great throng.
Nor 'shamed the Royal Bridegroom's guests to greet
Whose voices sweet
Catch up the angelic song
And Holy, Holy, Holy, without end repeat.

FRANK C. DEVAS, S.J.

Mount St. Mary's College, Chesterfield, England.

THE INDIANS SINCE THE REVOLUTION.

BY WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.



WHATEVER may be said of the injustice and cruelty which have too often marked the conduct of the whites as individuals in their dealings with the Indians since the Revolution, our government has tried to treat them considerably and justly. Hardly had peace been proclaimed in 1783 when Congress ordered the secretary of war to inform the different tribes on the frontier that the United States wished to make treaties of friendship with them. This we did when our frontier line ran only about three hundred miles west of the seaboard and with the massacre of Wyoming Valley very fresh in our memories.

The first formal treaty was made with the Delawares, a tribe which had formerly lived on the Delaware River. But the Dutch had bought so much of their land that they had been obliged to move inland in order to procure game, and at the time of which we speak there were no Delawares east of the Alleghanies. By the treaty lands were reserved to them along the Miami, in what is now Ohio. The treaty system thus inaugurated, with tribes as separate nations, continued for almost a century, resulting in 360 treaties and not a little confusion, so that Congress has finally decided no longer to deal with the Indians in this manner, but to view them all as wards of the nation.

In 1785 Congress passed an ordinance for the regulation of Indian affairs, by which ordinance two districts were created, a northern and a southern, each provided with a superintendent to act in conjunction with the authorities of the State; and all transactions between the superintendents and the Indians were to be "held, transacted, and done at the outposts occupied by the troops of the United States." The clause relating to "authorities of the States" was inserted to allay any jealousy in regard to States' rights.

By an act passed two years later the States were authorized to appoint Indian commissioners, and these commissioners

sometimes united with the federal superintendents in making treaties. And as the latter were under the orders of the War Department, this branch of the government, thus early in our history, found the red man placed in its charge. From 1798 to 1834 the Indian superintendents, and those who were to act as agents and traders, received their appointment from the President, although after 1818 they had to be confirmed by the Senate.

Government trade with the Indians, duly authorized by Congress, began in 1786. By this trade the Indians were to have their wants supplied without profit, furs being taken in exchange for the goods furnished them, and the official in charge of all the trading stations was appointed by the President and called the "Superintendent of Indian Trade," whose office was at Georgetown, D. C. It was he who named the agents who were to carry on the trade, and what the Indians required was bought in open market, the government furnishing the capital—about \$300 000. The furs taken in exchange for goods were sold by the superintendent of Indian trade, and the proceeds went into the treasury. In 1821 there were trading stations at Prairie du Chien and seven other points on the frontier. But they were occasionally changed from one spot to another to suit the Indians' convenience.

The root idea of this government trading system was to protect the red men against unjust traders. It served a good purpose, and the profit was wholly on the side of the Indians. But in 1822 it was abolished, the American Fur Company and the Missouri Fur Company—wealthy and responsible private organizations—taking its place. In 1832 the office of Commissioner of Indian Affairs and the Bureau of Indian Affairs were created by Congress. This bureau was attached to the War Department. But it was thought to be too expensive and irresponsible, and in 1834 an act was passed "to provide for the organization of the Department of Indian Affairs." This department divided the Indian country into three districts, each in charge of an officer of the army. This division and control of the Indian country lasted until 1849, when the Indian Bureau in the War Department was transferred to the Department of the Interior, which had just been created; and it now remains in this department, with a commissioner under the general charge of the Secretary of the Interior.

This may be an improvement on the past, yet it must be allowed that the management of the Indians by the War

Department for well-nigh three-quarters of a century was deserving of high praise.

Having given this brief account of the relations between the government and the red men since the Revolution, it may be interesting to see what the church has done for them in the same period.

John Gilmary Shea, the historian, has graphically described the labors and sufferings of Catholic missionaries among the Indians in Colonial times; and it is a tale more full of romantic interest than any novel. We are not surprised to learn that for many years after the missions had been destroyed the Black-Gowns were fondly remembered by some of the poor red men. They believed that the black-gowns would one day return, and here and there in Indian burial grounds were seen little wooden crosses.

The last of the old band of Jesuit missionaries in the West was Father Peter Potier. We find him at St. Joseph's in 1751, and he often preached in the Illinois country. He died at Detroit in 1781.

At the close of our War of Independence Father Flaget, afterwards Bishop of Louisville, was laboring among the Pottawatomies and Miamis. This mission had been founded a hundred years before by the Blessed Marquette, and although many of the Indians had relapsed into paganism, they had a tradition that black-gowns were powerful medicine men, and when Father Flaget appeared he was warmly welcomed and he baptized a great many.

At about the same time Father Rivet, who had been driven out of France by the Revolution, was preaching to other tribes in Indiana and Illinois, and once he crossed the Mississippi and preached to the Sioux.

But it was not until 1815, when Dubourg was made Bishop of New Orleans, that work among the Indian tribes was systematically renewed. This zealous prelate sent La Croix (at that time chaplain to the Ladies of the Sacred Heart at Florissant, near the junction of the Mississippi and Missouri) to found a mission among the Osages. In 1824 the Lazarists founded a mission at Prairie du Chien and a Lazarist father began to preach on the Arkansas River.

In the same year the Jesuits opened a school for Indian boys at Florissant; and it was now that Father Van Quickenborne, first superior of the Jesuits in the West, drew up, at

the suggestion of the government, a plan for the civilization of the Indians. Although it was never put in operation, it was well thought out, and had it been realized the fate of the red man might have been a happier one. The plan was as follows: "1st, Our little Indian Seminary (at Florissant) should continue to support the present number of boys from eight to twelve years of age, while the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, in our neighborhood, should bring up about as many girls of the same tribe. They should be taken young, from eight to twelve years of age, to habituate them more easily to the customs and industry of civil life, and impress more deeply on their hearts the principles of religion. 2d, After five or six years' education, it would be good that each youth should choose a wife among the pupils of the Sacred Heart before returning to his tribe. 3d, Within two or three years two missionaries should go to reside in that nation to gain their confidence and esteem, and gradually persuade a number to settle together on a tract to be set apart by government, agricultural implements and other necessary tools for the new establishment to be furnished. 4th, As soon as this new town was formed, some of the married couples from our establishments should be sent there with one of the said missionaries, who should be immediately replaced, so that two should always be left with the body of the tribe till it was gradually absorbed in the civilized colony. 5th, Our missionaries should then pass to another tribe, and proceed successively with each in the same manner as the first. 6th, As the number of missionaries and our resources increased, the civilization of two or more tribes might be undertaken at once."

In 1828 Father Van Quickenborne set out from St. Louis and made an extensive tour through what is now the Indian Territory. Tribes were already being sent thither by the government, and in almost every tribe he found one or more Catholics. In the course of his journey he fell in with two Flatheads, whom he baptized; and when they got back to their distant home, in Oregon, they spread a report that the black-gowns were coming. In 1834 Rev. F. N. Blanchet left Canada for Oregon. It was he who conceived the idea of the "Catholic ladder," which represented on paper the truths and mysteries of the Faith in chronological order, and which was admirably suited to the Indian mind. In 1836 Father Van Quickenborne, with Father Hoecken and two lay brothers, founded a mission among the Kickapoos, on the Missouri;

and in the same year Father De Smet began his long labors in the Rocky Mountains.

In 1841 Madame de Galitzin, provincial of the order of the Sacred Heart in America, opened a school among the Pottawatomies on Sugar Creek, one of the tributaries of the Osage River. In 1843 Father Blanchet was appointed vicar-apostolic of Oregon Territory. There were 6,000 Catholic Indians in the territory. He had under him 26 clergymen and 7 female religious. The total number of Indians in Oregon was estimated at 110,000.

In 1846 the Sisters of Loretto opened a school for Indian girls among the Osages, in what is to-day the Indian Territory.

In 1874 the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions was established. The principal work of the Bureau is the establishment of boarding and day schools among the Indian tribes and the procurement of funds for their maintenance. It was by decree of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore officially recognized. In 1894 the old committee of prelates was superseded by a corporation chartered by an Act of the Assembly of the State of Maryland.

There were in 1867, exclusive of Alaska, 306,475 Indians in the United States. In 1887 there were 247,761, exclusive of Alaska. These figures tell their own story. Forty years ago Father De Smet wrote: "The same lot that the Indians east of the Mississippi have experienced will, at no distant day, overtake those who dwell on the west of the same river." And more than forty years ago Black Hawk, in a celebrated speech, said: "Like serpents the pale faces have glided in among us; they have taken possession of our hearthstones. The opossum and the deer have disappeared at their approach. We are overwhelmed with misery. The very contact of the pale faces has poisoned us." This Indian, who was born on Rock River, Illinois, in 1767, belonged to the finest tribe, physically and morally, on the continent, viz., the Sacs and Foxes. In July, 1830, at Prairie du Chien, Keokuk, another leader of the same tribe, seeing the inevitable, made a treaty in which it was agreed to sell their hunting grounds to the government and move further west. Black Hawk held aloof from the council, loudly expressing his anger; and but for Keokuk he might have persuaded all the Sacs and Foxes to join him in making one last, desperate stand for their rights on the line of the Mississippi.

It was well for the whites that Keokuk's influence was greater than Black Hawk's. "Braves, I am your chief," said Keokuk. "It is my duty to rule you as a father at home, and to lead you to war if you are determined to go. But in this war there is no middle course. The United States is a great power, and unless we conquer that great nation, we must perish. I will lead you instantly against the pale faces on one condition; that is, that we shall first put all our women and children to death, and then resolve that, having crossed the Mississippi, we shall never return, but die among the graves of our forefathers rather than yield to the white man."

When Black Hawk, in the spring of 1832, began the war which is called by his name, he had only a third of the warriors with him. But the whole frontier was panic-stricken. General Scott hastened with regular troops to Fort Dearborn (Chicago), and Governor Reynolds, of Illinois, called for volunteers. The place of rendezvous was John Dixon's ferry, on Rock River, Illinois; and in camp at the ferry were several men who in after years became noted: viz., Lieutenant-Colonel Zachary Taylor, Lieutenant Robert Anderson, Lieutenant Jefferson Davis, and a volunteer named Abraham Lincoln.

On August 27, 1832, Black Hawk was defeated and taken prisoner at the battle of Badaxe. He was sent first to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, then to Fortress Monroe. But his spirit was unbroken, and when brought into the presence of President Jackson he exclaimed: "I am a man and you are another." When he was set free he returned to the West and made his home on the Des Moines River, Davis County, Iowa. Black Hawk never had but one wife, an unusual thing with an Indian, and she was devoted to him. He died in 1838. "His feet were to the east and his head to the west. He had no coffin; but was laid at full length on a board, with four fine blankets around him." Black Hawk's head was finely shaped; he had a Roman nose, and stood five feet eleven inches in his moccasins. But in spite of his widow's watchfulness his grave was desecrated. First the head was taken away, and on another winter's night the rest of the bones disappeared. But they were subsequently got together and placed in the rooms of the Burlington Geological and Historical Society, where they were consumed by fire in 1855. Keokuk's fate was different. He was rewarded by General Scott for having kept two-thirds of the Sacs and Foxes neutral during the Black

Hawk war, and he made several visits to Washington, where he was loaded with presents. He had seven wives, and was distinguished for an inordinate love of money. Mr. Catlin, who saw him in 1834 and 1838, was much impressed with the influence he wielded over his tribe. He died in 1848. Keokuk's portrait hangs in the gallery of the Smithsonian Institution, and his bust is in the Marble room of the United States Senate. The late General Dodge, of Iowa, said of him:

"I knew Keokuk very well. . . . It was a long-cherished idea of his to unite the Indian tribes in a great confederation, each band having a distinctively defined territory, and all to be kept at peace by arbitration of great councils. Two things stood in the way of this: the unsteadiness of the Indians themselves for such a method of life, and the desire of the whites for the lands east of the Missouri River." In October, 1833, by permission of the Secretary of the Interior, Keokuk's remains were brought from the reservation in Kansas to the city of Keokuk, Iowa, where they now lie under a beautiful monument in Rand Park, on a bluff overlooking the Mississippi. The monument can be seen from three States—Iowa, Illinois, and Missouri.

We believe the best account of the North American Indians is to be found in the Notes of George Catlin, written half a century ago, and included in "Smithsonian Report, 1885, Part II."

Living in a country where bison were numerous, the Indians generally made their lodges or wigwams of the skins of these animals. After being dressed, the skins were arranged in the form of a tent supported by twenty or thirty poles twenty-five feet high, with an opening at the top for the smoke to escape. When they wanted to move the village to another spot, it took the squaws but a few minutes to take down the wigwams; and they generally moved half a dozen times during the summer, following the wanderings of the bison. The skins of the lodges were sometimes dressed as white as linen and ornamented with porcupine quills and scalp-locks. On one side might be seen a rude painting of the Great or Good Spirit, on the other side a representation of the Evil Spirit.

When the chief had made up his mind to change the site of the village, he despatched his runners—of whom he always kept several in his employment—to give notice of his intention, about an hour before the time to move. When the time

came the poles of the chief's wigwam were taken down by his squaws, and the skins flapping in the wind was the signal for five or six hundred other wigwams to fall likewise. In two minutes they were all flat on the ground. Then the poles of every lodge were divided into two bunches, the smaller ends of each bunch being attached to the shoulders of a pony, while the butt ends dragged behind. The poles were kept together by a brace, and securely fastened to them was the household furniture. On top of the furniture sat the children and all the wives except one. This one straddled the horse, with a good pack on her own back, and sometimes she had a papoose at her breast. Behind the horse came the dogs of the family, each dog that was old enough, or not too cunning to hide himself, having also something to carry. And in this way, stretched out sometimes for miles, with the men riding in front and in the rear, the village crept over the prairie on the trail of the bison. When the children were very young the mothers carried them on their backs, often in pretty cradles. The infant was tied to a straight board, its feet resting on a hoop which formed the base of the cradle, and the cradle was held by a strap passing across the mother's forehead, while a little toy of some kind hung within easy reach. The child was carried thus until it was about six months old; and if during this period it died, the mother, after burying it, filled the cradle with black quills and feathers, then continued to carry it on her back wherever she went for a twelvemonth, with as much care as if the young one were still in it; and when busy sewing or at some other indoor work, she would set the cradle against the side of the wigwam and then lovingly prattle to it. An Indian woman seldom had more than two or three children, and the most probable reason for this was the uncommon length of time they suckled them, keeping them at the breast generally to the age of two, sometimes even four years. The first thing an Indian did in the morning was to bathe, if there was a lake or river near, after which his body was rubbed from head to foot with bear's grease, to protect it from the bite of mosquitoes. There was a separate spot for men and women to bathe, the women's bathing place being guarded by sentinels. In swimming, instead of parting the hands under the chin, an Indian threw his body first on one side, then on the other, lifting one arm entirely out of the water and reaching with it as far forward as possible.

Every village had its vapor bath. It was a lodge made of

skins tightly sewed together. In the middle of the lodge were two walls of stone six feet long, three feet high, and two and one-half feet apart. Across this space were laid a number of sticks, and on the sticks was placed a bathing tub or crib, made of willow boughs, large enough for a person to lie in. Just outside the lodge was a small furnace, and when any one wanted a bath, a squaw kindled a fire and heated to a red heat some large, round stones kept at hand for the purpose. When all was ready the bather got into the tub, while the woman, seizing one of the hot stones between two sticks, tied together somewhat like a pair of tongs, thrust it under the side of the tub, then ran out for another and another, until presently the tub was lined with hot stones; and while she was doing this another squaw kept dashing cold water upon them, which caused a cloud of steam to rise and the bather was soon drenched in perspiration.

An Indian woman never ate with her husband. At a feast men formed the first group: squaws, children, and dogs all trooping in together when they had finished. Polygamy existed among all the Indian tribes. A chief would sometimes have a dozen wives; for, as it was necessary for him to be liberal and entertain in order to keep up his popularity, the more handmaids and drudges he had in his wigwam the better. His table was sure to be most bountifully supplied, and at the end of the year he had the greatest number of robes to sell to the fur company, for it was his squaws who prepared them for market. There was little courtship among the Indians, the young woman being generally won by making presents to her father. The latter seated himself in the midst of a group of his friends and kinsmen, while the lover laid the gifts at his feet, and when these got to be sufficiently numerous he allowed his daughter to be taken away.

As among white people, every Indian village had its fop or dude. He strutted about in beautiful robes adorned with quills of ducks and plaits of sweet-scented grass, and with a fan in his right hand made of a wild turkey's tail. But there were no scalp-locks or grizzly bear's claws dangling from his waist. He was little respected, and yet the young squaws could not help looking at him.

Mr. Catlin says that among the forty-eight tribes he visited eighteen men out of twenty were by nature without beards; while the very few who were born with beards plucked them out at the age of puberty, using a pair of clam-shells for tweezers.

The Indian word signifying medicine, or medicine bag, was a word of great import, and its exact meaning should be understood. The word here means mystery, and Catlin became a great medicine man because of his mysterious art—portrait painting. Every Indian carried his medicine bag religiously closed, and seldom if ever opened. He looked to it for safety through life, for it contained, he believed, a supernatural charm, a gift from the Great Spirit. When a boy got to the age of fourteen or fifteen he was said to be "forming his medicine." He now left his father's wigwam and stayed away for several days, hidden in some secluded nook, fasting and appealing to the Great Spirit. When he fell asleep during this time of fasting and prayer, the first beast, bird, or reptile he dreamt of he believed to be the thing designated to be his guardian through life.

As soon as he returned home he took his bow and arrows and set out to procure the creature he had seen in his dream, and out of its skin he made his medicine bag. For no price would he sell this, and if he lost it in battle he was disgraced until he had got another one from an enemy killed by his own hands.

When an Indian died the body was dressed in its finest robes, painted and supplied with bow and arrows, pipe, flint, and enough provisions to last him during his journey to the Happy Hunting Grounds. Then, having placed his medicine bag in his hand, a fresh bison skin was bound tightly round him, and around this were wrapped other skins soaked in water so as to exclude the air. A scaffold of four upright posts, about ten feet high, was now erected, and on this the body was put, always with its feet toward the rising sun. The cemetery was called "The village of the dead."

Under these scaffolds might be seen fathers, mothers, wives, and children howling and tearing their hair. When in time a scaffold rotted and fell down, the nearest kinsman to the dead person buried all the bones except the skull. This he placed in a circle of other skulls on the prairie—all the faces looking inward—resting it on a bunch of wild sage. To this spot the squaws would come with their needle-work, and sit for hours sewing and talking to the skulls of their husbands or children; and sometimes they would fall asleep with their arms around them.

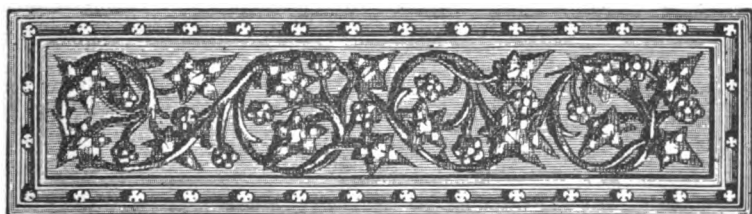
For a very full and interesting account of the Indian dances and games of ball we refer the reader to Mr. Catlin's Notes.

The Indian has been called cruel, and when on the war-path he no doubt was. But the white man who found in him an enemy, had too often been himself in the wrong and had struck the first blow.

In 1805 Lewis and Clark ascended the Missouri, crossed the Rocky Mountains, went as far as the Pacific, visited thirty of the most warlike tribes, and returned, making a journey of eight thousand miles, without ever having been obliged to use a weapon; every Indian was their friend. Clark said years afterwards: "We visited more than 200,000 of these poor people, and they everywhere treated us with hospitality and kindness."

An old army officer, who has spent the best part of his life in the far West, writes to us: "I believe it to be true that eight out of every ten Indian wars in the last forty years have been brought on by some act of cruelty perpetrated by the white man on the red-skin." He then goes on to speak of the immense emigration that he saw crossing the plains to California; and he adds: "As a rule the Indians treated the emigrant passing through their country with kindness, often supplying him with the means of subsistence. It was only after some white man (drunk possibly), believing himself strong enough to do so with impunity, committed some gross act of cruelty upon them, that the Indians retaliated; unfortunately not always upon the immediate author of the outrage." Father De Smet tells the same story.

The last bison in Illinois crossed the Mississippi in 1821. The bison has now disappeared, excepting a small herd preserved in the National Park. The Indians are following the bison. But while a few still remain, let us judge them with charity and be kind to them. They are the only Native Americans.



REST.

I.

My eyes are weary of the glare of day,
The pomp of sunshine mocks my heavy heart ;
Fain would I turn far from the crowded way—
A footsore pilgrim from the jostling mart.

II.

For I am tired of all the fickle show—
The tinselled splendor of what men call life—
The rose I plucked has withered as I go,
The peace I sought is still but constant strife.

III.

And now I yearn for rest. Low voices call,
And beckon ghostly hands, as on I press
To tent with death. The soothing shadows fall
And gently fold me in their soft caress.

WILLIAM P. CANTWELL.

A GLIMPSE OF PANAMA, OLD AND NEW.

BY M. MACMAHON.

FOR a certain inspiration poet or artist could hardly find a more suitable spot than Panama, old and new, and it would be a long time before he could free himself from the spell of its charm.

We are at Colon. Our voyage from New York has been pleasant, if uneventful. I was awakened in the night by the babble of strange tongues, unintelligible cries, and hurrying on deck I saw in the distance the gleaming lights of what seemed quite a town. The morning's dawn brings disillusion; the town resolves

itself into a collection of scattered huts. Tropical verdure greets the eye on every side, the air is delightful with its odor of millions of wild flowers; while the open sheds and slightly built houses tell very plainly we have reached a region where frosts are unknown. The town, named Colon (Spanish for Columbus) after its great discoverer, who is said to have touched here on his third voyage to America, is built upon the small coral island of Manzanillo. Part of the



A REGION WHERE FROSTS ARE UNKNOWN.

land has been reclaimed from the sea by filling in with earth dredged from the Panama Canal. It was a place of small importance until the discovery of gold in California made rapid communication between the Atlantic and Pacific greatly to be desired.

In the parlance of the tourist, Colon may be "done" in half an hour. There is but one principal street, if indeed it is not a misnomer so to term it. There is one drive-way, "Paseo Coral." This encircles the island close upon or through the tropical forest, and affords charming glimpses of the ocean on one side, and the dense swamps, the islands lying between them and the mainland and the distant mountains, on the other. Were it not for the funeral trains that daily ascend to Mount Hope, the cemetery near by, one would be apt to forget in



LUXURIANT UNDERGROWTH OF THE TROPICS.

this terrestrial paradise that grim death lurks behind each growing plant and flowering shrub. Yet the Isthmus has been called the "Grave of Europeans," and a bright physician of Colombia has thus divided the year: "From the 15th of April to the 15th of December is the wet season, when people die of yellow fever in four to five days; and from the 15th of December to the 15th of April is the dry season, when they die of

Chagres fever in twenty-four to twenty-six hours." Imperfect sanitary conditions are largely to blame.

We have tarried as long as we may. The express train is waiting to take us to the city of Panama; we enter and are rapidly whirled across the Isthmus. What more charming than this morning ride in the heart of the tropics! The early rays of the sun lightly tint the stately palm-trees, the rich ferns, the luxuriant undergrowth. There are mangroves, canes, orchids, and creeping, climbing, and hanging plants almost without number. Hardly a tree is without a parasite; many are covered from base to topmost limb with foliage not their own. Bright-hued tropical birds flit from place to place, monkeys chatter in the trees or swing from the branches; a purple haze rests upon the distant hills; beneath them the marshes gleam like silver lakes in the morning light. The train speeds along, following in its course the Chagres River, a stagnant stream, whose waters emit the malaria which causes the fatal and much-dreaded Chagres fever. Hundreds of deaths have taken place here in a single day. What wonder the Panama Railroad was constructed at such cost of life that it is said to have been built upon human bones? What wonder the digging of the canal, which we see from the car window, had to be abandoned?—workmen not being found to withstand the severity of the climate. Well was the prediction of M. Leblanc verified, who, when the cutting of the canal was first proposed, said to De Lesseps: "There will not be trees enough on the Isthmus to make crosses for your laborers' graves."

Many are the crosses marking the resting-places of these unfortunate men, and many are the graves left unnumbered. We fly past tiny cabins lifted on heavy stakes high above the ground, serving as shelter both for man and beast; for the native, living in his hut, stables his cattle in the shelter formed by the floors of his dwelling. We pass brown, naked children playing by the roadside, white-robed natives balancing high baskets of fruit on their heads or slung across their shoulders, women ankle-deep in the streams leisurely washing, all with an air of perfect if indolent content. Time, with the seasons, seems at a stand-still; here there is no winter for which to make provision; and Dame Nature has been wonderfully lavish to these her children. She has filled their forests with game, their streams with fish, their trees bend beneath their weight of fruit. They have but to put forth a hand, and their wants are supplied. Should they require bread, the banana or plan-

tain furnishes a nutritious, natural food, very pleasing to the taste; one tree yields soap, another sponge. They may even indulge at her expense in the vices of civilization; the sap of a certain tree fermented gives a delicious milky drink resembling punch and called "Chichi." Their clothing consists of a single garment woven by the women, who excel in this art;



A NATIVE HUT ON THE ISTHMUS.

they go bareheaded and barefooted, hats and shoes being luxuries almost unattainable, and quite unnecessary. The mother of the Isthmus leaves also to nature the clothing of her babies, for until a child is six or seven years of age he goes *au naturel*.

We pass some pretty stations where the train stops a few moments. At one a young man of our party changed into Colombian currency our prized American dollar, and was surprised and rejoiced at his apparent riches.

Here was seen the beautiful *Flor del Espiritu Santo*—Flower of the Holy Ghost, so called from its resemblance to a dove. It was regarded with almost reverent feeling by the early Spaniards, who would not allow it to be transplanted. It is one of the orchid family, a white blossom like a tulip, in the inside of which is the figure of a dove. There it rests, its

wings outstretched, its head bent forward almost touching the breast, its bill tipped with red.

At Matachin we pass near the once famous hill Cerro Gigante, from whose crest Balboa first saw the Pacific Ocean. At Culebra (Serpent), the highest point of the railroad, we reach the divide and begin the descent, until we come within sight of the ancient city of Panama with its moss and ivy covered ruins.

The city of Panama is six miles south-west of Old Panama, which was burned in 1674 by buccaneers under the English Morgan. The term old is applied to distinguish it from the present city, which seems antiquated enough to our modern eyes with its narrow, tortuous streets, its small and squalid houses. It is the oldest European city in America, having been founded in 1519, and in the earliest years of its history was one of Spain's most powerful strongholds. Its position, holding as it were the mighty ocean at its command, gained it the title of "Key of the Pacific." The massive granite ramparts, in some places forty feet high and sixty feet broad, were built at an expense of millions of treasure. The story is told of a king of Spain who, looking one day from the windows of his palace, shaded his eyes with his hand. A minister remarked the action. "I am looking," said the king, "for the walls of Panama, for they cost enough to be seen even from here." These once splendid monuments to human genius are being rapidly worn away by the relentless waters of the sea, and the still more corroding tooth of time. In places only ruins remain to tell the story of a glorious, almost forgotten past.

The houses of Panama are built in the Spanish style, courtyards in the centre. Three-storied buildings, the two upper stories projecting, give the city a distinctive appearance.

Facing the Plaza Mayor is the Cabildo, or Town Hall. The people point to it with pride, as it was here the Declaration of Independence was signed, throwing off their allegiance to Spain. The bishop's palace is opposite. This is a modern red-tiled building three stories high, and occupies a whole block. The bishop and his clergy live on the third floor; the first is rented to stores. It is here the most important traffic of the city is conducted.

Modern Panama is rich in materials for students of ecclesiastical architecture; its churches are both numerous and interesting. Foremost among them is the cathedral, built by



THE CHURCHES ARE STUDIES IN ARCHITECTURE.

one of the early bishops of Panama; the son, it is said, of a negro. It is of stone, brought many miles from the interior on the backs of men. The church has two towers, Moorish style. So lofty are they, and so easily to be seen far out at sea, that they were formerly set down in sailing directions as a guide to mariners. The roof is of red tile, and the domes are covered with red Spanish cement, in which has been embedded hundreds of pearl-shells forming different designs. One can imagine how beautiful must gleam these pearly towers under the rays of the southern sun. The interior fittings of the church are rich and chaste. The roof is of dark red wood, supported by rows of white columns surmounted by arches, upon some of which are carved the coat-of-arms of Leon and Castile. In former days the cathedral was very rich; its altar service was of purest silver and gold, its statues covered with precious stones; but it was despoiled of its wealth, which was confiscated by the state when the religious orders were expelled from Panama. Some of this it has regained, but most was lost beyond hope of restoration.

The church having the distinction of being the oldest in Panama is San Felipe Neri; over its massive doors it bears the inscription 1688. With its heavy walls five feet thick, is

high recessed windows, it could well withstand a siege, and was no doubt built to be used as a place of refuge in the early troublesome days of the colony's history. Next in point of age to San Felipe is La Merced. It is also bullet-proof, and has heavy doors with brass ornamentation. It is of Moorish style, and was built largely of material from its namesake in Old Panama. On its walls are carved titles in honor of the Blessed Virgin. In its tower hang the bells that, beaten with rods, wake the echoes in the early morning with their not too melodious call to divine worship. One of the greatest religious ceremonies of the year is that of Neustra Señora de la Merced (Our Lady of Mercy). Great processions are held in her honor, in which thousands of the faithful, bearing lighted candles in their hands, wind through the narrow streets. The Church of San Francisco, a fortress-like building, is made of stone resembling sandstone quarried from the volcanic rock Ancon. Adjoining it are the ruins of the sea-wall, and from the upper windows a magnificent view of the bay may be had. Along the roof, resting upon the outer walls of the church, rooms have been built which are occupied by the clergy. This church contains a kind of pew, a convenience which many of the churches lack. It is no unusual sight to see families returning from divine service followed by their "Criados" bearing the pries-dieu used by the different members; even the smallest child has his tiny chair.

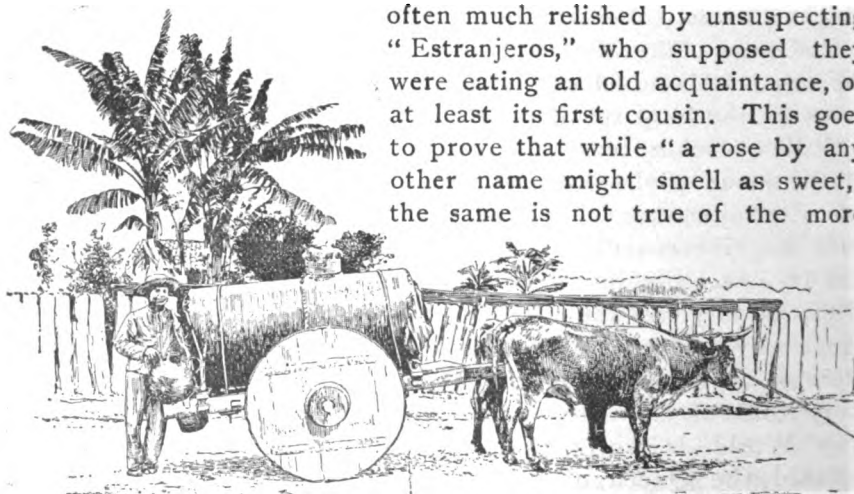
Outside the city, in a suburb of Santa Aña, is the church of that name. It was built by a nobleman whose body is buried here. The high ground on which it stands commands the city. It is noted chiefly as the rallying-point of the insurgents in the local rebellions.

Ruins of churches and convents occupy large areas; those of the Jesuit College are the most imposing. This building was destroyed by fire in 1737, and nothing remains of the once magnificent edifice but the arch with its bleeding heart. The ivy-covered ruins of San Domingo, which was built soon after the city was founded and burned more than a century ago, are very interesting. The arch, considered a wonderful piece of work, much admired by architects, still remains. The story told of how the bells of San Domingo came to the New World is worth repeating. Soon after Panama was founded the Queen of Spain called upon the ladies of her court to contribute what money they could to the building of the Church of San Domingo. She collected a large amount,

which was used for that purpose. When the time came to make the bells people of all classes were invited to witness the casting and assist with their donations. They came in crowds, and also the queen and her court in true royal attire. The crucibles were placed before them; the queen threw in a handful of gold, her ladies and gentlemen did the same; the poor people gave their silver, or copper, and so the metal increased. The queen then threw in the jewelled ornaments she wore; her ladies did likewise. The excitement became intense; rings, bracelets, and other valuables, many of them family relics and costly heirlooms, were contributed, and so the bells for the New World were made. Their tone was said to be of the purest, and they are much prized by those having them in charge.

A stranger should not miss a visit to the Panama market; it is an education just to see the products of the country. Huge piles of bananas, plantains, pine-apples, cocoa-nuts, guavas, melons, oranges, mangoes, and kindred fruits, and vegetables, are here seen. Also fish of many varieties known and unknown to us (the name Panama means abounding in fish, and it is not a misnomer). There are land crabs the size of a half-grown chicken, and considered an excellent article of food, and the iguana, a kind of lizard whose meat is said to be very delicate. Since to our foreign palates it would hardly prove appetizing because of its genealogy, the wily native calls it Panama lobster, and under that title it has no doubt been

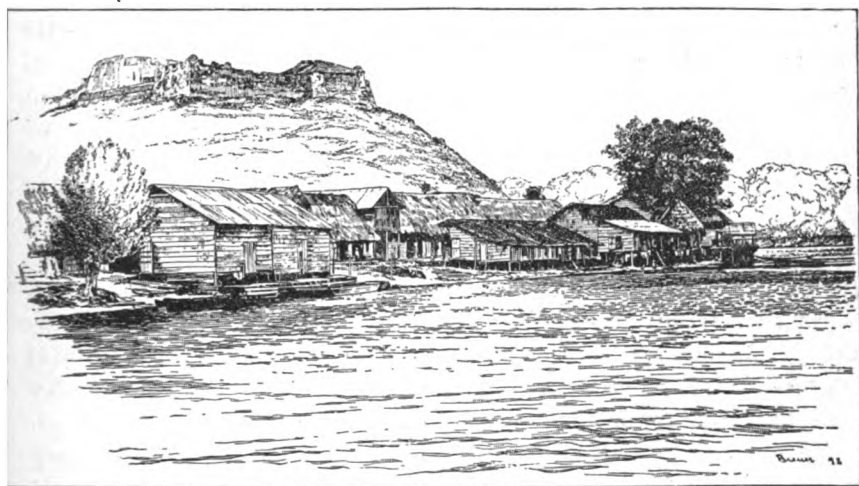
often much relished by unsuspecting "Estranjeros," who supposed they were eating an old acquaintance, or at least its first cousin. This goes to prove that while "a rose by any other name might smell as sweet," the same is not true of the more



A NATIVE WATER-CARRIER.

material pleasures. The eggs of the iguana are much praised. They are taken from the animal while alive; a slit is made in its side, and they are drawn out, and then hung in the sun and dried. Beef cut in strips, salted and dried in the sun, is a staple article of food.

Hovering over the market-place, circling at times so near



OUR WAY BORDERS THE SEA.

they might be touched by the hand, or resting upon some pile of refuse, are large black birds, "Gallinasas"—best known to us by the familiar name of buzzard. These are protected by law, and their mission is the very useful one of scavengers. How useful they are may be better imagined when it is known that the refuse is simply dumped in heaps in the streets or in vacant fields.

If ice is to be found in these countries I never saw it, which may account for provisions being bought only for the day. The servants return to their homes with the day's marketing tied in a handkerchief—a scrap of meat, a little fish, a few leaves of lettuce. But thanks to the ingenuity of the native cooks, under their skilful fingers provisions multiply, and from materials which would be the despair of an American housewife they can evolve a savory repast. Surely this must be the paradise of housekeepers, where the most trying of domestic problems is solved. The meals consist of, at eight o'clock in the morning, "Desayuno," coffee and rolls; at eleven, "Almuerzo," at which usually is served consuelo (a soup in which a large piece of meat, a potato, and some olives are

given to each person), tortilla (a sweetened omelet), rice made hot with curry, beef, and preserved fruit; at three o'clock in the afternoon, tea; at seven, dinner similar to *Almuerzo*, the courses being more numerous and the serving more elaborate.

Following the English style, dinner is a full dress and ceremonious affair. After dinner comes the promenade along the Esplanade—a charming walk around the old battery overlooking the prison. Our way borders the sea; behind us lies the city, with its Moorish towers, its red-tiled roofs; back of it rises Mount Ancon; to our left is the little Indian hamlet of La Boca, at the mouth of the Rio Grande, and the green hills of the Andes in the distance; along the horizon oceanward stretches the bay. What words can describe it?—a study in color as the rays of the setting sun turn to crimson, green, and gold its ever-changing waters, and throw into deeper relief the emerald green of its islands; the stately palmetto-trees that fringe its banks, the white beach, and far away the ancient towers of San Anastasius, sole landmark of the once powerful city of Old Panama. The story of this beautiful city, Old Panama, reads like one of the romances from the *Arabian Nights*, that so delighted our childhood. Its houses of aromatic wood, hung with costly tapestries, adorned with painting and sculptures that a king might envy; its eight hundred magnificent churches, with their services of silver and gold, their frescoes of pearls and precious stones; its pleasure gardens; its broad drive-ways, chief of which was the king's highway, over which the royal horses bore the treasures of the mines to Puerto Bello, and the ships ready to sail with them to Spain. Into the midst of this Asiatic splendor came Morgan and his buccaneers; and this struggle, one of the most memorable on our continent, the first of white against white, led to the destruction of the flower of Spanish chivalry and the capture of Panama. So passes the glories of the world!

We turn from this salutary and moral reflection naturally to our first visit to a South American cemetery. It was early morning and a cool breeze was blowing from the sea, so part of our journey we made on foot. Truly a White City might this silent resting-place of the dead be called. White walls are built eight feet deep and twelve feet high, with square openings rising row upon row, large enough to hold a coffin. I could only think of a gigantic post-office, with its letter-boxes. As these openings are filled they are sealed, and the name of the deceased is painted in black letters on the out-



STATELY PALMETTOS SHADING THE STREETS.

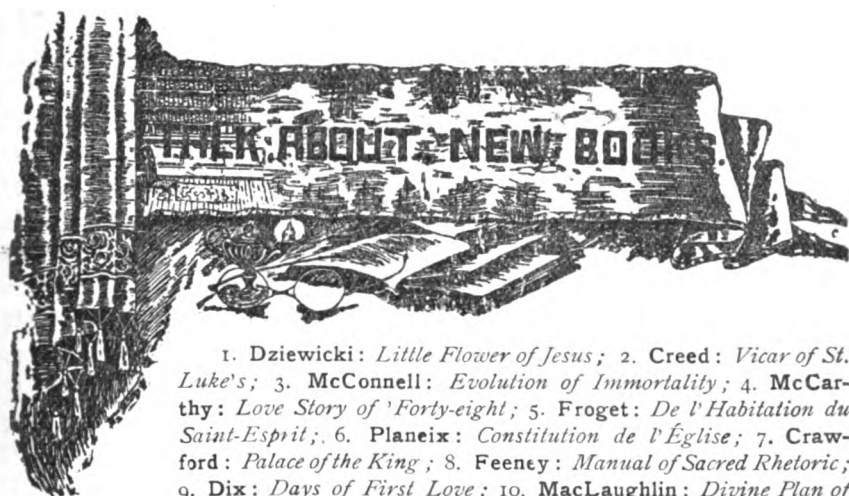
side. Here the body remains for eighteen months; then, if the family does not see fit to buy the receptacle, the dead is taken out, and the opening serves for another occupant. I have been told the coffins are sometimes used for a second or even third time, depending upon their durability. It is only the middle classes that aspire to the honor of eighteen months' rest in these white walls. The poor are placed uncoffined, wrapped in a sheet, in a trench, which may already contain several dead, and may again be opened to hold as many more.

"May they rest in peace!" here has a double signification. I thought of the tranquil beauty of our Cities of the Dead, where, over each grass-grown grave, each springing blade and budding flower seems to whisper of the Resurrection. Sweeter thus to lie under the pines and the hemlocks, awaiting in hope the glad summons: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, possess the kingdom prepared for you."

THE CHRISTIAN KNIGHT'S PRAYER.

LORD! God of Hosts as well as mercies too;
Lord! Who vouchsafed us: I have chosen you;
Lord! Who so oft didst utter: Do not fear:—
Prompt at Thy call, behold Thy vassal here.
Not with tears only, not alone in sighs
Our homage to Thee—craven ministries;
Not caitiffs blanching at each storm or pain:—
But for the edge of battle fit again.
Our ills to friends do we for ever bare?
Of hurt and sore, misery and despair,
Do we for ever bring but whimp'ring tale—
In manly fortitude for ever fail?
Nay: to the stature of Thy high estate
Up! Soul, and forward; God the Lord is great.
Up! in the manhood where His might hath traced
His image on thee, where His trust He placed
In thy youth's prowess, or thy later years'
Resolution:—*To God's en'mies the years.*
As Saul, struck down, did not mere mercy sue,
But bravely sought: What wilt Thou have me do?—
So by God's guerdon to His service plighted,
By His grace knighted,
I'll *do*—not cowering bear:—
For Christ, with Christ, in Christ, I'll dare!

ALBERT REYNAUD.



1. Dziewicki: *Little Flower of Jesus*; 2. Creed: *Vicar of St. Luke's*; 3. McConnell: *Evolution of Immortality*; 4. McCarthy: *Love Story of 'Forty-eight*; 5. Froget: *De l'Habitation du Saint-Esprit*; 6. Planeix: *Constitution de l'Église*; 7. Crawford: *Palace of the King*; 8. Feeney: *Manual of Sacred Rhetoric*; 9. Dix: *Days of First Love*; 10. MacLaughlin: *Divine Plan of the Church*; 11. — *Meditations on the Psalms Penitential*; 12. Grunenwald: *Spiritual Letters of the Venerable Libermann*; 13. Roche: *By-ways of War*; 14. Kayme: *Anting-Anting Stories*; 15. — *Deadly Error of Christian Science*; *Spiritual Danger of Occultism*; 16. — *Special Devotions*; 17. Guibert: *On the Threshold of Life*; 18. Heath: *Home and School Classics*; 19. Vlymen: *Fourth Reading Book, Columbus Series*; 20. Arnold: *Stories of Ancient Peoples*; McMaster: *Primary History of the United States*; 21. Skinner: *Heart and Soul*.

1.—One of the most delightful spiritual works it has been our pleasure to read is the present translation of the *Histoire d'une Âme*, under the title of *The Little Flower of Jesus*.* It is the life of a young Carmelite, written by herself at the request of her mother prioress, and recounts in a candid, modest, and simple way the events in the career of a truly saintly soul. Her father and mother had at one time aspirations towards the religious life, but God, having his own wise ends in view, did not accept their sacrifice. They met and married, and their union was blessed with nine children, four of whom died very young. The five remaining children became nuns, four of them, among whom was Thérèse, entering the Carmelite order. The story of Sister Thérèse's childhood, as told by herself, is very interesting. From the beginning it was evident that she was destined for God's service alone, and though she had a few trivial defects, for her confessor declared that she had never committed a mortal sin, she early began to mortify them, and grew constantly in the love of God. Of the greatest event in her life, her First Communion, she tells us very

* *The Little Flower of Jesus*. The autobiography of Sister Thérèse, Carmelite Nun. Translated from the French *Histoire d'une Âme* by M. H. Dziewicki. New York: Benziger Brothers.

little, since "some thoughts when translated into language lose their heavenly meaning." What she does tell us, however, may well be read with profit by all. At fifteen she entered the Carmelite convent, and the story of her efforts to enter is amusing and instructive. She applied first to the Carmelite superior, and was refused. Then she went to the Bishop of Bayeux, and finally to the Pope himself. She knelt at the feet of Leo XIII. and asked him to permit her to enter Carmel. Such an ardent desire as this could not long be left unsatisfied, and to her unspeakable bliss she entered.

From the beginning her path was strewn with thorns. Her prayers became arid, heavenly and earthly consolation was denied her. She even had doubts about her salvation. She had not been able to believe that there could be any real infidels; but one Eastertide God made her realize that there were such by plunging her into the blackest darkness, so that the thought of heaven, formerly a consolation, became a torture to her. She was given to understand that infidelity was the practical result of the abuse of God's grace. To add to all her trials illness overtook her and bodily pain was added to mental anguish. Jesus, indeed, slept in her boat. She gave little heed to trials, but used her sufferings as a means to become more and more united to God and to carry out her mission. She was a Carmelite nun; "yet," she wrote, "I feel that I have other vocations besides. I would be Thy warrior, Thy priest, Thy apostle, a teacher of Thy law, a martyr for Thee." All these she could not be; nevertheless she had a mission to save souls, especially by praying for the clergy. Jesus taught her that souls were best won by the cross, so the more crosses she met the better she was pleased. Well might she exclaim, with St. Teresa, "*Aut pati, aut mori*": "Let me either suffer or die." Meanwhile our Lord was nurturing his little flower for himself, and she experienced more than once ecstasies of love for him. At length in the full bloom of her spiritual beauty she died and went to his bosom.

We heartily wish the little volume a good circulation, for it presents to the world the spectacle of a soul leading in the last decade of the nineteenth century a contemplative life, yet aiding by her prayers and sufferings her struggling brothers and sisters. It will disprove the ideas of those who think that the spiritual life is all gloom and that suffering is an unmitigated evil, and it will show to all what sanctity is possible even in our day.

2.—Sibyl Creed's story * is really a composite of two distinct episodes, so distinct that, despite some ingenious plot-building for the blending of the two, we may call them in a literal sense parallel. One narrative is a love-affair, the other the process of a conversion. And the latter we declare with emphasis we like vastly the better. The dénouement of the heart-affair is made to hinge upon the moral ruin of one of the characters, and we cannot bring ourselves to like that sort of thing presented as literature. But as the history of an Anglican vicar's struggles, lights, trials, and final ending up in a Jesuit novitiate, the book is an admirable piece of work. Especially well done is it in its avoiding of polemics. It seems not in accord with any preconceived controversial purpose, but rather as the most natural outcome of a situation, that the vicar is first made to turn his mind away from the Anglican, and then toward the Catholic Church. In the construction of this evolution the author scatters by the way many a weighty saying, and one or two delightful descriptions. The book would be worth reading if for nothing else than the scene of the parish meeting to vote on the question of allowing altar lights—an inimitable chapter. Near the end of the book the reflections aroused in the convert's mind at the sight of the ancient church, now become his mother, form a passage of noble eloquence and of many profound and philosophic observations. We wish we could forget that incident which, as has just been said, we bear ill. It is hardly fit for what, without it, would be a far more than ordinarily creditable performance as the history of a human soul.

3.—There is a growing tendency nowadays among thinkers to regard the question of Immortality either as settled in one way or the other, or else as incapable of solution at all, and hence to devote themselves to more special and less momentous psychological problems. Notwithstanding this tendency, we meet with works treating of Immortality, sometimes from old and sometimes from new points of view. The theory advocated by Dr. McConnell in his recent volume,† while not new, is nevertheless novel. The first chapters are devoted to a general clearing the way for, and the rest to exposing his theory. At the outset the dogma of the Resurrection of the body is discussed, and, as we might expect, is rejected. The

* *The Vicar of St. Luke's*. By Sibyl Creed. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *The Evolution of Immortality*. By S. D. McConnell, D.D., D.C.L. New York: The Macmillan Company.

soul is the subject of consideration in several following chapters. The author's opinions on this point may be summed up in the following words of Ernst Haeckel: "All the phenomena of the psychic life are, without exception, bound up with certain material changes in the living substance of the protoplasm. We do not attribute any peculiar essence to its soul. We consider the *psyche* to be merely a collective idea of all the psychic functions of protoplasm."

Dr. McConnell declares that the notion of a soul, far from being true Christian doctrine, crept into Christianity from Paganism. He denies, too, that the belief in a future life is universal; the Jews did not believe in it, neither do great masses of savage and semi-civilized men. Between reason and instinct there is a difference of degree and not of kind. The one is the evolution of the other. All this would seem to close the question of Immortality as far as Dr. McConnell is concerned. However, it does not. He is not among those who would seek solace in joining the "Choir Invisible." This were fine sentiment, but poor philosophy. Although man is not naturally *immortal*; he is *immortal*. Eternal existence will be a possibility to him only when he attains to a life of moral goodness; when he becomes "as a god, knowing good and evil." In morality lies the secret of immortality. This is the author's belief and, he claims, it is the drift of the teaching of Christ and the Apostles. Whatever intimations of the *natural* immortality of man are contained in the New Testament are simply forms of thought and speech which the authors had not fully cast off after their conversion to Christianity. Furthermore the Gospel teaching is "biological." "The imagery is drawn almost exclusively from processes and phenomena of nature. The reason is evident: the illustrations are determined by the theme. The question is not of rewards or punishments, but of living or perishing." The whole New Testament is but a continuation of the same biological theme.

The enduring life of the individual then, if attained at all, must be reached through his highest faculty—conscience, which is the result of evolution. What is the nature of this thing that endures? Not the present body, nor yet a spiritual soul, but an ethereal body the movements of which neither earth, nor fire, nor water can impede. This ethereal body is the result of the action of the "soul" upon the body. The theory is not original with Dr. McConnell, and he admits it is only an hypothesis, but one which will bring known facts into

coherence, and which, he maintains, fits the language of the New Testament.

To discuss the numberless issues raised in this volume, involving, as they do, questions in theology, philosophy, Scripture, and the sciences, would necessitate the writing of treatises on all these branches. Many of the objections offered have been urged and answered over and over again. Dr. McConnell's spirit is not at all times one which can be justly called scientific. His terminology is loose and his logic anything but accurate. We find the statement, for instance, that all animate matter possesses "mind," or something very much "akin to mind." What he means by mind here we can only surmise. Again, we can only surmise what he means by the "soul" that builds up the ethereal body within the body. We are told that the soul, "instead of being an independent entity, living in the body and dominating it, appears to be but a convenient word to designate the complex sum total of the final and highest output of the *organized* body" (p. 15). Further down on the same page our author says: "Whatever we may find the soul to be over and above, this fact we must reckon with, that it is as dependent upon matter for its being as matter is dependent upon it for its *organization*." In the one place the soul is said to be the product of the *organized* body, and in the other that the *organization* of the body is dependent upon the soul. Surely this is questionable logic. With the hypothesis proposed by Dr. McConnell to take the place of the soul we have nothing in common. It is a theory for which we can see no proof, and the arguments advanced in its favor are weak. One fundamental objection to the whole theory may be mentioned here. Dr. McConnell makes no mention in his book of the freedom of the will, and we do not know whether he believes in it or not. Consistently with his principles, however, and following the example of scientific men—Haeckel and the rest—we should expect him to deny it. How, then, is morality possible, and how are we to convince a man who is not a free agent that he should lead a moral life? The author has anticipated the objection that he has read into Scriptures what is really not there. Whether this is true or not he has, in our opinion, misinterpreted Scripture, nor can we see how his is the plain and obvious meaning of Scripture.

The fact that Christ saw fit to use imagery drawn from processes and phenomena of nature is no evidence that his theme was "biological." We deny that conscience is a de-

velopment or an evolution, and that whole masses of savage and semi-civilized men do not believe in a future life. Both are universal, and to assert the contrary is to fly in the face of facts. Dr. McConnell expresses his sympathy for those little ones of Christ who were kept out of the kingdom by those within. He does no better, and yet their lives are to be the models for ours if we are to enter Paradise.

4.—Anything from the pen of Mr. Justin McCarthy, whether it be purely historical or else romantic, is sure to be received as a notable contribution to literature. His latest novel* is no exception to this rule, and the author's brilliant reputation and its own intrinsic merits should insure its success. Its purpose seems to be that which Mr. McCarthy tells us was once in the mind of one of his characters, Phillip, namely, "to picture Irish life as he thought it ought to be pictured, and to convince the world that the comic Paddy of the stage was not the complete and all-sufficing representation of the Irish Celt"; no light undertaking when we consider the notions that are all too prevalent concerning Ireland and the Irish. Mr. McCarthy, however, is equal to the task, and comes to it with a knowledge born of experience with the men of whom he writes, the Young Irelanders, and the stirring events of 'Forty-eight. It will be something of a surprise to many to read that there existed in those days in Ireland young men quite as intelligent as any in our own time and country; who studied the classics both ancient and modern, who had their debating societies, and who were able to speak intelligently of the difficulties confronting Ireland and their solution. Yet such were the patriotic and heroic Phillip Colston and the no less patriotic, if less heroic, Maurice Desmond, two of Mr. McCarthy's characters.

The story is written in that simple, though brilliant, style which characterized the *History of Our Own Times*, and contains that same delicacy of sentiment for which the author's fiction is noted. Mononia Desmond is a charming type of pure, true-hearted Irish womanhood, and by remaining faithful to her lover Phillip, even to following him in his exile to America, proves herself to be the opposite of fickle, hero-worshipping Kathleen Fitzwilliam, who forsakes Maurice Desmond and his principles for Captain Jerningham and his gallantry. The character sketching is good. One misses the presence of the jovial and sympathetic priest, without whom

* *Mononia: A Love Story of 'Forty-eight.* By Justin McCarthy. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

no Irish novel has heretofore been complete ; but if he himself is absent, his influence is surely present in whatever is true or good in the lives of the characters.

The reader, besides gaining some knowledge of the nature of the Young Ireland movement, may also glean much from the numerous bits of information that Mr. McCarthy has scattered through his book.

5.—This is a second edition of a work* designed to ally the intellectual with the devotional life. We are glad that the distinguished author has won the prize of solid success by selling his first edition ; for this indicates a reading public in France of exceptional spiritual taste and discernment. And, besides, Leo XIII. has given him cordial approval. "This article of the Catholic faith" (meaning the indwelling of the Holy Spirit in the souls of the just), writes the Holy Father to Père Froget, "so capital and so consoling, we have ourselves urgently recommended, in our Encyclical *Divinum illud munus*, to the zeal of those who have the charge of instructing and directing souls. It is, as a matter of fact, supremely important that ignorance among the Christian people about these high truths should be dissipated, and that all should be brought to know and love and implore the Gift of the Most High God, from whom flow so many precious favors. Your book has already greatly helped towards attaining this end. We congratulate you ; and we are glad to hope, as we earnestly desire, that this your good work may always continue and produce yet further good results."

The supernatural psychology of the soul living in God's love is a topic too little thought of and hardly ever studied by those who devote their intellectual labors to the sacred sciences. Such was not the case with the early Fathers of the church, notably St. Augustine. And the leader of the church's later learning, St. Thomas Aquinas, has fully treated of the relation of the justified soul to the Divine Spirit. Our author has made this teaching popular without losing any of its scientific accuracy, and at the same time preserving the singular devoutness of the Angel of the Schools, a savor of holy love being never absent from even his most profound philosophical writings.

Two things we earnestly wish. One, that our clergy and

* *De l'Habitation du Saint-Esprit dans les Âmes Justes d'après la Doctrine de St. Thomas d'Aquin.* R. P. Bart. Froget, Maître en Théologie, de l'Ordre des Frères Prêcheurs. Paris : P. Lethielleux.

educated laity may obtain this excellent and wholly rational, while perfectly Catholic, treatise on the secret life of heavenly grace; the other, that it may be brought within the reach of all by a competent translator.

6.—The Abbé Planeix's recent work—the second in a series—*Constitution de l'Église*,* consists of twelve lectures, or conferences, on various subjects connected with the material and spiritual organization of the church. After devoting one fundamental lecture to a proof and description of the church as a complete society, the reverend author considers more in detail the constituent parts of that society: the papacy (seven of the conferences are concerned with the pope, his power and authority), the episcopate, the priesthood, and the religious orders.

Apologetic as the work is in its substance, it is in its general tone rather expository than argumentative. The author adopts the now favorite idea that the church has only to be known as she is in order to be recognized as true, and accepted at her real value, as a religious, social, and civilizing organization. Still, argument is by no means lacking from these pages. The first two lectures in particular are little more than a *résumé* of the old, incontrovertible arguments as found in the standard works of dogma. A rhetorical style helps to render the arguments attractive by concealing to some extent the formality and regularity of the text-book, yet at bottom there is no deviation, or very little, from the rigid sequence of proofs followed by the more *ex professo* doctrinal treatises.

From these facts the purpose of the book may be easily surmised. It is an attempt to popularize the ordinary teaching concerning the origin and nature of the church; it sacrifices exhaustiveness of discussion to straightforwardness and brevity of explanation; it will be valuable, therefore, rather for those who come to it with some ignorance of the claims of the church than with previously developed difficulties against the usual apologetic. As such, however—herein we agree fully with the author—it will have a wider usefulness than one would suppose, for, to use the words of the Abbé Planeix himself: "It is a lamentable fact, but one that appears to be only too certain—a precise and reasonable acquaintance with the foundations of the faith is rare, not only among unbelievers but with a great number of those who acknowledge the church as their teacher of morals."

* *Constitution de l'Église*: Conférences Apologetiques. Par l'Abbé R. Planeix. Paris : P. Lethielleux.

Most of the lectures, as we have indicated, are dogmatic and expository; yet a few—for instance, those on the strife of the papacy and the church against the evil forces of the world, material and intellectual—are historical. One conference on the authority of the pope, and another on his infallibility, will be found probably among the most useful and necessary for the ordinary reader.

To give the characteristic of the work in a word: it aims rather at summarizing and rendering acceptable the ordinary proofs for the church than at presenting new or extraordinary information. It combines very well with this the usual and older manner of treatment, something of the newer kind of apologetic, the rejection of controversy and an appeal to the reason and heart of man, rather than the exclusive insistence on the hard-and-fast arguments that are supposed to produce conversion by the subjugation of the intellect.

7.—There has been some diversity of opinion as to the merits of Mr. Crawford's late novel.* Some think that it has fallen below his standard, while others contend that it is equal to his best in cleverness, style, and interest. However this may be, it seems to us quite worthy of his pen. It is historical to some extent and the scene is the royal palace of old Madrid, and the events took place in a single night. Philip the Second of Spain and Don Juan of Austria are the principal characters. Mr. Crawford's sketches of these two men are well done, though with what degree of fidelity to history he has represented Philip may be matter for discussion. We are not prepared to vindicate for Philip any special claims to sanctity, but we are loath to believe that he was the cold-blooded monarch Mr. Crawford paints him.

8.—Father Feeney's new manual† for the use of preachers is a well-written, clear, and effective treatise on sermon-writing. Evidently the author is full of familiarity with his topic and acquainted with the literature on it. The book is meant, of course, for priests and clerical students, and it serves its purpose so admirably that we are almost ready to say it would serve as a fit companion volume to Dr. Hogan's *Clerical Studies*. There is, however, evidence of a lack of care in some parts, as if the author were pressed for time and unable

* *In the Palace of the King*. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Company.

† *Manual of Sacred Rhetoric; or, How to Prepare a Sermon*. By Rev. Bernard Feeney. St. Louis: B. Herder.

to bestow proper attention to finish of detail. He is rather impatient of views that differ from his own—always an irritating fault; but partly compensates for this by two other rather “good” faults, viz., he is a purist on pulpit proprieties, and he is most exacting as to the necessity of careful preparation. Now and again he seems to be less than reverent toward time-honored methods—a mistake; for even in art traditions count for something. Finally, as to instruction in gesticulation, we have serious doubts if a pupil can be taught more than what he should not do—how not to be awkward. These are the reserves in our commendation, and they detract very slightly from the book’s value. It is a well planned, well made, useful book.

9.—With high encomiums from many ecclesiastics and from many literary organs there comes to us a booklet* with the title “Days of First Love.” It is a religious poem in honor of our Blessed Lady, and, as can be easily seen by one who reads, it is written out of deepest love. While many have given unstinted praise to the merit of the work as a poem, it appears to us that the author’s powers of poetic expression fall very far short of what is adequate to the treatment of his theme. We welcome it as a tribute, and as no mean tribute, to the Mother of our Blessed Saviour.

10.—It has become a commonplace in modern apologetics that, if non-Catholic Christians are to be led quickly and securely to the knowledge of the true faith, they should be invited to suspend, if not to abandon, examination into all the minute and puzzling details of ordinary controversy and direct their attention to the solution of one fundamental question: Did Christ found a specific religious society, and if so, what is its nature? That question settled, the recognition of the true church ought to follow almost as a matter of course. For to all who profess the name of Christian, it is evident that the true church is none other than the church which is according to the mind of Christ; and if it can be shown that any religious society, now existing, corresponds to his divine idea of what his church should be, then ought the candid inquirer to confess that all search is at an end. It is in view of these facts that Father MacLaughlin has written his work on *The Divine Plan of the Church*.†

* *Days of First Love*. By W. Chatterton Dix. London: Barclay & Fry, Ltd.

† *The Divine Plan of the Church: Where realized and where not*. By the Rev. John MacLaughlin, author of *Indifferentism*. New York: Benziger Brothers.

One soon discovers that the book is of unusual merit. He has planned his work wisely and built it well. The main purpose of the book is never lost sight of by the author; stiffness and dryness are avoided by the use of a pleasing style rich in illustrations. For those who are well disposed, who are docile and submissive to instruction, this is the kind of book to effect conversion to the church.

From a controversial point of view, however, the treatise is not so admirable. The single but vital difficulty here is the impossibility of showing by argument that the divine plan of the church necessarily included all that the author specifies. Reasons of congruence may be found, and, indeed, these are presented forcibly; but possibly the author is inclined to attribute to them a little more conclusiveness than they actually possess.

The infirmity we have indicated is counterbalanced to some extent when the author—though almost inconsequently—turns from his *à priori* path and presents solid historical evidence for the thesis that Christ really did cherish and publicly manifest a plan of the kind specified. Of course this position is not capable of rigid demonstration, but the arguments in its favor are of such a kind as to deserve at least most careful consideration from all fair adversaries. And in this part of the work—in the part, that is, which runs along the old lines, rather than in what is new—Father MacLaughlin's exceptional ability is most evident, reminding us of the very excellent service he has already rendered the church in his volume on *Indifferentism*.

Needless to be said, our author is at once courteous and emphatic throughout. His writing shows he is a man of earnestness and zeal; he is of independent mind and up to date, as well. More, he is modest and almost invariably plain-spoken, and tolerant.

11.—“Infinite riches in little room” can be said with justice of certain modest little volumes which are usually given to the world unsigned, but which are found to contain either a novel presentation of some old theme, or to open to the mind new and wide vistas of thought. In this class we have no hesitation in placing this little book of meditations on the *Penitential Psalms*.* It is a treasure to the soul that seeks to approach to God by the saving way of penance, as well as

* *Meditations on the Psalms Penitential*. By the Author of the *Psalms of the Little Office*. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

to those who aspire to the higher altitudes of perfection; to both it brings a message of consolation and of hope.

The matter is usefully arranged. In a parallel column with the Latin text of the psalm is printed the Douay translation, supplemented by a paraphrase and such additions or corrections as are required when the Douay is obscure, or does not properly convey the real or the complete sense of the original or of St. Jerome's text. To text and paraphrase is added a critical exposition of the psalm as a whole, giving evidence, in our opinion, of acquaintance with the most commonly received results of sane scholarship, even though there are positions assumed by the author which are at this day regarded by some as, at least, *adhuc sub judice*.

But the book is primarily devotional, and it is in the meditations which follow that we find it particularly worthy of praise and commendation. These meditations are pointed, sufficiently ample, suggestive and convincing; so that the will is readily moved to the affective prayers and aspirations which are added. These prayers are full of unction; full, too, of the honey of Holy Scripture. Indeed, the acquaintance with and apt use of the inspired Word is amazing, and is a noteworthy feature of the book. One meditation, taken at random, exhibits no fewer than thirty-five citations from the Scriptures, skilfully woven into the text. We feel confident that this little volume will be prized by all who use it, and will do much to deepen in earnest souls dispositions of contrition, faith, and love.

12.—The Fathers of the Holy Ghost in this country are doing a good work in publishing a translation* of the spiritual letters of their Venerable Founder, Francis Mary Paul Libermann. When complete the collection will comprise three volumes, of which the first has already appeared. The letters in this volume are almost exclusively taken from his correspondence with seminarians and priests, consequently their interest is chiefly for ecclesiastics. At the same time there is very much in them that people in the world striving after perfection will find to be of positive value and assistance. The primary object of all the letters is the direction of souls, either by personal counsel, admonition, and correction, or by pious reflections and meditations on fundamental truths of the religious life. Besides gaining an immeasurable spiritual profit

* *The Spiritual Letters of the Venerable Francis Mary Paul Libermann, First Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and the Immaculate Heart of Mary.* Translated by the Rev. Charles L. Grunenwald, C.S.Sp. Detroit: The Fathers of the Holy Ghost.

from the careful reading of these letters, one also obtains a very faithful idea of the deeply spiritual character of their author, whose humble and intensely devout soul is mirrored in every page. Like his patron, St. Paul, the Venerable Libermann was a vessel of election. His conversion from Judaism, his vocation to the priesthood, the untold trials and obstacles to the fulfilment of that vocation, and finally his success and the establishment of the Congregation, and the work that it has done, all show this most plainly. We await with interest the appearance of the next two volumes of letters, which will make us more intimately acquainted with the inner development of the character of this man of God, and we trust that the translator will show the same judicial temper in the completion of his work which has marked the introduction.

13.—The rise and fall of American filibustering is told of interestingly by Mr. Roche in the present volume.* The learned editor of the *Pilot* has brought to his task a keen historical sense and an ability to seize on picturesque points which is the result of newspaper training at its best. And he has succeeded in making a most interesting story, which is at the same time a real contribution to American history. The filibuster now is extinct, it is a species which is no more; but that "brave, lawless, generous anomaly" had no small influence upon our country, and has left a name which is well worthy of remembrance.

14.—Any book of tales the scenes of which are laid in the Philippines, and which describe the customs, superstitions, and general life of those islands, is interesting. This may be said with some little emphasis of Sargent Kayme's stories.† There is an abundance of local color, and the stories are well told. The editor makes a rather unfortunate comparison between this series of tales and Mr. Kipling's Indian stories—unfortunate because, while Mr. Kayme writes well enough, he is not to be compared with Kipling either in his knowledge of people or in his ability to tell a story. However, the present book is well worth reading and can most certainly be recommended.

15.—Catholics as well as Protestants owe a real debt to the publishers of these two little books.‡ The curious resurrection

* *By-ways of War*. By James Jeffrey Roche. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

† *Anting-Anting Stories*. By Sargent Kayme. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

‡ *The Deadly Error of Christian Science*.—*The Spiritual Danger of Occultism, or Sorcery*. Philadelphia: Church Literature Publishing Company.

in these days of the ancient Gnosticism by that preposterous old lady Mrs. Eddy, under the name of "Christian Science," would not be anything more than amusing did it not lead necessarily to the denial of our Lord's incarnation. And so wide-spread is this error now become that Catholics are often asked about Christian Science, and it is well that they should be able to give an answer to its crude and exaggerated idealism. Every reason against it will be found clearly set forth in this excellent little tract.

Another modern error is the appeal to other supernatural power than God. It is this which causes men to be led astray by spiritism, hypnotism, and theosophy. An excellent antidote is given in this second publication of the Church Literature Publishing Company, which clearly sets forth the great sin involved in all "these unclean and defiling things."

16.—A prayer-book * compiled for pupils of the Sacred Heart is sure to be popular because it contains spiritual exercises which have been well proved by years and experience. There are various novenas, a number of acts of consecration, and a particularly good set of prayers for Mass. Altogether a diligent use of this little book must tend to deepen the spiritual life.

17.—Parents or teachers who wish to put a good book into the hands of those who are just passing from childhood to youth could hardly choose anything better than the present volume by Father Guibert.† Most boys pass this stage in life with little help or advice. They have a natural reticence which keeps them from speaking to parents, and the only solution of the difficulties they meet is gained from their companions, who are as blind as themselves. The author dwells on the need of faith for young men and their obligations as Catholics. This is important certainly, but we could wish that in addition more stress had been laid on those difficulties which beset young men and are peculiar to the period of youth. It is quite true that many fall into sin not so much from malice or ill-will as from ignorance of the true end of their manhood, and through the excitement of conditions which they have not been prepared for.

18.—When children from the time they begin to read are

* *Special Devotions*. New York : Cathedral Library Association.

† *On the Threshold of Life*. By Rev. J. Guibert, S.S. New York : Christian Press Association Publishing Company.

encouraged to read what is really worth reading a great step is taken toward implanting in them a love of books and literature which will last all their lives. The present series,* published by Messrs. Heath, is the best thing yet done, we venture to think. Thirty-six numbers have been published, beautifully printed and attractively illustrated. The matter of the books is not the usual subject matter which is found in children's reading books, but is from the works of well-known or famous writers. We note such works as these: Ruskin's *King of the Golden River*, Thackeray's charming story *The Rose and the Ring*, and Jean Ingelow's *Fairy Tales*. Then there is Mrs. Ewing's *Jackanapes* and Miss Mulock's pathetic tale *The Little Lane Prince*, Harriet Martineau's *Crofton Boys*—which we dare to think is the best boy's story in English—and Lamb's *Tales from Shakspeare*. We could wish that Lewis Carroll's stories of Alice found a place here, but perhaps they will come in time; but as it is, it is doubtful if a better selection for children's reading could be made.

19.—Another admirable reading book for children is the fourth in the Columbus Series.† It contains a wide variety of most admirable selections. Some are religious; among them, we are glad to see, are passages from the New Testament. It is a good thing that Hans Andersen is largely represented, since it would seem that scarcely any other author is better able to engage a child's imagination, and this, we think, is one of the most important points of education. For the same reason we welcome our old friend Alice. It is a good thing, too, that many pieces of verse are given, and those real poetry which are sure to be a treasure in the child's mind, which with the passing years will become ever more highly prized. Hardly too much praise can be given the illustrations; they really *illustrate*, and withal are works of art. On the whole we think the publishers are to be congratulated on getting out such a fine book.

20.—It is remarkable how much real ability is expended in the production of books for the young. These two books,‡ published by the American Book Company, are an interesting sign of what is being done for children's education at present.

* *Heath's Home and School Classics*. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

† *Fourth Reading Book*. By W. T. Vlymen. Columbus Series. New York: Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss.

‡ *Stories of Ancient Peoples*. By Emma J. Arnold.—*Primary History of the United States*. By John Bach McMaster. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: American Book Company.

The first gives a brief introduction to the study of ancient Oriental history. As a supplementary reader, it presents for children a series of interesting sketches which are well fitted to awaken a desire for further knowledge in regard to the civilization of the East. There are chapters on such unusual subjects as How the Ancient Egyptians Wrote, The Cuneiform Writing, and the Language and Literature of the Chinese. These are written in such a way as to be readily comprehensible by children, and are most attractively presented, both verbally and pictorially.

Professor McMaster's book aims to give a general knowledge of American history in a year's work. Among its distinctive features we note that it is short, and leaves unnoticed such questions as are beyond the understanding of children; that in a simple and interesting style it affords a vigorous narrative of events and an accurate portrayal of the daily life and customs of the different periods; and that it is well proportioned, touching on all matters of real importance for the elementary study of the founding and building of our country.

21.—Those who read Mrs. Skinner's first story, *Espiritu Santo*, will be sure to read her second book,* and they will not find it inferior to the first. Indeed, her technique is developed and broadened, and her ability to work out a plot seems greater than in her former venture. The scenes are laid in various parts of this country, chiefly in Detroit during the early days of the past century, and there are many vivid pictures of phases of American life which have hitherto not been touched on by any writer. Withal the book is Catholic—not that religion is dragged in and all the characters in the final chapter enter convents—but there is a genial and wholesome religious atmosphere all through which, without being insistent, is strongly felt by the reader. Again, the book is thoroughly sane and healthy; there is nothing of that somewhat morbid sentiment which is to be found in passages in *Espiritu Santo*, but all through *Heart and Soul* is a thoroughly good book and one which can be confidently recommended to any reader.

* *Heart and Soul*. By Henrietta Dana Skinner. New York: Harper & Brothers.



The Tablet (8 June): The Anglican theory of Continuity is considered, and then tried by the test of belief in Transubstantiation.

(15 June): Contains a criticism of Canon Gore's book on the Holy Eucharist.

(22 June): The Propaganda decides that the sending of Catholic boys to Protestant public schools "cannot be without a grave danger to faith and morals." Publishes a leader on Father Taunton and his History of the English Jesuits.

(29 June): The Catholic Union declares that it will simply follow the Vicar of Christ in the matter of the Temporal Power.

The correspondence that has arisen over Father Taunton's History of the Jesuits in England, and that over the pronunciation of Latin, continues through the month.

The Month (June): Father Gerard, S.J., gives the state of the question and the original evidence as to whether or not Father Garnet had such a knowledge of the Gunpowder Plot as made it criminal on his part not to reveal it. Virginia M. Crawford gives a sketch of the life of Maria Gaetana Agnesi. Father Sydney F. Smith, S.J., criticises Lord Halifax's article in the *Nineteenth Century and After* on the Joint Pastoral. Among other things he says that the function of the Sacred Congregations is to investigate Catholic tradition and see whether or not the church is committed by this tradition to any doctrine incompatible with the truth of the new theory. Investigation into the scientific or historical grounds of the adverse theory may be desirable, but is always subordinate, and can at best be useful only as affording an outside precaution, to impress on the investigators the importance of investigating their own province of Catholic tradition with the utmost care. Father Thurston, S.J., continues his papers on "Our Popular Devotions," and traces the rise of Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The Catholic University Bulletin (July): In an article on "The
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Fallacy in Evolution" Dr. Shanahan discusses the question: "What is there in the real world corresponding to the universal ideas we are accustomed to frame of it?" and in the light of his principles shows that evolutionary explanations of phenomena are "purely verbal in character and of little, if any, *real* value." He illustrates his point with instances drawn from modern comparative methods. Dr. Maguire contributes an interesting article on Virgil's Fourth Eclogue; Dr. Hyvernatt has a paper on the Talmudic Jewish primary schools; Dr. Green continues his papers on "Some Literary Aspects of Botany," and the discourse of Mgr. Conaty at the Catholic College Conference is published.

The International Monthly (July): W. De W. Hyde, in his article on "Academic Freedom in America," investigates the rights and duties of the parties to university instruction. The founder may determine the general purpose and scope of the institution he founds, subject to the approval and acceptance of the state. Mr. Hyde says that "the attempt of a donor to dictate the views which a professor shall teach is to arrogate to himself the attributes of omniscience, omnipotence, and immortality." Salvatore Cortesi, writing on "The Vatican in the Twentieth Century," treats of the various innovations introduced into the Sacred College during the past century, notably the increased number of foreign cardinals. The influence of the foreign element will be especially evident during the conclave for the election of a successor to Leo XIII. Speaking of the temporal power, he says that all the past troubles of the church arose from a desire to maintain and augment it, and that now the Pope is freer and stronger, because, in the full exercise of his spiritual ministry, he has never enjoyed so much independence as at present, when he cannot be coerced with threats against his territory.

International Journal of Ethics (July): H. R. Marshall claims that if the considerations in his article on "Our Relations with the Lower Races" have weight, they should influence our attitude towards the races we consider our inferiors and should lead us to oppose the contentions of the "imperialists" current in our day. Let the bonds between the higher and the so-called lower races be multiplied and strengthened by peaceful commerce,

interchange of thought; by education and religion, but without any effort to crush the weaker. R. H. Bray declares that the three kinds of unity, viz., of action, of purpose, and of belief, are sufficient as a basis for a National Church, and proposes as a substitute unity of spirit, which he defines to be "the unity of the spirit of enthusiasm, of humanity carrying with it a belief of the divine in man." For unity of belief an infallible authority is necessary. But since the Catholic Church alone claims infallibility, and since she has steadily set her face against science, and has no room for such men as Döllinger and Mivart, she can never become that of which we are in search. Unity of belief, implying as it does belief in the Catholic Church, must be rejected because it lacks breadth.

The Monist (July): Professor J. A. Craig contributes an article on "The Earliest Chapter in History," and Professor J. H. Leuba another on the "Contents of Religious Consciousness."

Revue du Clergé Français (15 May): P. Dubois compares the supernatural to the natural life, showing how inertia is the opposite of each. P. Ermoni indicates the faults in Harnack's views about the early church.

(1 June): Archbishop Mignot contributes a fifth letter on ecclesiastical studies.

(15 June): P. Torrelles, continuing his sketch of the history of theology in France, treats of the writers, orthodox and heterodox, during the seventeenth century. P. Calvet, presenting an interesting study of Pascal's Letters to Mlle. de Roannez—first published in this century by Cousin—describes the "deplorable results" of Pascal's method of direction, more hurtful by its severity than the laxity of certain casuists. P. Joly reviews the *Life of Sister Thérèse* (see the Book Talk in our present issue, page 665), and makes many striking remarks on the relation of the active and the contemplative vocations. The editor writes upon the need and the means of arousing interest in religious studies among young college students. P. Fontaine in a letter to the management complains of the injustice of the recent criticism of his book, *Les Infiltrations Protestantes*.

In view of the publication of a French translation of "the most remarkable writing of a prelate very famous

in the United States, and already well known in Europe, Mgr. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria," there is published in French the bishop's lecture on the higher education of the clergy.

Études (5 June): P. Bremond writes upon the obstacles to the vocation of the Abbé de Broglie, and speaks impressively of the unifying power of grace and love even in souls separated by doctrinal differences. P. Chérot writes upon the relations of Bonald with Lamartine and Châteaubriand as seen in their correspondence. P. Bainvel criticises l'Abbé Martin's book *Saint Augustin* as "a study made in a false light."

(20 June): P. Prélat and P. Burnichon write upon the Waldeck Bill, now become a law. P. Harent resumes his controversy with P. Vacandard concerning penitential discipline in the early church and the method to be used in treating this question. P. Bremond writes on the pictures of children, analyzing the impressions imparted by painters and writers. P. Chérot speaks of certain defects in P. Gregory's new translation of St. Teresa's Letters, and finds fault with the reviewers who declared that it superseded the translation by P. Bouix, S.J.

Revue du Monde Catholique (1 June and 15 June): P. de Bénéjac continues his defence of miracles against the attack of modern "science." L. Armand describes the growth of Protestantism in the South-west and why the efforts to spread it are not fruitful in results.

Le Correspondant (25 May): P. Baudrillart, who is preparing the biography of Mgr. d'Hulst, writes upon the character of that prelate, at once soldierly and apostolic. P. Klein contributes a sketch of the career, character, and ideas of Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, a translation of the latter's works being now in press with Lethielleux, of Paris.

(10 June): A. Béchaux writes upon the education of young women, and how far it is possible and wise to conform to the views of the feminists. A. de La Gorce describes M. Amédée de Margene's new metrical translation of the *Divina Commedia* as a beautiful and noble book, the fruit of long and conscientious studies, an honor to its author, and a thing of interest to all those sensitive to high art.

(25 May): Paul Thureau-Dangin, continuing his "Catholic Revival in England during the Nineteenth Century," treats of Puseyism, its origin and its blunders, the Gorham case, etc. J. Latappy shows how different is the spirit of present French legislation concerning Catholic universities from that of Napoleon. J. Teincey writes of Gilbert Parker and his place in Canadian letters.

La Quinzaine (1 June): M. Jules Legrand gives a sketch of the relations between Church and State in France since the signing of the Concordat. Gabriel Hudiat, writing on the "Soul of a Song," apropos of Th. Botrel, writes that songs in France have been the signal for all revolutions and popular movements.

(16 June): P. Laveille, writing of the two La Mennais, says that they possessed the ability, so rare in a rationalistic age, to give interest and life to ecclesiastical studies, and on this account they were imitators and still remain models. M. Solomon, sketching the relations between Science and Philosophy during the century, writes that the restoration of spiritualism is effected even by science, reputed to be its enemy. M. Eugene Flornoy, reviewing the work of the Catholic Workingmen's Circles, states that they have anticipated the wish of the Holy Father that there be union of hearts and wills. Louis Flanderin writes on the "Salon of French Artists."

La Voix du Siècle (June): H. L. contributes a sketch of Mgr. Latty, Bishop of Châlons, prominent in forwarding the scientific formation of the French clergy and an enthusiastic friend of the Bourges Congress, than which "nothing better harmonized with the views and wishes so often expressed by him in public."

Revue Ecclesiastique (1 June): Publishes extracts from the new judgment of the Superior Court of Montreal pertaining especially to the relations between Church and State in the matter of marriages between Catholics.

La Revue Général (June): Henry Davignon writes on "Molière and Women." H. Primbault concludes his review of M. Valléry-Radot's *Life of Pasteur*.

Echo Religieux de Belgique (16 May): Asking himself the two-fold question, What should be the rôle of the Catholic Church in the civil and political life of the modern world?—and, What are the duties she imposes on her

children in this regard? Father Caruel answers that the church, being a moral force of the first rank, can neither, on the one hand, remain apathetic, nor, on the other, suffer herself to be a mere "sub-department of the *gendarmérie*, a sort of spiritual police," but she must take her natural place as an authoritative and independent teacher of the state in things spiritual. Not that she claims any dictatorship. She asks only to work as opportunity provides.

Civiltà Cattolica (15 June): An interesting article upon the modern Spanish novel represented by Pereda, "the Spanish Manzoni," and Luigi Coloma, the Jesuit, writers less well known than they merit. A criticism of two recent conservative-liberal writers, Ellero and Fornari, the first of whom laments the passing of idealism even in the church, "which preserves in the Roman Curia the last remnants of pagan religiosity"; and the latter of whom declares the future issue to lie between Christian Socialism and anarchy.

Rassegna Nazionale (16 June): C. Paladini writes upon St. Francis of Assisi in the art and history of Lucca. G. Schnitzer, already known as opposed to Pastor's views of Savonarola, declares that Pastor's opinion is based upon evidence obtained at second hand and is contrary to truth.

Rivista Internazionale (May): G. Provano writes upon liberty of teaching, showing how the so-called liberal government contradicts itself, violates the natural rights of parents, and favors socialism and oppresses the Catholics. P. P. writes upon the deplorable increase of Italian emigration, especially to Germany.

Studi Religiosi (May-June): A. Arnelli writes upon a treatise by St. Jerome, recently discovered in the archives of Monte Cassino. F. Scerbo presents a study of the psalm "Dixit Dominus," based upon the original Hebrew. The editor S. Minocchi, writing upon Franciscan documents, describes his visit to Verna, which he found less rich in MSS. than Sabatier believed it to be.

Der Katholik: M. Paulus, reviewing the now famous volume *Un Siècle*, praises the condition of Catholic learning in France. "At Paris alone there appear at least ten Catholic scientific reviews which are the peers of similar German periodicals."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

IN the Steel Strike two of the most gigantic forces of the industrial world are in conflict. One of the strongest arguments that induced the capitalists to combine was the one which affirmed that it would be impossible for any coalition of labor forces to shut up all the steel mills of the country; and if by the organization of some local labor unions they were able to shut up a few, the non-union mills could still furnish the needed product. The fight that is now on is to demonstrate that the Steel Trust cannot throttle the labor union. It is a battle of the giants, and all the energies of both contestants will be called upon before the conflict is settled.

The too frequent recurrence of these pitched battles in the industrial world will ultimately lead to the establishment of a Court of Arbitration which will have supreme power in the premises, and whose decisions will be final and obligatory on both parties in the dispute. It is very good to arbitrate, but it has been found that when the arbitration is only voluntary, the party who anticipates defeat will be anxious to have recourse to it, while the party who expects victory will spurn it. The only arbitration that can be effective will be a legally established court which can compel the presence of witnesses, the production of books, and which is so constituted that its decisions will be clothed with justice and authority.

The fundamental reason for compulsory arbitration is the fact that there are many others besides the immediate contestants who are interested parties in the strike. There are all those who may be comprised under the name of "the public"—storekeepers whose business is damaged, the strikers' wives and children who are thrown on the charity of others, the peace-loving citizen who prizes the quiet of his home and the honor of his city. All these and others are damaged in their rights by a strike, and inasmuch as they have rights in the premises they will ultimately insist that there shall be established a Court of Arbitration which will adjudicate all labor disputes and put an end to strikes.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

WHATEVER may be the charges to the contrary, it is a pleasure to claim that the English-speaking races in general have never entirely forfeited their Christian heritage. In a very powerful article published in the *Canadian Magazine* Mr. Martin J. Griffin, Librarian of the Parliament of Canada, has summarized the power and influence of the forces that have appeared in opposition to Christian teaching. During the nineteenth century the intellectual leanings of great masses of thinking people were guided by a comparatively small number of men of strong character and striking views. They were either scientists—using that word in its popular and well understood sense—or men who had so far yielded to the influence of the scientists that their views of literature and its object, of life and its purpose, of religion and its sanction, were deprived of all notion of certainty, of finality, of authority. Man, in their estimation, was a being destined to continually investigate without discovering anything; to think perpetually without arriving at any definite conclusions; to wander always in a valley of shadows in pursuit of an unapproachable mystery. These men expressed themselves in the language of practical science, the language of philosophic discussion, the language of literary criticism, and the language of poetry. They appealed to the receptive minds of the young. They created schools of thought. They had a following. They influenced the studies of many thousands. The terminology of their various forms of thought permeated the literature of our age. To doubt them was futile; to decry them was bigotry; to agree with them was the note of emancipated intellect.

Revelation was on the defensive in their presence. Historic Christianity was a mass of narrative futilities. The saints and sages, martyrs and doctors, the guides of mankind during a thousand years, were persons with inadequate knowledge of scientific data. And so for half a century these new lights of a scientific dispensation lorded it over their adherents with a security of intellectual tenure surpassing the sternest claims of the feudal barons or the pontiffs of the middle ages.

Most of them have passed away. Their influences, though diminishing, remain with us still. The great body of their work has suffered some wrong. Time, "that gathers all things mortal, with cold immortal hands," has heaped much of it with dust. But each of them has in some fashion—not always of set purpose but only by accident or incidentally—left us what we may call a dying speech and confession indicating what—when we put all the confessions together—may be asserted to be the final failure of all they attempted to do, all they tried to teach, all they hoped to establish. We propose to gather all these dying speeches and confessions and place them briefly before the reader with a few obvious comments. They may refresh the memory of some. They may serve as a warning to others. They will in any case serve to show how slender was the claim to so much vogue and authority.

Few men of the past generation had such temporary authority over a large part of the educated public as John Stuart Mill. In the region of politics—a wide and varied area—he exercised by his writings great influence. He probably influenced, directly or indirectly, the course of legislation in the United Kingdom. With that part of his life-work we have no present concern.

But he also exercised his great logical faculty in undermining, so far as he could, the popular belief in revealed Christianity. He had no animosity towards it; he tells us he occupied the singular position of never having had any belief in it at all. When he came to sum up the results of his life-work in both directions and to leave his message to posterity, what was it that he had to say? On the subject of public affairs this is the message:

"In England I had seen and continued to see many of the opinions of my youth obtain general recognition, and many of the reforms in institutions, for which I had through life contended, either effected or in course of being so. But these changes had been attended with much less benefit to human well-being than I should formerly have anticipated, because they had produced very little improvement in that on which all real amelioration in the lot of mankind depends, their intellectual and moral state; and it might even be questioned if the various causes of deterioration which had been at work in the meantime had not more than counterbalanced the tendency to improvement."

Another of the band of distinguished men who impressed themselves upon the minds of students, and inculcated purely materialistic views of life, was Professor Tyndall. He was aggressive at times and fought his battle stoutly with all who came forward to confront him. His last message of importance was delivered in the Belfast address, in 1874. Running into seven editions in one year, this famous address had a circulation rarely given to scientific lectures, and has not yet been wholly forgotten. It was prepared with great care, and was the result of a life of scientific study. It contained the last word which a confessedly great thinker had to say regarding the hopes and destiny of man. "I thought you ought to know," he said with some degree of condescension, "the environment which, with or without your consent, is rapidly surrounding you, and in relation to which some adjustment on your part may be necessary." And what, in fine, is this environment? It consists, to all appearance, in the first place, of a claim on the part of science to supreme authority. He says:

"The impregnable position of science may be described in a few words. We claim, and we shall wrest from theology, the entire domain of cosmological theory. All schemes and systems, which thus infringe upon the domain of science, must, in so far as they do this, submit to its control and relinquish all thought of controlling it. Acting otherwise proved disastrous in the past, and it is simply fatuous to-day."

Twenty-five years of discovery and discussion have rendered readjustment necessary not so much on the part of theology as on the part of science. The notice to quit, which Professor Tyndall so peremptorily gave to theology, has proved to be not enforceable by ejectment. The tenant continues to be the holder of the fee.

The grounds on which the man of science dictated terms of surrender to theology were not very strong. "The whole process of evolution," he admitted, "is the manifestation of a Power absolutely inscrutable to the intellect of man"; nevertheless it is "simply fatuous" for theology to interfere with this inscrutable mystery. Ultimate conception of the origin of man, he asserts, is "here unattainable," and "each succeeding age must be held free to fashion the mystery in accordance with his own needs"; but theology must remain an Uitlander still. Science must indeed discuss its problems "without intolerance or bigotry of any kind"—except insistence on the fact that "theology results in intellectual death," which is not bigotry at all! "No exclusive claim is made for science;

you are not to erect it into an idol," he says; still, the position of science is "impregnable," and "we claim the entire domain of cosmological theory"—which is, of course, not an exclusive claim at all. Science, he alleges, claims "unrestricted right of search" on debatable questions; but in the region of "cosmological theory" Theology must not stake out any claim. It is certain, he admits, that the views of Lucretius and Bruno, of Darwin and Spencer, "will undergo modification"; meanwhile Theology must please stand aside while the process of modification goes on, while each scientific dogmatist excommunicates his brethren in turn, abandons theory after theory, and passes unconvincing and unconvinced "into the infinite azure of the past." From the last speech and confession of Professor Tyndall it is obvious that humanity can gather little to encourage it in a world full of trials, temptations, and sorrow.

There was a time when Matthew Arnold took himself very seriously and was taken seriously by his disciples, as the exponent of theories of literature, science, theology, and the conduct of life, which were to be substituted for the overthrown and outdated orthodoxies of our own age. The affable condescension with which he informed the upper classes that they were barbarians, the middle classes that they were materialized, and the lower classes that they were brutalized; the sad scorn with which he assured the middle class—which has produced nearly all our best literature—that what they needed was education; the calm assurance with which he asserted, regarding paganism and Christianity, that both were faiths and both were gone—were paralleled only by the self-confidence with which he offered his own final solution of the vexed problem of intellectual humanity. Here is his last dying speech and confession:

"More and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us. Without poetry our science will appear incomplete; and most of what now passes with us for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry. Science, I say, will appear incomplete without it. For finely and truly does Wordsworth call poetry 'the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science'; and what is a countenance without its expression? Again, Wordsworth finely and truly calls poetry 'the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge'; our religion, parading evidences such as those on which the popular mind relies now; our philosophy, pluming itself on its reasonings about causation and finite and infinite being; what are they but the shadows and dreams and false shows of knowledge? The day will come when we shall wonder at ourselves for having trusted to them, for having taken them seriously; and the more we perceive their hollowness the more we shall prize 'the breath and finer spirit of knowledge' offered to us by poetry."

Here we have, if possible, a more hopeless and unacceptable substitute for any form of religion than all the others. If Mr. Arnold had for a moment reflected on the vast masses of mankind, on the diversities of race, on the ignorance, the barbarity, the low civilization of the mass of mankind, on the absolute impossibility of their being approached in any form by poetry such as he had in his mind, he would surely have had sufficient sense of humor to refrain from such an expression of serious opinion. But that was all he had to offer us, to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us, to create in us a new heart and renew a right spirit within us. The pity of it!

One more name, still living among us, remains to be noted. In 1896 Her-

bert Spencer completed the purpose of his life by publishing the last volume of his system of Synthetic Philosophy. An industry hardly ever surpassed, learning acquired by earnest labor, honesty as to facts never challenged, ingenuity in comparison and interpretation quite beyond compare in our time—all these good qualities his work exhibits; and his object, like that of Arnold, is to interpret life for us, to sustain us, to console us, by means of science, not poetry. And what is the last message that, after six-and-thirty years of thought and labor, he has to leave to his followers, who are to be found all over the world in great numbers? This is part of it:

"Those who think that science is dissipating religious beliefs and sentiments seem unaware that whatever of mystery is taken from the old interpretation is added to the new. Or, rather, we may say that transference from the one to the other is accompanied by increase; since for an explanation which has a seeming feasibility, science substitutes an explanation which, carrying us back only a certain distance, there leaves us in presence of the avowedly inexplicable."

That is, in effect, science is more religious than religion, because while the explanation of religious mysteries has a certain feasibility, the explanation of the mysteries of science is no explanation at all. Scientific reasoning is an obvious mystery itself. The conclusion of the message is as follows:

"But one truth must grow ever clearer—the truth that there is an Inscrutable Existence everywhere manifested to which he (the man of science) can neither find nor conceive either beginning or end. Amid the mysteries which become more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty, that he is ever in presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed."

Surely, after so many years of thought and labor on his own part, assisted by the thought and labor of so many others, his predecessors of the eighteenth as well as the nineteenth century, Herbert Spencer ought to have been in a position to give us a more robust and definite creed, especially in view of the notice-to-quit given by his fellow Commander in Science to the saints and sages, the martyrs and doctors of historic Christianity. Was it worth while to labor so long to produce so little? The Dutchman in "Knickerbocker," in his famous attempt to jump over a mountain, took a preliminary run of two miles to get up speed, but was obliged to sit down at the foot of the mountain to take breath!

All the scientists in turn refer to Mr. Darwin with reverence as their master. Professor Tyndall, in his Belfast address, tells us that Darwin overcomes all difficulties and crumbles all opponents with the passionless strength of a glacier. Let us consider for a moment what is the final message and confession that Mr. Darwin has left to humanity for its consolation and hope. First he tells us (1873) that "I have never systematically thought much on religion in relation to science, or on morals in relation to society," and this, in the case of most men of good sense, would have prevented further declarations. But your scientist likes to have opinions, and so, in 1879, being pressed by a correspondent, he formulates an opinion: "Science has nothing to do with Christ, except in so far as the habit of scientific research makes a man cautious in admitting evidence. For myself I do not believe that there has ever been a revelation. As for a future life, every man must judge for himself between conflicting vague probabilities." The mental process is clear enough; the habit of scientific research made him cautious about admitting evidence—as to Christ, though not

as to corals; doubt as to Christ naturally induced doubt as to Revelation; and doubt as to both rendered the question as to a future state one of extreme dubiety. At times Mr. Darwin's doubts took a different form. "The Universe," he wrote in 1881, "is not the result of chance"; but the fact that man's brain was developed from that of a monkey rendered him doubtful whether his opinions were at all trustworthy on that subject—though, of course, on questions of science said brain was of infallible authority. In reply to the Duke of Argyll's remark that his own volumes on Earthworms and Orchids made it clear that these things and their uses were "the effect of and expression of mind," Mr. Darwin replied, "Well, that often comes over me with overwhelming force; but at other times," and he shook his head vaguely, "it seems to go away." It is obvious, of course, that Mr. Darwin was right when he said that he had never given much thought to science in relation to religion. It is not so obvious that Professor Tyndall was correct in describing Mr. Darwin as "the most terrible of antagonists."

The summary of scientific confessions would, perhaps, be incomplete without at least a passing reference to Professor Huxley, whose *Life* has been so recently published. He was a great master of scientific data and demonstration. In point of industry, sincerity, and ability he was conspicuous. But he posed also as a theologian, and no man was so little fitted for the office. The strictest of disciplinarians in the use of language for scientific purposes, he permitted himself and others the most loose and ineffective use of words in discussing theological questions. He was even fierce and vindictive in his defiant denials of the doctrine of immortality. But the careful reader of the *Life* will see that his mind was often hovering about that doctrine and half disposed at times in its direction. Thus, writing to Charles Kingsley in 1860, he uses these words: "I neither deny nor affirm the immortality of man. I see no reason for believing it; but, on the other hand, I have no means of disproving it." And again: "It is not half so wonderful as the conservation of force or the indestructibility of matter." Ideas like these kept agitating his mind; and like Darwin, whom we have quoted, he had moments of doubt and disquiet. Finally, in 1883, writing to Mr. John Morley (vol. ii. page 62), he says: "It is a curious thing that I find my dislike to the thought of extinction increasing as I get older and nearer the goal. It flashes across me at all sorts of times with a sort of horror that in 1900 I shall probably know no more of what is going on than I did in 1800. I had sooner be in hell a good deal,—at any rate in one of the upper circles, where the climate and company are not too trying. I wonder if you are plagued in this way?" The words have been much discussed, explained, defended, and put aside by some as a mere bit of petulance. But they go to prove that the scientific dogmatist was not more sure of his negative position than were his scientific brethren, and that his last dying speech and confession, like theirs, was a confession of failure and confusion.

In discussing these eminent men and their teachings as to science in relation to Christian society, one is conscious that there is an undercurrent of ridicule in the discussion which is ever struggling to come to the surface. The mental attitude assumed by them—their confessions of ignorance and their assumption of authority; their claims for freedom of discussion, and their constant insolence towards theology; their declarations as to the progress of science, and their admissions that everything is a mystery still; their sneers at Christian dogma as an exploded wreck, and their uneasy consciousness that they are, nevertheless, constantly on the defensive against it,—all these uneasy

attitudes and unconscious revelations have a tendency to make serious minds refuse to treat them seriously. Nor is this disposition confined to those who resist and resent the conclusions of science so far as these are opposed to the doctrines of revealed Christianity. Their own friends and followers are, at times at least, afflicted with the like tendency towards ridicule. In his notable but probably a little overlooked "Valedictory," John Morley expressed with a certain reserve, yet a certain degree of ridicule also, the general feeling of sensible men regarding the general failure of agnostic propagandism. He said:

"Speculation has been completely democratized. This is a tremendous change to have come about in little more than a dozen years. How far it goes, let us not be too sure. It is no new discovery that what looks like complete tolerance may be in reality only complete indifference. Intellectual fairness is often only another name for indolence and inconclusiveness of mind, just as love of truth is sometimes a fine phrase for temper. To be piquant counts for much."

Mr. Morley was forced, or felt free, to confess that the foe was not broken at all; and that the forces of scientific agnosticism were in many respects even sham forces. But even sham forces may be dangerous. Those who in a freak of fashion pretend to disbelieve, may, and often must, in the end, become actual disbelievers. In any case they lose their hold on the certitudes of faith, and grow cold in right thinking and well doing. Across the centuries there comes to us a message of more authoritative moment, and with a promise and a menace which give us a stronger assurance of truth and a higher sense of our destiny and duty: for our assurance, "I am the Lord thy God"; for our guidance, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him"; and for our consolation and reward, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

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The late Charlotte Yonge has a shrine in the heart of thousands of girls for *The Daisy Chain*, *The Dove in the Eagle's Nest*, and many other sweet and wholesome stories. Miss Yonge did not write for glory or for finery, as so many later scribblers do. Religious romances proved as profitable to this good lady as to the successors of her own sex, to agnostic and metaphysical fictions of today. She was aptly called "a clerical Jane Austen." Altogether Miss Yonge wrote more than a hundred novels. Of the \$7,500 brought her by her first and most famous story, part was given to fitting out for Bishop Selwyn the missionary schooner *Southern Cross*. *The Daisy Chain* yielded \$10,000, with which was built and endowed a missionary college in New Zealand.

Miss Yonge's charming works did not appeal to revolted daughters, for the Daisy of her writings was a stay-at-home and-make-it-comfortable sort of heroine, preferable still in old-fashioned eyes to the Yellow Aster and Green Carnation of the gadabout type. Let not, however, the "young person" of these decadent days, to whose callous cheek no blush is raised by the pernicious problem play, imagine in her scorn that Miss Yonge's books had no higher place in literature than on the shelves given to fiction. Her books have been accepted by the most judicious readers in public and parish libraries. The *Heir of Redcliffe* still has power to arouse intense interest and give delight to the mind.]

NEW BOOKS.

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D. APPLETON & Co., New York:

The Spanish People: Their Origin, Growth, and Influence. By Martin A. S. Hume. \$1.50.

ART AND BOOK COMPANY, London:

Doris: A Story of Lourdes. By M. M.

CATHEDRAL LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, New York:

Special Devotions. Compiled for the Pupils of the Sacred Heart.

CHRISTIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION, New York:

On the Threshold of Life: A Word with Our Boys. Adapted from the French of Rev. J. Guibert, S.S. 75 cts. *Drink and its Remedies.* From the Temperance Catechism of Rev. J. A. Cullen, S.J. (Pamphlet.)

JAMES CHRYSAL, Jersey City, N. J.:

Authoritative Christianity. The Third Ecumenical Council, Ephesus. Part I. A translation from the original Greek. By James Chrysal, M.A. (Pamphlet.)

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co., New York:

A Journey to Nature. By J. P. Mowbray. \$1.50.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:

Heart and Soul. By Henrietta Dana Skinner. \$1.50. *The Progress of the Century.* By Eminent Specialists. \$2.50.

D. C. HEATH & Co., Boston:

Chapters on Animals. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Edited by Professor W. P. Trent. *The Adventures of Ulysses.* By Charles Lamb. Edited by Professor W. P. Trent. *The Siege of Leyden.* Edited by William Elliot Griffis. *A Book of Nursery Rhymes* (Mother Goose's Melodies). Newly arranged. By Charles Welsh. *Crib and Fly: A Tale of Two Terriers.* Edited by Charles F. Dole. *Eyes and No Eyes, and other Stories.* Edited by M. V. O'Shea. *Child Life in Japan.* By Mrs. Chaplin Ayrtton. Edited by William Elliot Griffis.

HENRY HOLT COMPANY, New York:

A Short History of French Literature. By L. E. Kastner and H. G. Atkins.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston:

Substitutes for the Saloon. By Raymond Calkins. \$1.30.

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:

Principes d'Anthropologie Générale. Par l'Abbé N. Boulay. *Les Manifestations du Beau dans la Nature. Traité d'Hydrothérapie Médicale.* Par Dr. P. Joire. *L'Ordre Surnaturel et Le Devoir Chrétien.* Par R. P. Th. Bourgeois. *De l'Habitation du Saint-Esprit dans les Âmes Justes.* Par R. P. Barthélemy Froget. *Constitution de l'Église. Conférences Apologétiques.* Par Abbé R. Planeix. *Messe Mélodique.* Par Père Ligonnet.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, Philadelphia:

History of America before Columbus, according to Documents and Approved Authors. By P. De Roo. Vols i. and ii. *Sister Teresa.* By George Moore.

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY, New York:

The Unaccountable Man. By David James Burrell.

SCHWARTZ, KIRWIN & FAUSS, New York:

Columbus Series: Fourth Reading Book. By W. T. Vlymen, Ph.D.

SMALL, MAYNARD & Co., Boston:

Anting-Anting Stories, and other Strange Tales of the Filipinos. By Sar-gent Kayme. \$1.25. *Quicksand.* By Hervey White. \$1.50.



Types of Modern Madonnas.

—MME. BOYER-BRETON.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXXIII. SEPTEMBER, 1901.

No. 438.

THE "GRIEVOUS SCHOOL QUESTION" AGAIN DISCUSSED.

BY REV. P. R. McDEVITT (*Superintendent of Parish Schools in Philadelphia*).



THE following words are taken from an editorial in the *New York Tribune*, and are quoted here because they are indicative of a growing tendency to treat the question of educational methods in a broad spirit of liberality:

"Mr. Miles O'Brien, the president of the Board of Education, New York City, has put forward and is advocating with his usual earnestness a plan for bringing practically all the schools of the city—save the select private and boarding schools—under municipal control as a part of the public-school system. There are now many schools maintained by charitable organizations and churches which are working on lines largely parallel with those of the common schools. Some of them receive aid from the public funds and are subject to a measure of public supervision, while others are entirely independent thereof. Mr. O'Brien's proposal was at first understood to apply only to the former class, but now appears to apply equally to the latter. He would have the city purchase at a fair price such of the private school buildings as it could advantageously utilize, and even retain the teachers, or such of them as could pass the necessary examinations, and would thus transform private into public schools with no change in plant and little or none in personal organization.

"Mr. O'Brien is an intelligent and ambitious friend of the public school, who wants to make New York's school system the best in the world. He has done much good work, and is doubtless entirely sincere in his belief in the practicality and beneficence of the great change he is now advocating. More than that, we may say that in principle his plan is to be commended and its execution is to be desired."

Then the editorial continues by suggesting some difficulties which are after all not of an insurmountable nature. There is so much good will indicated in the statements quoted that it should not be difficult to find a way of solving the problem.

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE
OF NEW YORK, 1901.

VOL. LXXIII.—46

In the Report for 1899-1900 of the Commissioner of Education, Hon. W. T. Harris, the following interesting and valuable statistics are given. There are in the

	<i>Public.</i>	<i>Private.</i>
Elementary Schools, . . .	14,662,488	1,193,882 pupils.
Secondary Schools, . . .	488,549	166,678
Universities and Colleges, . .	30,050	73,201
Professional Schools, . . .	8,540	46,594
Normal Schools,	44,808	23,572
	<u>15 234 435</u>	<u>1,503 927</u>

ENROLLMENT IN SPECIAL SCHOOLS.

City Evening Schools, . . .	185,000
Business Schools,	70,686
Indian Schools,	23,500
Schools for Defectives, . . .	23,691
Reform Schools,	24,925
Orphan Asylums and other Benevo-	
lent Institutions,	14,000
Schools in Alaska,	1,369
Kindergartens,	93,737
Miscellaneous,	50,000
	<u>486,908</u>

- Summarizing, then, we find total enrollment was 17,225 270, distributed as follows :

In Public Institutions, . . .	15,234,435
In Private Institutions, . . .	1,503 927
In Special Schools,	486,908

Under the term "Common Schools" the Report includes public schools of elementary and secondary grades ; the former including all pupils in the first eight years of the course of study, and the latter the pupils of the next four years of the course usually conducted in high-schools or academies.

In educating the vast number that attend the "Common Schools" (15,151,037), 415,660 teachers were employed, and to meet the expenses of these schools the sum of \$204,017,612 was raised ; the average expenditure for each child being \$18.99. This enormous outlay, as well as the vast number of pupils enrolled, clearly demonstrate the high place that popular edu-

cation holds in the estimation of the American people; this fact is emphasized when we compare with it the corresponding data shown by other countries.

THE CATHOLIC-AMERICAN IS NO LAGGARD.

That the Catholic-American is no laggard in this great educational work is proved by statistics of our Catholic educational institutions during the year 1899-1900, which give 3,812 parish schools with an enrollment of 903,980 pupils, 183 colleges for boys, and 617 academies for girls; the enrollment in the latter not being given.

It is safe, then, to say that nearly 1,000,000 pupils of all grades are being educated under distinctly Catholic influences.

While, therefore, other private educational institutions outside of the Catholic Church are important in number, character, and enrollment of pupils, it is clear that the Catholic schools contain double the number that are being educated in all the other schools not of distinctly public character.

— In the education of the youth of our country, then, we find two clearly defined agencies working side by side: one, the creation of the state; the other, the offspring of private enterprise. The state supports hers from a revenue obtained by the taxation of all classes without exception; the other is maintained by the generosity of private individuals, and receives no financial aid, and very little professional recognition, from state authority.

The dominating thought and purpose of both agencies are the same—the formation and development of character, and the instilling of those principles which beget the highest ideal of true womanhood and manhood. Though this high end is the aim of all educators, there is some variance of opinion as to the means best suited to accomplish the end.

The vast majority seem to believe that that end can, under existing circumstances, be best attained by the plan of education offered to all children in the common or state schools, while others find in that same plan a lack of what to them is essential in the development of a human being, namely, the religious instruction so wholly ignored in the public-school system. This difference of opinion accounts for the existence of both public and private schools. A few private institutions of learning owe their existence to the desire of some parents for social distinction, and their disinclination to allow their children to frequent schools wherein the lines of social caste

lose effect; these schools differ from the public schools only in their exclusiveness.

The majority, therefore, of private schools exist because conscientious and God-fearing parents recognize the necessity of daily religious instruction; and, as a result, parish schools are not merely *private* but distinctly Catholic, and the difference between them and the state school consists in the presence or absence of a religious atmosphere.

DIFFERENT VIEW POINTS OF EDUCATORS.

All educators who believe in Christianity agree that religion and morality must have a share in the education of youth; they differ, however, as to the manner and time and place in which religion and morality are to be taught.

Education in its true and complete acceptance is the bringing out of all the powers of man. It means the training of the heart, the cultivation of the mind, and the development of the physical powers. A system of education which ignores any of these is defective, and becomes disastrous in proportion to the dignity and relative importance of the part that is neglected. I take it that, in the main, non-Catholics hold that moral training should be a part of the daily curriculum. Thus, in the Boston course of study for the high-school we read: "In giving instruction in morals and manners, teachers will at all times exert their best endeavors to impress on the minds of youth the principles of piety and justice, and a sacred regard to truth; love of their country, humanity, and universal benevolence; sobriety, industry, and frugality; chastity, moderation, and temperance." This moral instruction, however, it is declared, shall have no trace or shadow of sectarian or doctrinal teaching, for in the course of study for primary schools of the same city it is said: "In giving this instruction teachers should keep strictly within the bounds of manners and morals, and thus avoid all occasion for treating of or alluding to sectarian subjects."

Again, I say, it is evident all agree as to the necessity of moral and religious teaching; there is no agreement as to the manner, places, and times wherein it is to be given. Outside of the Catholic Church it is almost universally maintained that, though morality may be inculcated in the school-room, all religious teaching is to be relegated to the church and the family circle.

THE CATHOLIC IDEA OF EDUCATION.

Catholics hold that as ever and always the child's soul and his duties to God are the highest and greatest, so there is no place, time, or method from which the teaching of morals and religion may be eliminated. They hold that as the knowledge of the relations of the creature to his Creator is the most sacred and essential of all subjects, the most imperative of all obligations, these relations shall receive at least as much attention as is given to any secular branch; that as a child cannot become proficient in reading, writing, or arithmetic without daily instruction therein, so neither can he acquire the necessary knowledge of God, his laws, his rewards and punishments, without the daily presentation of these truths. Nor do they believe that morality and religion are separable; that men will revere the law, if they ignore the law-giver. Now, since morality has Divine sanction, to attempt to teach its principles without reference to the Divinity is to ignore the law-giver; yet just as surely as you speak of the Law-giver, so surely do you trench on the ground of doctrinal teaching. But even should any one hold that religion and morality are separable, the Catholic Church, with her ages of experience, with her realization that religion and morality must be united; and knowing from the same experience that the instruction given her children at church and at home is inadequate for the requisite religious training of the child, has created a system of schools wherein religious, moral, and secular training shall go hand-in-hand for the perfecting of the whole human being. As says one of the ablest Catholic educators:

"However, we do not hold that religion can be imparted as is the knowledge of history or grammar; the repetition of the catechism or the reading of the Gospel is not religion. Religion is something more subtle, more intimate, more all-pervading; it speaks to the heart and the head; it is an ever-living presence in the school-room; it is reflected from the pages of our reading books. It is nourished by the prayers with which our daily exercises are opened and closed; it is brought in to control the affections, to keep watch over the imagination; it forbids to the mind any but useful, holy, and innocent thoughts; it enables the soul to resist temptation, it guides the conscience, inspires horror for sin and love of virtue. It must be an essential element of our lives, the very atmosphere of our breathing, the soul of every action.

"This is religion as the Catholic Church understands it, and this is why she seeks to foster the religious spirit in every soul confided to her, at all times, under all circumstances, without rest, without break, from the cradle to the grave" (*Brother Azarias*).

In the maintaining of her parish school the Catholic Church not only contends for the union of secular learning and religious training, but, furthermore, in the very contention, emphasizes the conscientious duty of Catholic parents to thus educate their offspring.

DANGERS OF STATE PATERNALISM.

There is undoubtedly at the present time a more than mere *tendency* towards state "paternalism." It is a fact, however much it may be deplored, that many parents are only too willing to relegate to the state the rights, duties, and responsibilities that devolve on them in this matter of education.

The result of this shirking of duty on one side, and the assumption of it on the other, must, ultimately, be harmful to both. The family is the basal unit of the state; any weakness, much more any unsoundness, in the foundation or in any of the component parts imperils the whole of the edifice.

If the parent does not fulfil his duty—far worse if he deliberately ignores it—the resultant moral and civic weakness must show itself in the character and stability of the state.

Let me not be misunderstood on this point. I would not derogate one iota from the right of the state to look after the well-being of its citizens. But this right has its legitimate limits; neither do I admit the state's right of absolute control of the character of the education to be imparted to a pupil, any more than I would accord it the privilege of determining that pupil's religion.

The state surely may, and should, insist that her citizens should be fitted for the discharge of their duties to the commonwealth. If parents fail in their duty to their children, let the state step in and become father and mother to the outcast and neglected ones; but, in the name of natural right, let us remember that the state is not the *natural* but only a *foster* parent, and that the first duty and privilege as regards the child belongs to its parent by nature.

CHURCH STANDS FOR LAW AND ORDER.

More firmly than any other teaching body, the church has

ever stood for law and order. Her enemies make it a reproach that her conservatism at times stifles the aspirations of an oppressed people for natural freedom. But, guided by the Holy Spirit, and rich with the experience of nineteen hundred years among the nations of the earth, she insists that her children shall respect and obey all civil power, because all authority comes from God.

She may both see and feel the tyranny and oppression that are weighing down the people, but she knows that sometimes it is better to bear the ills we have than to attempt to escape to others we know not of.

The simple fact that the child lives in a little world, whether in a state school or in any private school, wherein it sees order, discipline, and self-restraint, exercises a deep influence on its whole being. Even in schools from whose curriculum all religious instruction is eliminated, if the cultivation of natural virtues from even purely natural motives be there emphasized, habits of mind and heart are developed that will have much to do with the character of the future citizen.

When, however, this wholesome influence is intensified by positive religious instruction that demands the acquisition and cultivation of virtues, not merely from natural but from supernatural motives also, then a mighty power works in the heart that will develop a deep and lasting reverence for all legitimate authority, and eventually give to the state a faithful citizen, a strong upholder of right and order.

Well do we know that the more faithful a Catholic is to his faith and its teaching, the more loyal is he to the laws of the land; the God-fearing man must necessarily be the upright, law-abiding citizen. God and Fatherland are the dominant notes of Catholic teaching.

In the words of her Divine Founder, she bids her children "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." If any one bearing the name of Catholic be found a law-breaker or a traitor to his country, he is a Catholic but in name. And to the same extent that he breaks the laws of the land, in so far does he ruthlessly defy the teachings of her whose name he bears.

LIBERTY TO EDUCATE AS IS DEEMED BEST.

As the very fact of our having Catholic schools has at times aroused comment, and even ill-feeling, I shall here advert to some facts that ought to be taken into consideration.

One is the constitutional right of Catholics or any body of citizens to establish schools, provided such schools be not incompatible with public morality, or not opposed to public welfare.

Citizens have a right to use the public schools; if they renounce that right, it is no privilege to allow them to establish their own educational institutions. We often hear the self-constituted defenders and justifiers of the state system use emphatically the term "our schools," and "our public-school system." Allow me to remark that it is an impertinence for any individual to refer to the public schools as "our" schools, to the exclusion of Catholics, or any other members of the commonwealth.

If the state schools do not, in Catholic estimation, afford all the facilities necessary for the acquisition of the highest moral virtue, we have the liberty of stating this fact and of providing other means; for it is also the constitutional right of any citizen, whether Catholic or Protestant, Jew or infidel, to criticise, condemn, approve or disapprove any institution which is the creation of the state and supported by general taxation.

Those outside the church sometimes declare that the Catholic laity are not in sympathy with the policy of the church in the matter of education; that it is bishops and priests alone that are unreservedly insistent on the question.

Certainly it is true that some Catholic laymen think the position of the church on education extreme and unnecessary. But to say that the Catholics of America are not substantially united on the Catholic Parish School question is to be sadly ignorant of the actual state of affairs. Catholics would indeed rejoice were they able in conscience to partake of the educational advantages provided by the state, for they are taxed to provide those advantages, yet they are also eager to support their parish school; and should they desire for their children an academical or collegiate education, they are willing to bear the additional expense incurred thereby. To their credit be it said, when the question of a choice between an education without religion and an education with religion is put plainly before them, there is no mistaking their position, even though they thereby burden themselves with financial sacrifice and self-denial.

The history of Catholic education shows that the most earnest advocates of its undying, unchangeable principles have

been laymen, and, were any distinction to be made, the honor should go to laymen who are converts to the Catholic faith and have had personal experience of the disastrous effects of education without religion.

Were this not the condition of affairs, neither the church nor any other organization could force upon the people an institution as broad, as far-reaching, and as expensive as the parish-school system.

CATHOLICS NOT ALONE IN OPPOSITION TO EDUCATION WITHOUT RELIGION.

The opponents of Catholic education also say that we are practically alone in our opposition to purely secular training which eliminates religion.

If they are at all conversant with current facts and opinions, such a contention is false; for among the most earnest defenders of religion in education are found men, non-Catholics, who voice their protest in no doubtful terms. I might cite many proofs of this, but shall content myself with the words of one who is an esteemed minister of religion—one who has been an educator for many years, has occupied a chair in one of our largest universities, and at present is president of the high-school of a city that boasts of nearly a million and a half population. I refer to Rev. Robert Ellis Thompson, president of the Central High-School of Philadelphia, who says:

"As to the sufficiency of religious instruction in church and Sunday-school, we reply that one of the first practical dangers of society is that the greatest truths that bear on human life shall come to be identified in the public mind with Sundays, churches, and Sunday-school."

"We certainly are helping that when we provide that the most aroused activities of a boy's mind shall be divorced from those truths, and that the subjects of science, literature, and history, with which church and Sunday-school cannot deal, shall be taught with a studied absence of reference to 'the Divine Intelligence at the heart of things.'"

"What is this but a lesson in the practical atheism that shuts God out of all but certain selected parts of life with which the young man may have as little to do as he pleases."

"What would be the effect upon a child's mind of excluding studiously all mention of his earthly father from his work and play for five or six days of the week, of treating all his

belongings and relations without reference to the parents to whom he owes them, and permitting such reference only on stated times when they are declared in order."

"But the monstrosity and the mischievousness of such an arrangement would be as nothing to the scholastic taboo of the living God, to whom the child owes every breath of its daily life, who lies about it as a great flood of light and life seeking to enter in and possess its spirit, and who as much feeds its mind with knowledge and wisdom as its spirit with righteousness, and its body with earthly food, in providing 'food convenient for it'" (*Divine Order of Human Society*, pp. 189, 190).

Now, has any Catholic priest or layman spoken more emphatically on this subject than has Dr. Thompson? Again, he says:

"The church, through its clergy, can bring to bear an authority in education of a highly ethical kind, which it is not easy for laymen to exert. It can supplement or replace parental authority more readily than a force of lay teachers. And it is less likely than they to be swayed by the intellectual fashions of the time, and the place; less likely to accept as its divinity the spirit of the age, because committed to a preference for what Jean Paul calls 'the spirit of all the ages.'"

There is no reason why the state should desire or claim the sole right of educating the youth of the country; to assert that it alone can properly carry on this work is to ignore or condemn the splendid history of the past, when the church or private energy were the only agencies that looked after the education of the masses.

THE STATE PRACTICALLY IS UNABLE TO EDUCATE ALL THE CHILDREN.

In many parts of this country the state is either unable or refuses to carry on alone the work. It is noteworthy that in the City of Philadelphia there are not adequate school accommodations for thousands of children who are not Catholic, and this is only one instance of the existing state of affairs in other sections of the country. With such a shameful truth confronting it, the state should welcome the aid of other agencies in this great work.

I may remark here, incidentally, that as the parish schools are educating 35,000 children in Philadelphia alone, were these schools to be closed 35,000 more would be on the streets.

The most dangerous of all monopolies is that of education. Catholics are not singular in seeing danger in the state arrogating to itself the exclusive work of education.

Says Dr. Thompson :

"Nor do we really escape from the narrowing influence of class in setting aside the church's ministry in educational work. We only create another class, more certain to be narrow, professional, and, in the long run, obstructive to sound progress."

"The teaching profession, in those countries of Europe in which the state system has been longest established, constitutes a new clergy, not behind any other clergy in dogmatism and intolerance, even while it claims to be pervaded by the 'liberal' and the 'modern' spirit. And those who are familiar with the teaching class in America, I think, must be aware of the tendency to move in the same direction, to regard teachers as a distinct body governed by an *esprit de corps* of their own, and bound to act together against every opposing interest, on the assumption that their ideas of the right and the fit are coextensive with sound principles of educational policy."

"We may yet have a new clergy on our hands in America, and one whose numbers and unity may make them as inimical to the public interests as any priesthood of any church could be."

By judicious encouragement, by helpful sympathy, just financial aid, and proper supervision of private schools the state can accomplish all that can be achieved by its assuming complete control of education ; yet by this mode of procedure it would avoid interfering with the parental rights and conscientious belief of her citizens.

I might touch here on the widely discussed policy of state recognition of Catholic schools. A stranger to our institutions and methods of government coming to this country and reading certain articles bearing on the school question might believe, were he a merely superficial observer, that arrayed on one side were the followers of the Catholic Church, insignificant in numbers and influence, hostile to existing state institutions, and out of harmony with the progressive spirit of the age ; on the other were their opponents, influential in numbers, wealth, and intelligence ; representative of all that is best and noblest in this broad land.

He might also be led to think that Catholics were so unreasonably exacting, so unjustly insistent for recognition, that

they were striving to force by law their non-Catholic fellow-citizens to support Catholic educational institutions.

CATHOLICS ARE NOT AN UNIMPORTANT MINORITY.

Yet Catholics are not an unimportant minority: they comprise from ten to fifteen millions of the population, they are an integral part of this great country, and history demonstrates their loyalty to the land of their birth or adoption, since in every crisis of our history their patriotism and fidelity have been in evidence.

They look for no favor, privilege, or charity; they do demand a constitutional right to have a voice in the affairs of government. In seeking some financial recognition for their schools they are but asking that their own money, not other people's, shall be applied to the education of the children of the nation. Who shall dare say they ask more than their right? The state is not the absolute master of all moneys in its treasury. It is the custodian only, and justice requires that the moneys raised by general taxation be distributed according to the reasonable and just wishes of the tax-payers. Our opposition to the existing state of affairs proceeds from no sinister, selfish purpose.

The history of the agitation concerning "denominational" schools cannot but make Catholics think that partisan feeling and religious prejudice, and not the merits of the question, have brought about the present state of public opinion—the unwillingness to look calmly and justly on the claims of the Catholic minority.

It is a notorious fact that the so-called "non-sectarian" character was given to our state system of education only when Catholics asked, in justice, for such consideration as was accorded to the Protestant sects.

One who is far from being *just*, much less partial, to the Catholic Church writes: "Many may be surprised to learn that the first appeal for a division of the public funds in the country was made by a Protestant denomination, and the first sectarian division actually made was to that body. The other Protestant churches, instead of objecting, attempted to obtain their share of the public schools fund" (*Romanism vs. Public School System*, p. 1).

TO EXCLUDE RELIGION IS TO PROFESS IRRELIGION.

A common objection to the appropriation of any money

from the public treasury to denominational schools is that such an act would be a violation of the fundamental law of the land, which recognizes no religion or sect.

"The government's basis is broad, ignoring party and creed." Does it ever occur to those who insist on this view that the very policy of excluding religious instruction from schools maintained by a general taxation is a *de facto* class legislation in favor of unbelievers and agnostics, and utterly opposed to the principles of Christian denominations?

Unbelief is actually some kind of belief. Consequently, may not the mass of Christians justly protest against a system which permits any state institutions becoming tacitly an agency for the spread of infidelity?

It is said that the official machinery required to carry out a system which recognizes denominational schools would be so complicated as to be practically impossible because of the multitude of sects in the country which would claim recognition. Any agency which will meet the requirements of the state in the amount and character of the education demanded ought to receive recognition. The difficulties incidental to such recognition should not rule out of court any just claimant. Does the national government refrain from collecting its revenues simply because from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, a thoroughly disciplined army of revenue officers must be drafted into service? Does the insignificance of the tribute render the humblest citizen in the remotest town of the Union free from the tax-gatherer's demands?

THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM CANNOT BE IGNORED.

All that is asked is simply the recognition of results secured in good educational work. It is a good policy, affirmed over and over again in municipal administration, to utilize existing agencies. A hospital, though it be under denominational control, yet has facilities to treat accidents. The city authorizes it to run a public ambulance, and pays it for the public service it renders. Why not apply the same principle in matters of education? It makes no difference to a municipality what particular form of religion is taught, as long as good citizenship is cultivated; and if a corporation of men will give as good an education when tested by examination as the common school, why not compensate them for the work done?

There is no argument against the system. What is done in

England, Germany, and Canada should not be impossible in the United States. In all these countries denominational schools are recognized. No unanswerable argument has ever been adduced which destroys the justice of the Catholic claim in the matter of education. There is a just solution of the difficulty. Catholics are not clamoring for what is unjust or unreasonable.

The Catholic school system cannot be ignored by the state. It is a fact, a mighty fact and one that has come to stay. The Catholic Church is contending for a principle, from which she can never recede.

Whether recognition come or not, she will continue her mission of educating a million children. If the state be sincere in the declaration that it looks to the welfare of the whole people, Catholic education will yet receive proper consideration.

It should be recognized, because recognition of the reasonable demands of the minority has ever characterized broad statesmanship and wise leadership. Fair treatment harmonizes and makes loyal the minority of a country.

The summary dismissal of every Catholic protest and petition with wild charges of sinister designs upon the government by the Catholic Church is no answer to a just contention, and is not calculated to strengthen in the hearts of Catholics loyalty and respect for the laws and Constitution of their country.

May the day soon dawn when America and Americans will clearly see what the Catholic Church has done in her parish schools for the family and the state by jealously safeguarding the moral, religious, and intellectual welfare of the child, and when all will recognize the necessity and the permanence of the Catholic parish school!



THE HOUSE OF GOD.

THE House of God hath royal
 plenishings,
 Both rich and rare.
 Meet for the service of the King of
 kings,
 Who dwelleth there.
 All glorious within, the Church, His
 Bride,
 In beauty waits
 The coming of her Lord, who opens
 wide
 Her pearly gates,
 That all may enter there and find
 content,
 Rest, pardon, peace;

In praise and prayer, in song and sacrament,
 And sin's surcease.

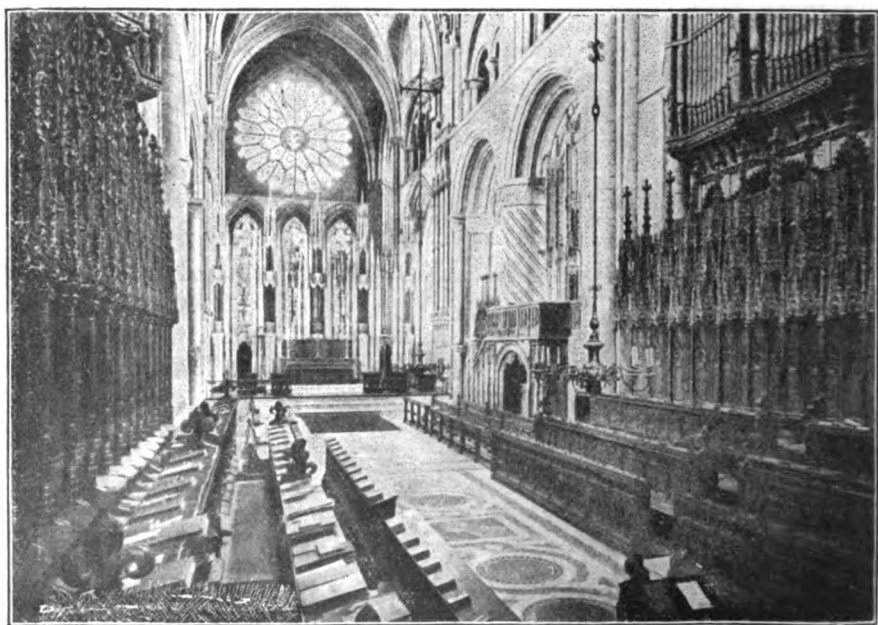
Not with uncertain sound her symbols speak
 To soul of man.
 To eye and heart they plead, though faith be weak.
 The heavenly plan,
 In nave and transept, choir and bay revealed,
 And carved ambone,
 Teaches of Him who is her tower and shield
 And corner-stone.

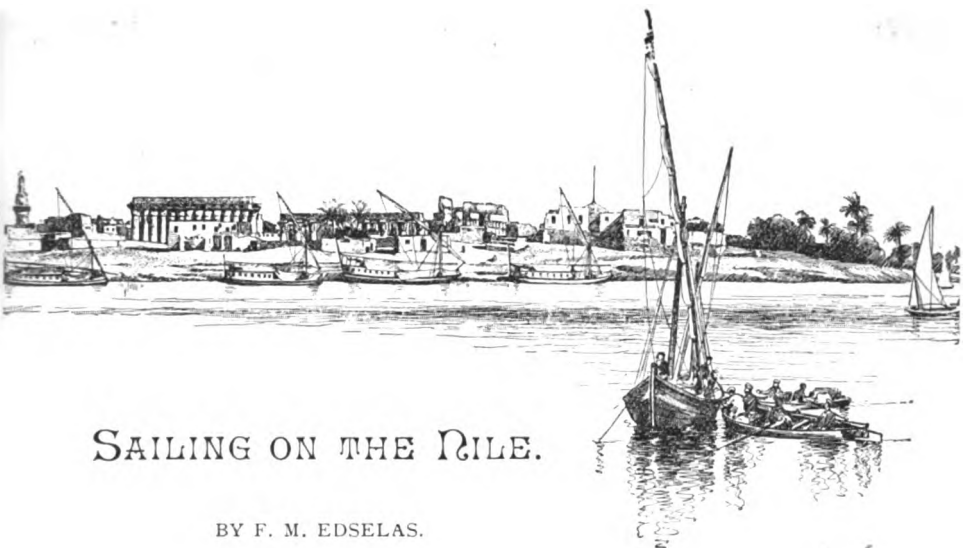
'Neath pillared arch and vaulted dome arise,
 'Mid incense dim,
 Low litanies to Christ in Paradise,
 And vesper hymn.
 And priestly hands, beneath the Eastern Rose,
 Absolve and bless
 Sinner and saint, who, burdened with life's woes,
 Their sins confess!

The House of God hath royal plenishing,
And gifts of price.
The House that is from Heaven foreshadowing.
The Sacrifice
Of Love untold is offered o'er and o'er,
In lowly faith.
"Who drinketh of My Blood shall Thirst no more,"
The Master saith.

Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief!
Thy Temple fair
Enshrines the offering of my soul's deep grief
And gray despair.
The silver and the gold are Thine, but more
To us is given;
Thy Sacraments unlock the golden door,
Through which is Heaven.

ISABEL G. EATON.





SAILING ON THE NILE.

BY F. M. EDESELAS.



AT last we were fairly under way, having a thoroughly enjoyable sail of some six hours before tying up for the night. The shore, low and green, was also varied by a wall of cream-colored rock—probably a branch of the oft stony Nile—taking at times the form of huge boulders, rendering navigation far from easy or safe—readily proved when breasting the famous Cataracts, which tested the skill of expert boatmen, and our courage as well.

Towns and villages dotted the plains shoreward, which, with groves of palm and other tropical trees, formed a scene truly picturesque, and of never failing interest; this being varied by mounds and pyramids, which with camels and donkeys, pelicans and geese, ever and anon crossed our line of travel. A narrow strip of land along the shore was almost the only fertile portion visible, depending, as we know, upon the Nile's annual overflow for irrigation.

The wind here being master of the situation, proved such an uncertain factor that we never knew what its freaks might be from day to day—nay, from hour to hour. Sometimes, being in good humor, we advanced steadily for two or three days; then followed a tie-up of as many more. However, this was not wholly lost, being improved by studying the "lions in the way." Some stations we found deserted, having been washed away by the floods still sweeping over the land as in ages past, when King Mœris constructed that

famous lake bearing his name, regulating the overflow of the Nile.

Other more prosperous towns showed some degree of thrift in well-kept streets and bazaars, shaded, as with us, by matting hung from the buildings, the places being attractive for novelty. In the less frequented villages, where we awaited a favoring breeze, wretched persons were often seen squatted *à la Turc*, hugging their knees, sorry pictures of abject misery. In fact, the condition of the Nile Egyptians can hardly be otherwise while so shamefully oppressed by the government. Taxation, drafting for the army, with compulsory labor on the public works, so drain their shallow purse, time, and even their very life's blood, as barely to leave them the dregs of existence. Over and over again, when lamenting their sad fate, did we rejoice at our more prosperous lot cast in free America.

Worse even than this was it to see so many of these



A GROUP OF THE PEOPLE.

wretches not only drafted, but torn from their homes by the rough soldiers and carried away in boat-loads, while their wives and mothers lamented, as we had heard them in funeral processions, their fate being far more deplorable than if separated by death at home.

Christmas day dawned, the seventh day of our boating experience, filled with glad memories of dear ones far away. Adli, as host, most courteously honored this our great festival—at least as to the temporals, leaving us to manage as best we could the spirituals, which, with our little Bethlehem Crib, proved far from being what we desired.

Under our good captain's direction the steward decorated our craft with the Turkish and American flags entwined with palm-leaves and bright-colored paper cut in fanciful designs. In compliment to each a special remembrance awaited us at table, the dinner being a very elaborate affair, though in truth not half so enjoyable as an every-day meal, *en famille*.

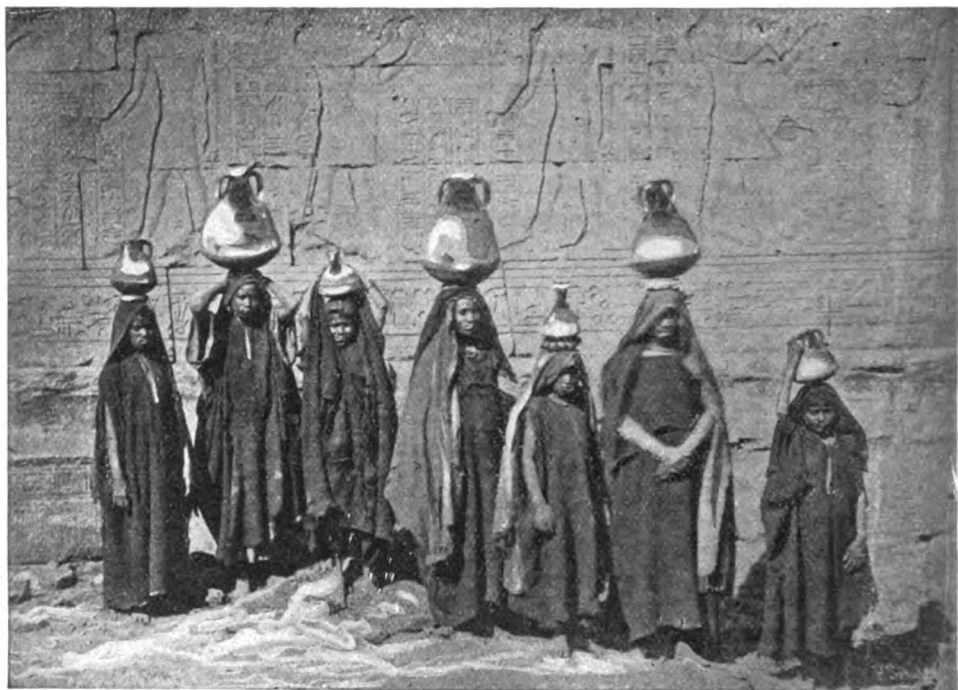
Early in the day, while passing a Coptic convent perched high on a cliff, we became much interested in watching the inmates, swimming towards our boat, throwing out their arms in a peculiar manner, until alongside, so as to lay hold of the vessel. They were expected, as we had been notified of their custom to levy alms on all travellers in this way.

Whatever was received they carried in their mouths; the clothing, being made in a bundle, borne on the head. So persistent were they, that after the first gift they invariably clamored for more, until the sailors rapped their knuckles in no gentle manner, thus forcing them to release their hold.

At times they even came on board; their cry being "Ana Christian, O howadji!"—meaning, "I am a Christian, gentlemen!" One returned a second time, soliciting for his father, who he said was running along the shore, being unable to swim. That may have been, though evidence was against him, since he looked much younger than the son!

Adli hoped to reach a neighboring town before night; but failing to do so, he "luminated" at a sand-bank, without even a single habitation to witness the spectacle; but here, as usual, crowds of mosquitoes and fleas came to greet us. Later a few Arabs appeared from some unknown quarter, seeming to enjoy the display of lanterns. Adli, however, was grievously disappointed in not being able to shine to a larger assembly.

In the evening we found much amusement while watching the sailors, sitting as usual on deck, singing and telling stories. This night games were added, as a special favor. In one appeared a joker, fantastically dressed, mounted on a table, personating the governor or pasha. In the course of his antics he frequently introduced two or three English words which he had



WATER-CARRIERS IN EGYPT.

mastered, probably for our benefit, rendering the scene all the more ridiculous.

The grand finale was reached when the clown had his false beard torn off and set on fire; at this he sprang into the water, being very angry with the one who played the trick. However, he soon recovered his good nature, as these children of the desert seldom long resent an injury.

When approaching a village we were sure of a crowd besieging us for backsheesh, boys often running along and turning somersaults by way of bait. Besides mosques with minarets, there are also seen in every village the dome-shaped tombs of a sheik, or other dignitary, the latter being scattered along the shore where there are no dwellings.

Tombs are also seen cut in the rocky cliffs; but, being hundreds and thousands of years old, have long since been despoiled of their treasures. However, we often came upon curious passages, where are found ever and anon frescoes and remains of sculpture not unworthy of note.

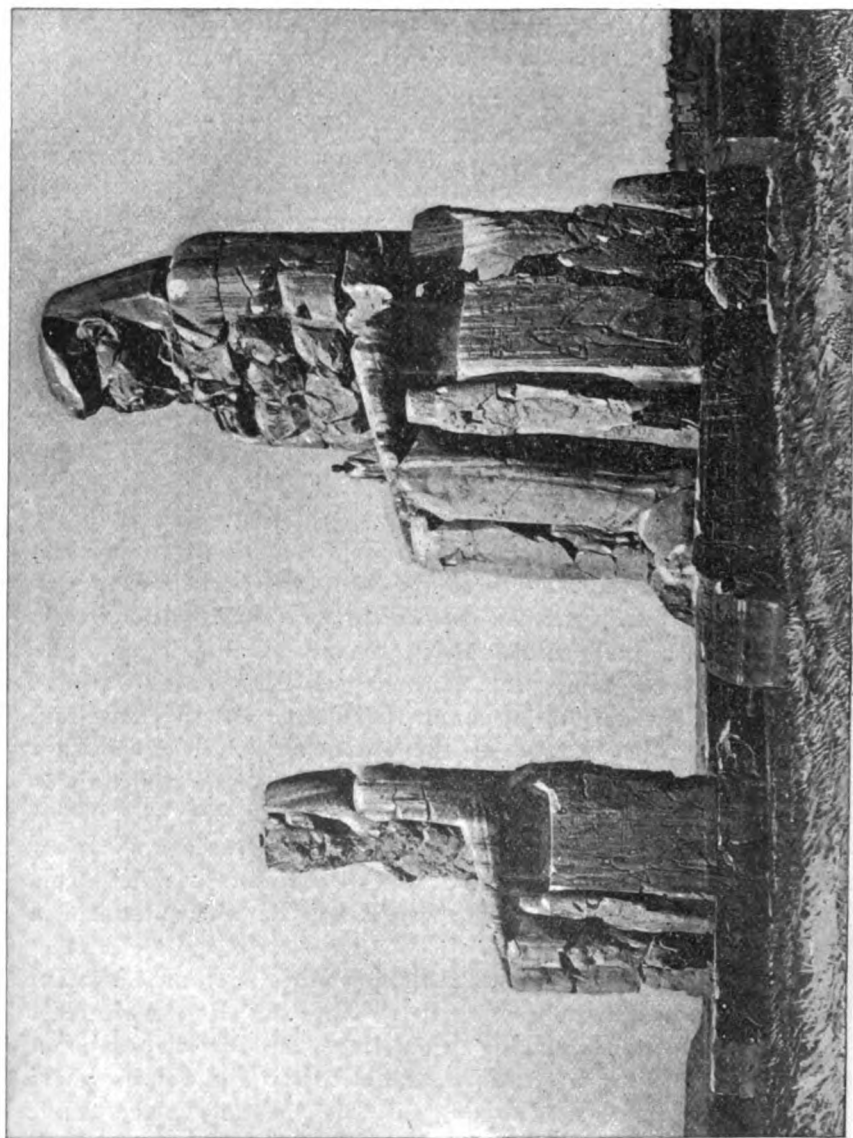
These proved of special interest, as showing in detail the manners, customs, dress, etc., of the people, thus linking us with the long buried past, sometimes explained by hieroglyphics: those of Beni-Hassan serve as fine examples. Traces of Roman occupation in fortified towns could also be seen. A palace of the Khedive, and a sugar factory here and there, served to vary the scenery and bring us in touch with modern civilization.

All tourists agree that navigation of the Nile is attended with dangers and trials peculiarly its own. Speed is such an uncertain, almost unknown quantity among Arabs in general, and with those of this region in particular, that an up-to-date time-table would be out of the question. Verily, if never before, one could not fail to learn by sore experience, and by observation too, the beautiful virtue of patience; for not once during the entire trip did we see our dusky attendants show by look, word, or gesture the least annoyance at our mishaps or delays. That one refrain, "Allah wills it!" was the quietus placed upon all comment or complaint.

Distance, measured by the river, is far greater than by "air-line," owing to sharp curves; then the cliffs often meet at these points, and add much to the ordinary peril if a sudden gust of wind takes a freak to salute you rather too freely. Hence the wise man thinks twice before boating it by night. But, at whatever time, the cautious traveller never fails to have two skilled sailors at hand in charge of the main-sail, ready to shift with change of the too fickle wind. Over-eager travellers, however, have taken the risk of a night sail, only to repent at leisure.

Arriving at Aiout, or Assgoot, quite a pretentious town, answering to both names, two or three hundred miles from Cairo, we were most kindly received by the native consul, a convert of the mission there.

Being able to speak only Arabic, his more fortunate brother served as interpreter, as he understood English. Both were most courteous, not alone placing a carriage at our disposal, but also donkeys, taking us to a venerable tower, and tombs where carriages were useless. Indeed, this was the only place above Cairo where any other means of transportation was available. This consul had improved his chance for acquiring great wealth, through trade in ivory and ostrich feathers, besides other articles of commerce. He gave each of us a whisk made



THE VOCAL MEMNON THAT PROPHESED THE FATE OF NATIONS.

of ivory and palm, and to R—a handsome ostrich-feather fan. His cordial attentions would have been further extended by an entertainment of *ghawazee* dancing but for a recent death in the family. We had no regrets, however, when later in Thebes an opportunity occurred for witnessing one of these questionable performances, of which we had previously no idea. Every traveller at the time was supposed to include this among the “lions” of an Oriental trip. It is well that wisdom comes with experience!

Twelve weary days of tedious sailing at last gave us the sight of Thebes, that most famed among the wondrous cities of the Orient. But far more welcome than even this was the greeting through our first home letters, being brought on foot a long distance from Sais, the terminus of the railway from Cairo. Eagerly as hungry travellers did we devour these messages from loved ones so far away.

Limited time and means at hand could give us at best but tantalizing glimpses of the world of wonders around. The historic fame stamping each one gave it a voice, mutely eloquent, that no mere human speech can reproduce.

Of course the Temples of Thebes and of Luxor claim first attention; vivid descriptions already given by abler pens must more than suffice for any comment here. Nearly as attractive were the ruins of those other grand edifices of Haboo, Rameuseum Gooneh, Dayr el Medeenah, Dayr el Bahree, side by side with the tombs of the kings, wondrous in size and grandeur.

Then, as worthy companion-pieces, we come to the Colossi of the Plain, one, as we know, being the vocal Memnon, though many centuries have passed since its mysterious voice uttered forth the fate of nations and their rulers.

Rebecca drew our attention to two sitting figures guarding the entrance to a long avenue leading to what was once a magnificent temple, now only a mass of ruins. Yet in their grim, silent majesty these massive statues formed a marked feature on this beautiful plain, so green with cultivation, while mid-winter with us in the States. Across this we had many an enjoyable donkey ride, so invigorating is the air and attractive the sights. These temples were all within a radius of five or six square miles: the first two being on the right bank of the river, that may, as supposed, have been east of the entire group included in ancient Thebes. Then farther on, between



A GLIMPSE OF EGYPTIAN ARCHITECTURE.

Karnak and Luxor, a magnificent avenue of ram-headed sphinxes—crios-sphinxes—led its majestic way directly from one of the grand propylæ on towards Karnak, which we found to be a collection of temples built by successive kings, thus commemorating their respective reigns.

Wonder and admiration held us speechless before this masterpiece of Egyptian grandeur. Filling in the gaps from ruins here and there, just imagine this hall of columns, its two central rows thirteen and one-half feet in diameter, the smaller ones in proportion. In their mute language they seem to say: "Pigmies that you are, see what the giants of our age and nation could produce!" If these ruins speak thus to us, what must have been the wondrous effect when courts, obelisks, and other propylæ, in all their massive grandeur, led on to avenues of still other sphinxes, with exquisite sculpture upon wall and

column and statue, all so many monuments to the glory of the monarch reigning over countless conquered peoples.

Within the walls of Luxor is an entire Arab village, with its mosque. We found the so-called English consul, an Arab, as is also our own, employed to carry on reciprocal relations. After a rambling trip of some hours, returning to our boat, we found the British official giving an entertainment in honor of Prince Arthur, to which were bidden all the occupants of the *dahabeahs* then at the landing. As the guest of honor did not arrive until a day later, we had the *ghawazees* to ourselves.

Though decorations of palm-leaves, flags, and lanterns seemed rather incongruous, yet the courtly old consul received us with such evident marks of esteem and honor that we truly appreciated the kindly courtesy. Medinet has the only temple bearing traces of a king's palace, I believe; all others are supposed to have served the double purpose of fortresses, being used as places of refuge in time of siege. Strange as it may seem, no trace of any habitation remains. At this place, Medinet Haboo, one remarkable object attracted our notice: this was a court around which were Osiride columns, so called in honor of the god Osiris, each in human form and bearing the face of that deity.

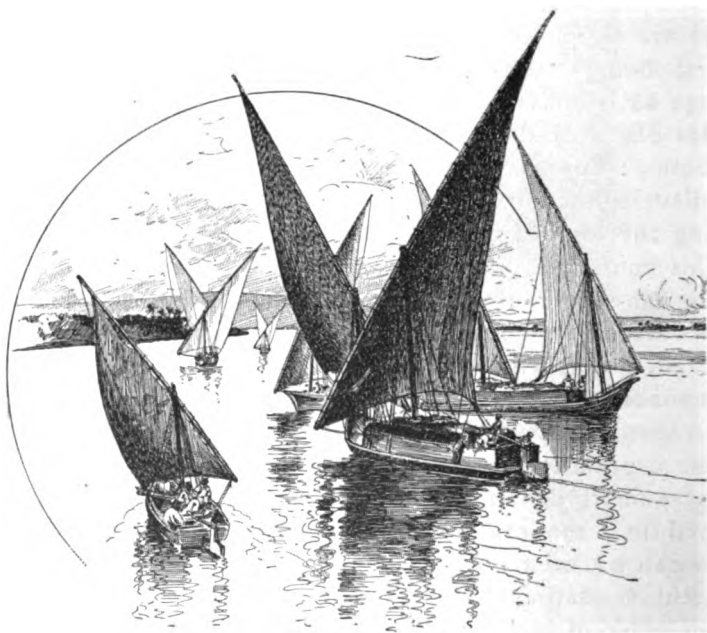
This court had been converted into a Christian church by placing an inner row of Doric columns. All are, however, much defaced, or partially destroyed. In the lavish sculpture now remaining, with frescoes as well, one can readily trace the manners, customs, and religious rites of the people. The same records may also be seen upon the tombs.

One especially attracted our admiration, that of the Kings, and at a short distance another, that of the Queens. Each is situated in a mountain gorge cut from the solid rock, upon which can be seen not a particle of vegetation. That of Seti, or Sethi I., dating back to some 1300 B. C., is a most marvellous work of art, gigantic in extent. Imagine it cut into the mountain 417 feet, where such a mass of debris had fallen as to bar further progress.

The entrance opens into a narrow gallery, long and exquisitely sculptured, from which, descending one or two lengthy flights of steps, you are brought into a spacious hall with columns, on either side of which are many rooms, and also more beyond the obstructed passage. Below were still other

rooms reached by stairways; ceilings and walls all beautifully sculptured and colored. We noticed that some of the work had been left unfinished, showing the lines of correction by the master-workman in a different color from that used by the employee.

Tracing here the history, thoughts, and ideals of these people is most fascinating, but still confusing in its rich and rare abundance. Now I can in a measure understand the enthusiasm of those who give up years, if not a life-time, to the study of these masterpieces of a so long buried art, even envying them the knowledge necessary to undertake such a task.



THE BROTHERS OF THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS IN THE UNITED STATES.

HALF A CENTURY OF WORK.

I.

FIFTY years of earnest, persevering effort in any work of charity or of religion by an individual or an institution is indeed a noble record; we love to unite in offering congratulations and in testifying our joy and admiration at such a noteworthy achievement.

If we entertain such an exalted idea of the heroism of one individual, what must be the worth of fifty years of vitally important work by a religious order whose institutions may be numbered by the hundred and its members by the thousand? The Brothers of the Christian Schools have labored for more than half a century in the United States, and a brief history of the origin, development, and growth of their institutions will not be without interest.

It is to Maryland, the cradle of religious liberty, and to Baltimore, the Monumental City, that the credit belongs of having been the first to secure the establishment of the Christian Brothers in the United States.

Among the steps taken by Archbishop Eccleston to promote Catholic education was that of inviting the Brothers of the Christian Schools to open an institution in his archiepiscopal city; it had already been decided to build an academy for young men on the site of Baltimore's first church, Archbishop Carroll's pro-cathedral. The corner-stone was laid in 1842, and the academy was named Calvert Hall, after Leonard Calvert, the first governor of Maryland, and son of Sir George Calvert, Lord Baltimore.

The arrival of the Brothers is thus recorded in Shea's history: "On the 13th of November, 1846, Archbishop Eccleston announced to his flock that the Brothers of the Christian Schools had opened a school in Calvert Hall, Brother Leopold being director. A novitiate was also established for any pious

persons who wished to devote their lives to Christian education under the rule of the Blessed de La Salle."

Calvert Hall College of to-day is a magnificent granite structure opposite the Baltimore Cathedral; it was erected in 1890 to meet the constantly growing demands of higher education. The successors of Archbishop Eccleston, the Most Revs. Francis Patrick Kenrick, Martin John Spalding, James Roosevelt Bayley, and the present Primate of the United States, his Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, have favored the Brothers with all possible protection and encouragement in their efforts to promote Christian education.

New York was the second city in the United States to secure schools of the Brothers. Previous to his death in 1842 Right Rev. John Dubois, Bishop of New York, had taken means to obtain Brothers from France, and his successor, the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes, spared no efforts in the same direction; but the difficulties of communicating with Europe at that time and other unlooked-for obstacles delayed their coming for some years. Finally the Brothers arrived, and the following from Shea's history tells of the beginning of their work in New York: "In 1848 Providence, by indirect means, endowed the diocese of New York with the sons of the Blessed de La Salle, the Brothers of the Christian Schools. During the spring of 1848 a colony of the Brothers took up their residence on East Canal Street (No. 16, near Broadway), and they soon had English-speaking novices. It was a feeble beginning, but with the blessing of God it prospered. The school of St. Vincent de Paul proved their ability as teachers, and their judgment in adapting their course to the exigencies of the country."

In addition to St. Vincent's school the Brothers conducted an academy for boarding students; both institutions progressed very satisfactorily under the management of Brother Stylian, the director. In 1853 the increased number of boarding students necessitated removal to more spacious quarters at Manhattanville, where, under the title of "Academy of the Holy Infancy," the work continued to flourish under the direction of Brother John Chrysostom. In 1855 Brother Stylian was appointed to preside over the new academy, which he did with remarkable success until 1861, when Brother Patrick assumed charge as director.

On the 2d of April, 1863, the name of the institution was changed to "Manhattan College," as it had been incorporated

by the Regents of the University of the State of New York. The large increase in the number of students and the higher standard of scholarship required by the faculty to meet the wishes of patrons made this important step advisable.

Since 1865 the college has had as directors Brothers Paulian, Humphrey, Anthony, Clementian Justin, Chrysostom, James, Potamian, Aelred, and lastly Brother Charles, whose appointment was made in 1900

How well Manhattan College has fulfilled its destiny is eloquently attested by the hundreds of priests, professional men, and hosts of skilled workers in all the callings of life who claim Manhattan as their Alma Mater.

The annual courses of lectures to the undergraduates by members of the Manhattan College Alumni Society; the late series of scientific lectures at Carnegie Lyceum, under the auspices of the alumni, by five of the most prominent inventors and scientists of the day; and lastly, the financial aid spontaneously provided by members of the alumni—all this is convincing proof of a loyalty and a generosity above all praise.

An interesting chapter could be written on the many valued favors, the protection, and the encouragement received by the Christian Brothers from the distinguished prelates who have governed the Archdiocese of New York for the past fifty years: the Most Rev. John Hughes, his Eminence John Cardinal McCloskey, and his Grace the Most Rev. Michael Augustine Corrigan.

The West was not to be without Brothers' schools. Hardly had the Brothers obtained a footing in New York when they were invited by Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, to establish themselves in his extensive archdiocese. His request was complied with, and it is worthy of note that the Brothers arrived in St. Louis on August 25, 1849, the feast of the patron saint of the city and its cathedral.

The Brothers began their work by opening the cathedral school in the early part of September, only a few days after their arrival. Brother Gelisair was the director in charge. In the following year the Brothers opened a boarding-school, and they were invited to take charge of schools in other parishes of St. Louis.

The progress which the Brothers had made in three years after their arrival in the city of St. Louis is told in the following extract from Shea's history: "The Brothers of the Christian Schools were the next accession to the diocese of St. Louis.

By 1852 they had a boarding-school on Sixteenth Street near Market, and directed the parish schools for boys at the Cathedral, St. Francis Xavier's, St. Vincent de Paul's, and St. Patrick's churches. They had even been encouraged to open a novitiate on Eighth Street to receive applicants for admission to the order. In his pastoral letter, promulgating the Jubilee granted by the pope, Archbishop Kenrick impressed on his flock the necessity of zeal and sacrifice for the Catholic education of youth, and specially commended the Brothers of the Christian Schools who had recently begun their labors in his diocese."

Among the interesting phases of the spread of their work from St. Louis to distant points is the account given by Brothers still alive of their experience during long weeks of travel in caravans from Kansas City to Santa Fe, New Mexico, for the purpose of opening an institution. The excitement caused by pursuing and attacking Indians has not been forgotten by the Brothers.

His Grace Archbishop Kain, of St. Louis, like his illustrious predecessor, Archbishop Kenrick, has always favored the Christian Brothers to the utmost of his ability.

The Pacific coast had no Brothers until August, 1868, when eight of them arrived as a result of the persevering efforts of the Most Rev. Joseph S. Alemany, Archbishop of San Francisco, who having personally visited New York and the mother-house in Paris without having been able to obtain Brothers, in person besought Pope Pius IX. to intervene in his behalf. The Holy Father graciously interested himself in the matter, and thus it was that in 1868 the Brothers at last took charge of St. Mary's College in San Francisco. Owing to the injurious winds and fogs beyond Bernal Heights during the summer, the college was transferred to Oakland in 1870. The success of the Brothers in the college, as well as in their other institutions on the Pacific coast, has been all that the Most Rev. Joseph Sadoc Alemany and his distinguished successor, the Most Rev. Patrick William Riordan, could have hoped for. The Brothers naturally feel gratified to find their work blessed by the Almighty, and appreciated by the church and the people.

Brother Philippe was superior-general of the order at the time the Brothers first arrived in the United States; since his time Brothers Jean-Olympe, Irlide, Joseph, and Gabriel-Marie have governed the society; the last-mentioned general having been elected at the general chapter, 1897. Brother Anselme,

assistant-general, was in charge of the Brothers' schools in Canada and the United States for some years after 1846, and Brothers Aidan and Facile were successively provincials (visitors), with residence in Montreal, Canada.

II.

In the course of years each one of the cities, Baltimore, New York, St. Louis, and San Francisco, became a head centre of one of the four provinces, or districts, into which the United States are divided.

About the year 1861, Brother Facile having been elected assistant-general, the New York province was organized, and was successively governed by Brothers Ambrose, Patrick, Paulian, Justin, Quintinian, and lastly by Brother D. Joseph, who was appointed to this responsible position in 1898. The New York province includes all the institutions of the Brothers in the archdioceses of Boston and New York, and in the dioceses of Albany, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Manchester, Portland, Providence, Springfield, and Syracuse. The Brothers' schools in the Archdiocese of Halifax, N. S., are likewise affiliated with those of the New York province.

The province of San Francisco was begun in 1868, and has been successively governed by Brothers Justin, Bettelin, and the present visitor, Brother Theodorus, with headquarters at St. Mary's College, Oakland, Cal. The establishments belonging to this district are in the archdioceses of San Francisco and Oregon City, and in the dioceses of Los Angeles, Nesqually, and Sacramento.

St. Louis was formed into a province in 1870, and was successively under the direction of Brothers Edward, Romuald, Lothaire, Paulian, and its present visitor, Brother Gerardus. It includes the schools of the Brothers in the archdioceses of Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, and Santa Fe, and in the dioceses of Kansas City, Mo., Nashville, and St. Joseph.

The province of Baltimore was formed in 1878, and has been successively governed by Brothers Christian, Reticus, Quintinian, Romuald, and the present acting visitor, Brother Austin.

The Brothers have schools in the archdioceses of Baltimore and Philadelphia, and in the dioceses of Newark, Richmond, and Scranton.

In each province there is special provision for the religious

formation, literary and scientific instruction, and pedagogic training of new members. Each of these establishments includes a scholasticate, a novitiate, a preparatory institute for young candidates, and a department for aged and infirm Brothers. There is a director, with the requisite number of instructors for each of these distinct communities. For these houses of formation and training there is a provincial-visitor to whom these institutions are responsible. Brothers Armin-Victor, Reticius, and Edward of Mary successively held this position until 1898, when Brother Imier was delegated by the general to attend to the important interests of these institutions. These normal colleges and institutes are at Amawalk, N. Y.; Ammendale, Md.; Glencoe, Mo.; and Martinez, Cal. There are more than 250 young men in these establishments, who are receiving instruction and training for the duties of the religious and Christian educator.

In 1873 Brother Patrick was elected assistant-general, and after his death, in 1891, Brother Clementian succeeded to this important position, which he holds at the present time.

A summing of statistics shows that the normal institutes, colleges, high-schools, academies, parish schools, protectories, industrial schools, and orphanages of the Brothers are distributed through 30 archdioceses and dioceses in the United States, where they have about 35,000 students under their care and instruction.

It would require volumes to record the details connected with the foundation, growth, and development of the Brothers' institutions; of the obstacles that had to be removed and of the difficulties that had to be overcome; of the hardships of various kinds endured by the Brothers; of the results obtained and successes achieved; of the many and heroic sacrifices made by prelates, priests, and benefactors to found and maintain schools, and finally of the great good that has resulted to religion and to society during all these years.

With the exception of but three of their institutions, the Christian Brothers have not received any large benefactions to aid them in the erection or extension of buildings, or for the supplying of apparatus, libraries, etc. From this it will be easy to understand that the greatest of sacrifices and efforts were required on the part of the Brothers to build up and to maintain so many institutions.

III.

Pope Benedict XIII., by the Bull of Approbation "*In apostolicæ dignitatis solio*," raised the Brothers of the Christian Schools to the rank of a religious congregation, and ordained that its members "should instruct youth in all things necessary to lead a truly Christian life and to attain salvation." Thus has the Church given the Brothers a share in that "*divine mission of teaching*" which she herself had received from Jesus Christ in its full plenitude and power. This mission requires the Brothers to educate youth religiously, intellectually, and physically.

How the Christian Brothers have fulfilled this mission in the United States during the past half-century is attested by the following excerpts:

The Most Rev. John J. Keane, Archbishop of Dubuque, preached in St. Patrick's New York Cathedral, November 15, 1888, at the close of the triduum in honor of the beatification of St. John Baptist de La Salle. The following extract from the sermon gives his high appreciation of teaching orders, and a beautiful tribute most gratifying to the Christian Brothers:

"I have repeatedly said, and I now reiterate the assertion, that I am more solicitous for the multiplication and diffusion of the teaching orders of the church than even for the spread of the priesthood; for education is to-day the greatest work which the church has in hand.

"I thank God for the privilege granted me this morning of speaking these words; for one of those things in my life that I am specially thankful for is that I am one of the boys of the Christian Brothers' training, that I had the happiness of being their pupil in St. Vincent's School and Calvert Hall, in Baltimore. There are Christian Brothers in this noble edifice to-day from whose lips I learned words of eternal wisdom, and to recall whose memory is a bliss without alloy. The first thing, then, that I am thankful for to-day is the privilege of paying this tribute to the glorious and blessed Founder of the Christian Schools."

The late Right Rev. Michael J. O'Farrell, Bishop of Trenton, towards the close of a great sermon on Christian Education, said:

"Whatever I am to-day I owe, in its beginning, to the admirable teaching received from the Christian Brothers. Never, so long as I live, shall I cease to pay my debt of gratitude; and I pray God to touch the hearts of thousands of young men to join that noble band of Christian teachers who

leave home and all that it holds dearest, who leave everything at the foot of the altar of duty to devote themselves unreservedly to the salvation of the rising generations."

About the former pupils of the Brothers, the Right Rev. Denis M. Bradley, Bishop of Manchester, in his sermon during the New York triduum, said :

"By the fruit we should judge of the tree, and by these pupils shall we know the Brothers of the Christian Schools. Their pupils are above all noted everywhere for their lively, practical, yes, aggressive faith; for their respect for and devotion to their teachers, and their disposition, yes, and practice, to always turn, at every period in life and of whatever station, to the Brothers as children to a well-loved parent; for their ability to think and say on their feet, and that in assemblies of all kinds; for the evidence which they give of having received an education fitting them for all the duties of life—religious, social, political, and commercial."

The following from a veteran missionary priest is noteworthy: "I have given missions all over the United States, from Maine to California and from Duluth to Mexico, in large cities, in small towns, and in country places, and, as a rule, I have found our Catholic people about the same everywhere; but whenever I came to a city in which the Christian Brothers had schools, I there found the staunchest Catholics, with a strong, living, practical faith and devotedness such as I saw nowhere else."

The Rev. Walter Elliott, C.S.P., in one of his sermons recounted his experience at the Christian Brothers' school in these words:

"It is now many years since I was a little boy attending the Christian Brothers' school. The Brothers proved themselves competent to manage us. They knew how to teach, and they taught us well. Their system was intelligent, their discipline strict—almost military—their affection for us deep and religious. But of course I love them best for the Christian doctrine course they gave me. No word describes it so well as the word 'thorough.' It was given us by men who knew well what they taught, and had the gift of teaching intelligently. It embraced a full summary of the whole dogmatic system of Christian truth; a practical, working knowledge of Christian morality; much ecclesiastical history, especially concerning the early and heroic age of the church and the acts of the martyrs; together with a wonderfully full equipment of controversial matter. When, in after years, I swung

off into the world and was beset with its false maxims, the Brothers' maxims held me fast in the true religion. This had more than anything else to do with keeping alive in me the elements of divine faith. I have no hesitation whatever in saying that the fact that I spent those years of my boyhood in the Brothers' school has been the main reason why I have remained a Catholic and have valid hopes of finally saving my soul. I will also bear testimony that in the study of theology in later years, and in acquiring the principles of Christian perfection, their instruction laid the foundation for my whole course, or, rather, gave to my mind distinct outlines which had but to be completed and filled out in a more elaborate course of study.

"I sincerely hope that all the Brothers to-day are as good men and as competent teachers as were those who taught our school. I have known many and various communities of religious men and women since then, but I must say that the Brothers of our school were the most austere religious I have ever known. Yet they were not gloomy, and they were anything but womanish. Their poverty gave them an air of independence, their self-restraint made them manly, their obedience gave them one of liberty. These are virtues at once natural and supernatural, and in our teachers they were sanctified by an intelligent piety which elevated them to what I have ever thought was an extremely high state of religious perfection. Every time in my life that I have seen men and women quite devoted to God, they seemed like our Brothers. If I wished to emphasize any quality in them it would be their manliness. They were courageous, generous, honorable men, and their influence was all bent on making us manly Catholics. I state the impressions I have always had, and I am full sure that many thousands of Catholic men in America would give testimony of the Brothers' schools which they attended tallying substantially with my own."

At the close of the great triduum in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, November 15, 1900, in presence of over 5,000 former students of the Brothers, Rev. Father Elliott, C.S.P., uttered this beautiful tribute:

"Brothers of the Christian Schools! this vast assemblage of your old pupils greet your founder and yourselves with hearty congratulations. We are, indeed, but a small portion of the unnumbered multitude your order has trained to be good Christians and useful members of society, but we are types of your educational work. Some of us finished at your

schools fifty years ago, others but yesterday. Some occupy high stations as judges, and lawyers, and doctors, and prosperous men of business; not a few of us stand daily on the altars of Jesus Christ, the better fitted for that holy place on account of your labors; the mass of us are workmen of various kinds, honest citizens, and true Catholics, men of the people whom you love by special preference.

"And in the name of all, I thank God and your founder and yourselves for what your order did for us. According to your own manly spirit you fitted us for the struggle of life, discipline, and intelligence, and love blending to form a system of training thoroughly adapted to make self-reliant men and devoted followers of Jesus Christ and His Church.

"You have well earned the name of our Christian Brothers. You were brothers in Christ and for Christ unto all of us when we were the little ones of Christ. No words can adequately express our thanks for your patient toil for us in our school days; your stern solicitude for our immortal souls in that perilous era of our lives—unselfish, resolute, untiring, devoted Christian Brothers.

"We pledge you our sincere allegiance to your Saint, our unshaken loyalty to your order. For its future career, now but advancing into its fuller usefulness, you shall have our strongest words of encouragement, our material and financial assistance, our hearty endeavors to send our best young men to your novitiate. We will always pray that, as an order and as individuals, the Christian Brothers may enjoy God's choicest blessings."

IV.

The foregoing sufficiently attests the religious and moral element in the education imparted by the Brothers. The following will bear testimony to its intellectual and practical worth.

Referring to the literary and scientific instruction given by the Christian Brothers, the Right Rev. Bishop Bradley, of Manchester, said:

"The Brothers neglect no department of secular knowledge, for everything has been made by God, and everything, therefore, can be studied with a view to his glory. Their success as educators is evidenced by the numerous and high-grade honors and encomiums bestowed on them by the officials of the present Paris Exposition, by the officials of the Chicago World's Fair, as well as of the London Exposition of many years past, and of educational experts in all parts of the

world. Their number and their rapid spread in every part of the known earth attest their ability as masters in the training and teaching of the young."

The fact that the students of the Christian Brothers' colleges have nearly always taken rank among the highest, when immediately after graduation they entered ecclesiastical seminaries, schools of law, medicine, civil engineering, pedagogy, etc., is very strong evidence of the intellectual and practical element in the education given by the Christian Brothers. It may not be out of place to note that, with the probable exception of a purely ecclesiastical college for the training of candidates for the priesthood, Manhattan College enjoys the proud distinction of having given a larger number of priests to the church than any other Catholic college in the United States.

Every college of the Brothers holds a charter under the laws of the State in which it is situated, and the courses of studies lead to the bachelor's degree in arts, in science, in architecture, and in civil engineering; courses in pedagogy prepare students for teachers' state certificates; commercial diplomas are granted to those who, on examination, are found worthy of this distinction.

The following extract from a review of educational work is a strong tribute to the methods of the Christian Brothers:

"The Brothers are, above all things, systematic, clear, and plain. They desire not to cram, but to expand the mind, make it thoroughly receptive, and put the pupil in possession of the fundamentals, so that in after years he can 'hoe his own row' without fear or anxiety as to opposition or competition. If the boy is to become a civil engineer, he is taken step by step along the difficult road, and is held firmly under direction and control until he feels and knows himself to be equal to any task within the limits of his line. And so it is with a boy who desires to be an architect, a lawyer, a physician, a book-keeper, or a business man. The ground-work for all of these professions is laid broad and deep, and according to methods of instruction that are being more and more simplified every year. To the Brothers, whose sole occupation and care is the education of the young, every day's lesson brings its special experience. These experiences they note, and out of them develop new and simpler plans of impressing and strengthening the youthful mind.

"The most abstruse studies and problems are by their easier methods made so plain that learning is no longer a task, but

a pleasure. It is this adaptation, this readiness to overcome difficulties, this ability to make smooth roads to educational progress, that has enabled the Christian Brothers to make such wonderful progress themselves, not only in Europe, but in this country, where they entered upon their work in 1846.

"The Brothers are enthusiastic in their work, and are heartily identified with their pupils in all their studies. Education is the business of their lives and monopolizes all their waking hours. They are always on kindly and intimate terms with the pupils, and are constantly devising measures and means for advancement. Object lessons they make a specialty of, and they carry the principle, as much as possible, up through all their grades of instruction. They have no puzzles, and they seek to simplify every problem, their special aim being to give technical strength without destroying the spirit of the pupil or impairing his powers of observation or application."

After viewing the educational exhibits of the Christian Brothers at the Cotton Centennial Exposition, New Orleans, 1884-5, Colonel J. T. Murfree, president of Howard College, said that "he had never in his life spent so little money, learned so much, and was so highly entertained in so short a time as that he spent in viewing the exhibits, which it would take a volume, and a large one, to contain anything like a full review of."

The request made by the archbishops in 1891, through his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, for a Christian Brother to undertake the management of the Catholic Educational Exhibit at the World's Fair, Chicago, 1893, under the direction of Bishop Spalding, was an expression of their supreme confidence in the order of the Christian Brothers as educators; and all the world knows that the archbishops were not disappointed.

The Brothers of the United States had exhibits from about one hundred of their institutions at the Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893. The Hon. John L. Eaton, Ph.D., LL.D., ex-commissioner of the United States Bureau of Education, among other things, wrote: "The Catholic exhibit of education was a surprise for those who believe that the Catholic Church seeks its ends by concealed means. Here, for the examination of every one who came, was the work of the students in every subject taught, from those in the kindergarten to the most abstruse in the professions. . . . The whole was an appeal to American boasted fairness. It was saying to all the world, 'Here is what we do; judge ye!' . . . The exhibit is phenomenal. . . . No statement, no statistics, no discussion

ever conveyed such an idea of Catholic education as was here disclosed."

The foregoing excerpts are but a fraction of the strong testimony as to the completeness and the high character of the Christian education given by the Brothers to their 35,000 pupils in all kinds and grades of their institutions.

V.

As for the physical element in education, the Brothers are obliged by their rule to take every care and precaution for the health of their pupils; they must exercise supervision on the playground, encourage students in proper exercise and unobjectionable sports. Wherever possible, athletic and gymnastic apparatus are provided, as far as means can be found. The Brothers' students all over the country have a splendid record wherever they have cadets at competitive drill, base-ball games, field sports, etc. The healthy appearance of their well-developed students is a sure indication that the physical welfare of those under their charge receives due attention.

In conclusion it may be said that, with the possible exception of the quadricentennial of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, there has been no other event in the history of the past hundred years that has caused such universal gratification and such wide-spread interest throughout the entire world as the canonization of Saint John Baptist de La Salle—the Teacher Saint.

This, however, is readily explained: 1st. The Brothers of the Christian Schools have institutions in nearly every part of the globe; 2d. Their pupils are not only to be found everywhere, but a large proportion of them are leaders among men in church and state, in the professions and arts, in literary and scientific pursuits, and in every department of agricultural and commercial life; 3d. Saint de La Salle's system of organizing and classifying schools, and his method of simultaneous instruction, are in use in nearly every school in the civilized world. These facts give us a faint idea of the far-reaching influence of the Saint's life and work in promoting the spread of religion, education, and civilization.

The canonization solemnities at Rome, and their echo in the many triduums of unsurpassed fervor and splendor in honor of Saint de La Salle, have been for the Christian Brothers a true and fitting GOLDEN JUBILEE CELEBRATION after their half a century of work in the United States.

THE TENTS OF SILENCE.

When the strife of the day is over
And still'd is the bugle sound
I shall sleep in the Tent of Silence
On the ancient camping ground.

Not alone shall I have my slumber—
For around me, taking their rest,
Shall repose my brother soldiers
From the utmost East and West :

From the North and South they shall muster,
Each worn with the battle heat,
Wearied, and some defeated—
Yet brave in the last retreat !

For they know that, after the burden
And tumult of the fray,
Must come the peace of evening
And the heaven's shining way ;

The battle-smoke shall be lifted,
The flags of war be furled,
And only the stars eternal
Shall light the sleeping world.

But I know when the morning bugle
Shall sound for our sleeping men
We shall find our Captain waiting
To form our lines again,—

We shall march from the Tents of Silence—
Each soldier tried and true—
To where our Captain is watching—
Watching the great review.

JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

PASQUALE.

BY THOMAS B. REILLY.

"Whispering we went, and love was all our theme."

I.



ID-MORNING in a land where daisied earth sends fragrance through a clear November day, straight down upon the Roman streets the scorching heat of the sun drips, untempered by breath of hill or tide.

In a corner of the square, near the church of the "Gesù," stands a match-vender. His drawling cry has been silent for some time. He prefers to lean against the cool stones rather than move toward the Spanish steps, where business is always fair. As he shifts his position with the sun, a wine-cart, rumbling down the narrow street, forces him into the glaring heat. The watch dog on the driver's seat barks shrilly. *Santissima!* what rights have the poor?—and that wine, it would keep life in his blood for days; but not a drop shall be his unless he pay for it with hard-earned centessimi. As the cart passes two of the king's officers in brilliant raiment stroll by. The clink of their swords on the pavement has something of oppression in it. *Misericordia!* how they strut. Yet, why not?—their stomachs are full, their bodies decently clothed, and they are able to laugh. No cold night winds for them. They might squander the profits of his day and still have wherewith to eat and drink. *È vero, è verissimo*, truly were they lords of the earth!

This particular vender, hungry and thirsty, might have gone on venting his grievances had not a clamor reached his ears. It swelled from a street ahead. There was mirth and good-will in the cries. A crowd rounded into sight; the seller braced himself. It was a bridal party. *Ebbene*, here was luck and generosity too, for in less than the asking he was richer by half a lira—half a day's work—wonderful fortune! The good St. Anthony must have touched the souls of the signori.

With lighter heart, because of heavier purse, the vender followed the merry ones even to the door of the church. And

he sang. Why not? Was not Lucia, the keeper's daughter of the Palazzo Chigi, to become a bride? Think you that because he sold matches, and shivered in the shadows at night, that his heart could feel no warmth? Ah! now heaven be praised, it *was* a rare sight. And Lucia, was she not radiant? —*ma che!*—divine was the word. And he nudged his neighbor, Giovanni, and challenged him to name anything half so beautiful as she. As for himself, he could think of nothing. He was no poet, but she made him think of the laughter of blossoms in spring on the Alban hills. But this he knew: it was a splendid match. Luigi, the bridegroom, was a man of promise, being clerk at the banker's on the Corso. Theirs should be a pleasant future; was it not so? But his companion had reached no definite conclusion, since he made the broad remark—" *Chi lo sa?* "

At the moment when the bridal party mounted the church steps a man on the skirts of the crowd clutched his neighbor's arm and, leaning forward, peered earnestly at the bride's face. She passed with a laugh, unconscious of his act. Then his face grew white, like the stones under his feet. His eyes followed the woman until the twilight of the church hid her from sight. With slow steps, like one uncertain of his way, he crossed the square and passed into the shadows. As the crowd entered the "Gesù" the breathing of organ pipes was heard, and from the throat of the church flowed strains of a wedding march. Its tender cadence reached the ears of the man in shadow; the echoes, like unwelcome guests, became lodged in his soul for ever.

In less than half an hour the bridal party poured into the square, and set their faces toward the wedding feast and home.

The last notes of the Angelus, on that Roman day, were just passing into echo when the match-seller and his friend Giovanni entered a shop on the Corso. And there in the candle-light, with the red wine between them, they retold the story of the wedding feast, and pledged anew the future of the bride and groom. But neither of them said aught of the man who, with bowed head, was speeding southward to Naples and the sea. The vintage he drank was bitter, though the cup was sweet. Like the music of a dawn in June a woman had once stepped into his life. And as gold mist on the far hills of morn gives promise of the day to be, so did Lucia's presence make dreamful his empty life. When a man loves he hopes, and hoping, plans. Thrice brilliant his dreams because of the

inevitable dusk that follows. So this fugitive found a trace of bitterness in the uprising of his past. It was wonderful to think that he, a mere clout of a gardener, had once the voice of this woman in his soul. It was so; and therein was the sting of regret. She had even given him reasons to hope. But they were all forsworn, and with them his heart and its pleading.

All that night the Roman express rattled southward. The air was sharp, chilled as the night wind of the province is with a penetrating, numbing keenness. The fugitive did not feel it, for his heart was hot. A month later Pasquale was lost in the crowds of a city beyond the sea.

And the bridal party? It passed, like all such events, into oblivion, except for Lucia; for who of womankind forgets her marriage morn? And Luigi, with the burden of the day now doubled, found the sheen of his romance dulled by the tragedy of living. And because he had never learned the need of sacrifice, nor possessed the virtue of renouncement, bore a grievous load. Once Lucia dared advise, but the sharp answers on his tongue chilled the woman's soul to silence.

That home on the Via di Ripetti was a woman's life, and a man's ruin. To it at close of one gray day he crept in shame and fear. His creditors were upon him like wolves, and the coming blow had the sting of death within it. They said the strong wine urged him to it; but, whencesoever his counsel, the following night his debts were cancelled. But every day the gold pieces stung him in the handling, and mocked him like yellow devils in their glittering rattle and fall. A week later Lucia, her pride cast to the winds, crept home to her father's house.

Months later, and she heard Luigi's name on the lips of men, the harshness gone from their voices as he was gone from her life. Men spoke bitterly of how the royal troops in a far land had met with stinging defeat. And there, under alien skies, they said Luigi found a soldier's grave. With him slept many others, for the tribes of Abyssinia showed no mercy.

Thus was a woman's heart shrived by the terror in pride's fall and chastened by remembrance. And passers-by, at sight of a sad face framed in the window-glass, said to one another: "She'll grieve herself to the Campo Santo for sake of the wretch." Public judgments are harsh, sometimes false; as you will learn in the aftermath. Lucia's vigil, however, was not without its star. And the brown-faced postman, with his

missive from a foreign port, wondered much and ventured far in guessing. "*Si, si*, it was true"; so he told his wife. "Had not Lucia smiled at his coming, and did she not once call him a messenger of peace? Did she not receive orders for the precious francs in each letter? And—but now, *per Bacco!* it was as plain as the nose on your face that Luigi was not slain, but was living and thriving in the western world. But it was no business of a postman—no, *davvero!* And, by the good St. Anthony, it would never be said that he, Guido Lobello, had ruined a brother's life by loud-mouthed suspicion. And, now that he thought of it, Luigi was not a bad fellow at heart, and no doubt he was living decently enough in the new world." But the good wife was asleep, so much did she care for the troubles of a neighbor, or for the husband's story. She had deep confidence in that husband, for she remarked to a visitor: "*Ebbene*, he's not a bad man; but his tongue is like the wagging water-stream in the fountain of the Piazza di Spagna."

Despite the vow of the postman, his suspicions found a place in the minds of his fellows; and in the lapse of a week the public tongue rolled it about with relish. Gossip is a shrewd hag with little charity in her bones. Soon her finger was pointed in scorn to the house on the Via di Ripetti, and at a woman whose sin was the reception of letters from a distant land.

Blessed be those letters!—tokens of a dead past, pledges of a living remembrance. Five there were in all—the harvest of almost a year—and their lines burned themselves into the core of her soul. She guarded them with passionate jealousy; read and reread them, despite the remorse engendered. They became as food and drink to her; retainers of faith in life; signs of loyalty and hope. With the advent of the sixth came the plea she feared yet hungered for. Now was spring-tide in her soul. He had written the words himself; there they were—"la primavera nell'anima mia." And when the violets were old enough to drink starlight and the morning dews she would hear the word from his own lips, and be with him. There were only the ashes of pride in her soul now, and the promise of sweet redemptions. And so in the timid candle-light she fed her heart with another reading. *È vero*, he would see her again, his Lucia; was it not enough? Blessed be the saints in memory, it was too much; for she loved him, and had deemed him lost.

II.

"The worst of woes—a scorn in solitude."

April sunshine is life to these tenement alleys, where through pinching days of winter cruel winds and storms hold carnivals of suffering and death. The narrow, gloomy rooms are not as habitable as my lord's stable; and some writers seem to think the dwellers therein are little better than my lord's thoroughbreds. It is true they sometimes receive less consideration. If you think as these, do not enter. The air is musty and thick despite the sunshine. The faces that peer from the loop-holes they call windows are thin and drawn. Some of them show forgetfulness, some vice, a few despair; but all are stamped with lines of poverty and want. It is not a pleasant place to visit. If your feet have been wont to tread soft carpetings, if your eyes have been accustomed to objects of refinement, your nostrils fed with odors of June roses or exotic blooms, it were best to go your way. There is nothing of all these here. You might not understand, and your heart might fail you. But, one word before you go; in this alley, among the "dust-heaps" (a cruel word) of humanity, may be found, perhaps, the chalice of a soul as great as yours or mine, and nobler for its heroism in the face of life.

The sunlight, in odd patches, lies upon an uneven flagging. In its free warmth are ragged children, half-clad and shivering. The faces are sharp and scant. The eyes are quick and restless; quick to sight a crust of food, restless from a hunger never fully appeased. Even the men and women are unkempt. Their voices are rough and thick. Some cough in keen distress. But what would you? Warm flannels are not to be had for the asking. Newspapers stuffed in broken windows are poor protection against the fateful draughts. And the landlord, sir, is not a man of sentiment, but a scavenger of dollars and cents.

If you are careful, your feet can find a fairly safe way along the alley. That is an evil door; the mouth of a beast. Look through this barred window and you can see the length of the shop. That dim light is the outer street. It is always gloomy. They that haunt the place fear light. The benches will be filled by gas-light. Then your eyes could scarce count the victims, and your ears would burn with the coarse din. This door would more than once be flung open and the useless vomited forth. Law?—the eyes of the law are fashioned

from the sheen of gold. Charity?—well yes. Charity and death sometimes work changes in the alley.

This slanting stairway leads to the rookeries above. Lawless people? A few. The others are Christ's poor, with their shoulders to the great stone of want, which for ever bears against them, and which they for ever oppose with heroism and faith.

There it is. Pasquale's room; the poorest in the place. For long months he existed there, shunned by the tenants because he lived a miser's life. It was a wrong judgment of the world. And its hatred was so bitter that in the end the morning light would find the man, not in the court-yard but far off on city streets waiting the hour of work. During the last few months Pasquale did not carry on his shoulder the shovel that had earned for him the dollars he so coveted. A premature blast had robbed him of an arm, many days of labor, and a goodly portion of his savings. That was a cruel blow, yet the tenants looked upon it as God's punishment for greed. At that time the man would have died had not Father John's charity smelled him out and saved him.

It was a doubtful day when Pasquale, with a hand-organ strapped to his body, began to lure subsistence from city throngs. It was a cruel trial at first—made up of refusals, scorn, and discouragement; but in time there came to be woven among these three a thread of gold—the children's cry of delight as they gave him welcome to their midst. And the curbstone became his throne and child hearts his subjects, his sceptre a music-box.

In time Pasquale won for himself a patronage yielding as much as seventy cents a day—magnificent sum! And his heart was lifted. The daily tramp became less difficult. By dint of sharp economy his ratio of savings became equal to that when his two strong arms swung a shovel in the trenches. At intervals, in the secrecy of his barren room, the careworn face lightened with an expression of hope, and a touch of fervor roused the color to his cheeks.

Day by day the canvas bag that hung about the man's neck grew heavier; and each night when the noise of the alley eased, for it was never silenced, Pasquale unlaced the treasure-sack, and in the yellow light greedily counted the coins. The light in his eyes was ravenous and impatient. *Misericordia!* what long days it took! Would it never come?—and looking through the dusk the face would soften. Some-

times into his eyes crept that which was like a love-light in the eyes of youth.

One day Pasquale made an investment. He bought a cylinder of new music for his beloved organ. Silently and with light heart he toiled through the long evening, removing the old tunes, inserting the new. He would like to play them; but the hour was late, and *santissima*! the sleepers would have stormed his door in wrath. So he child-like patted the glass face of the box; promised himself a full harvest on the morrow, and threw himself down on the couch to sleep.

He woke with a start. The room was flush with morning light. He was startled, not that he might have lost a few pennies—though that indeed were a misfortune—but because the alley would be alive with tenants, and he must brave their scorn to gain the outer street. *Ma che!* what did it matter for once? To-day would end his labors. He would soon bid farewell—but there, he must be out of it quickly.

Pasquale drew the strap a bit tighter, and with his burden stepped outside. He did not lock the door. There was no need. The room held nothing that would be of worth to the meanest thief in the ward. Yet, hold, there was something. It hung upon a nail above the couch of powdered straw. At the close of each day, when he climbed in silence the stairway and entered his room, it was the first object to meet his eyes. The glare of a street lamp played upon it in the darkness. And sometimes when his shoulder pained him more than usual, or the day had been more harsh, he would look at that image of sublime patience, and forget his own trial. *Dio sia benedetto!* Why should he groan? Had he not much to be thankful for?—much indeed—therefore, again, blessed be God!

Once on the stairway, in the full high light, Pasquale paused. He had not been there at such an hour for long days. Something, however, was amiss. He heard no jeering cry. The alley was silent; two boys, beleaguering a spent cur, were the only ones in sight. Not pausing to seek the reason, he hurried down the steps and toward the street beyond. After a meal of fair measure he made his way to the district where the children waited. Heaven be blessed! he had new tunes for them this day; even he himself did not know their strains.

“Here’s the music-man!” And they hedged him about at the corner. He smiled; a pleasant light stood in his eyes as he placed the organ gently on the curb and lifted the cover of faded green. His heart felt the enthusiasm of a child creep

in his nerves as his fingers touched the crank. Clear and strong came the notes of a popular march—the children, catching its rhythm, pranced the flagging. Young mothers, too, swayed in time to the melody. And baby-eyes, opened wide in wonder, gazed steadily at the brown face of Pasquale and at his arm moving round and round at the side of that mysterious box. The player's face grew tender as he watched them.

"More! play some more!" It was useless to-day, for Pasquale did not attempt to leave the spot. Again and again he played. The chiming of the notes sang in the man's soul as they sang in the youngsters' ears. And at that hour the alley was full of tumult. A bridal party, which had emptied the yard just before Pasquale woke, had now returned with swollen crowds. All that day merry-making was king. Out on the city pavements Pasquale played his last tune. The children wondered at his generosity. Never before had any one given them such a treat. Never had any "music-man" forgotten to ask for money. And so, when they saw the crank turned once more, they stood in wonderment and listened. It was a sweet, sad melody. You have heard it, perhaps, within more artistic precincts, from the lips of famous singers; you may have caught the sentiment, but the meaning never went home to your heart as it did to Pasquale's that spring morning on a city street. That cry from the soul of "*La Traviata*" cut into his guarded past with keenness and a bitter-sweet remembrance. And he found himself repeating the words of the song:

"Addio del passato bei sogni ridenti."

No one saw Pasquale's eyes as he picked up the organ-box and moved swiftly away. And none knew why the "music-man" had played so long and made no plea for pennies.

Late that afternoon Pasquale came from a banking house, but the canvas bag was empty; its treasure had been sent across seas.

That night in the darkness of the alley a light shone through the crevices of Pasquale's door. Could you have looked within you would have seen him laboring bravely with pen and ink fashioning a letter. Now would the thought escape him; now would the words outrun the speed of his hand; now were his eyes closed, now opened and piercing the crouching shadows in the corner. Once his face, uplifted to the wan

figure in the candle-light, had upon it a light of wonderful peace.

And now the letter was finished. He donned cap and coat, quenched the light, withdrew softly, and passed down the stairway. Before entering the street he stopped for a second to listen. At the far end of the alley was tumult—the wedding aftermath; then through an iron grating before him filtered streaks of yellow light. He looked within the shop and saw a sea of wicked faces; and he heard the rank mouthings of crime swell and fall like the snarling of a beast. He drew away in terror. Out on the street he went quickly to a mailbox and gave his letter to its keeping. That done, he hurried alleyward and to his room. The clamor had eased a bit and soon toned to the ordinary sounds of the alley. Just as a neighboring bell boomed the hour Pasquale rose from his knees, threw himself on the pallet and slept.

III.

“An epitaph lies better on the heart than on a tomb.”

Italy and spring: the fields pale with the dust of flowers; the sea flashing faint in the distance; the round hills misty with the smoke of buds; and in dim floods of light, with the ages gathered about her, the glory of her towers aflame in the mist—the imperial city of Rome! Along the Via di Ripetti shadows lie clear-cut and deep. The fountain-stream curves to a steady fall, unswayed by any wind; its whispering splash in perfect time with the pulse of its source on the hills. Up on the Pincian mount a royal band makes melody through pine and cypress, and the crowd drinks deep of the harmonies. On the Via di Ripetti the shadows are now creeping roofward. At their coming a woman's heart is filled with joy and fear. The strains of music float softly to her ears; but in her soul is a melody unknown to art, and quite estranged from all expression. While Lucia keeps her vigil the shadows flood the streets, and through the Roman dusk bells are intoning the Angelus. The woman reluctantly draws the shutters inward. Night swells from the east. The day is over and gone; but the watch is kept by candle-light.

The quietude of death lurks in the room. Somewhere, in a neighboring *cortile*, a shutter bangs noisily; the woman's hand leaps to her heart, and she listens. Then again is silence. In the pause that follows she draws from her bosom a written

sheet and, smoothing it upon her knee, reads it slowly to herself. A light is born of the reading and lingers in the heart of her eyes. With the last words upon her lips, the candle-light sputters into darkness. The woman's head sinks on her arms crossed on the table; the tired eyes droop and close.

IV.

The hour was hard on three, and the alley deserted. High above the roof-line was intermittent gloom where rain-clouds scurried along in broken masses, spurred by a breeze from the sea. At intervals a sharp wind swept through the narrow passage, and lifting shreds of paper, and the lighter refuse, shook them in its teeth and scattered them with a growl. The air was cold, and sagging with mist. The officer on post sought the protection of a doorway, and beat his hands to rob their numbness. Once he leaned outward, and glanced along the street; a few rain-drops spattered in his face. He fell back again to the recess and the shadows, bemoaning the luck of such a tour. Then came the rain. It poured in steady slant, started innumerable pools upon the pavement and streams in the gutter. The wind drove it against the window-glass with violence; the alley was drenched in floods.

A light still glimmered in the darkness of the court-yard. It filtered through the grated window where Pasquale had seen the face of wickedness. Honest men were long since wrapped in slumber; but behind these walls night is day, and mischief hobnobs with the consciences of men. In the uncertain shadows, with stools drawn close together, two evil-doers sat. They coned each other's eyes with sharp scrutiny, for partnership in crime makes the heart crafty and suspicious. And it was no small deed they were proposing.

The keeper of the "beast" was busy with other patrons when these two creatures passed through the rear entrance into the rain and darkness of the alley. The swelling of the wind shook the rookery above them, and rattled up and down the loose planking of the stairs. The two paused a moment, shivered, drew themselves together and mounted the steps. On the landing above there was a halt and a whispered council. A moment later they disappeared within the hallway.

Pasquale was a heavy sleeper, and he did not hear the guarded footfalls, nor feel the soft groping of hands. So far the thieves had found nothing but a steamship ticket for an eastern port. They threw it aside. Once the search was

broken. One of the men started at sight of a crucifix gleaming in the street light above the head of his victim. The repulse was momentary; its effect was sinister. The sight betrayed his nerves, and made the hand clumsy. A false move! and down with a crash fell the organ-box. Pasquale half rose. A swift blow sent him down. There was a sound of scurrying feet; a creaking of stairs; a hurried flight—then a steady beating of rain.

Pasquale was found in the early dawn, still alive but quite beyond the hope of life. The city surgeon shook his head to the inquiry of a priest. A bell clanged madly on the noisy streets. The crowd thinned out; and among the tenantry that lingered it was whispered, with wise shaking of heads, that the judgment of God was among them.

That night "Father John" sent to the post a letter. Its address was a home on the Via di Ripetti; but what was written therein or its import to a woman's life were best untold.

V.

When the shadow lifts from Abyssinian hills and bares them to the flush of dawn, it stands westward of a rough mound where an alien soldier sleeps. He and the multitude with him are heroes on the roll of Italy, sent to their death by Baratieri, who planned the holocaust of Adowa. And they who died were victims of political ambition.

When day fades and the mounds are merged in gloom and the dews of night, the sunshine slants on another grave. On a wooden cross that lifts to the arrowed light some friendly hand has written in letters of black the word

PASQUALE.

In a living heart that word was written in fire. And though his country's lips are mute, a woman claims him for a hero.

Sometimes a woman kneels in the tranquil twilight of the Gesù. The glow of the chancel-lamp falls promiseful of memorable peace; its shadow makes a cross upon the floor; but it is not so deep nor so constant as that upon the woman's heart, where remembrance is for ever laying up the heavy wages of pride.



ST. COLUMBA.

IONA, THE ISLE OF COLUMBA'S CELL.

BY AGNES C. STORER.

"Isle of Columba's cell,
Where Christian piety's soul-cheering spark
(Kindled from heaven between the light and dark
Of time) shone like the morning-star, farewell!" *

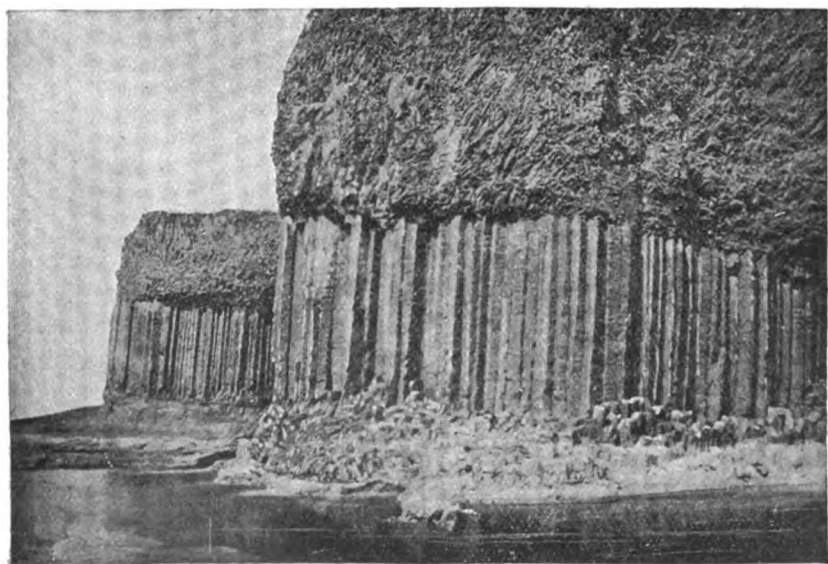


HE preliminary trip from Glasgow to Oban
abounds in beauty and interest. After leaving
the Clyde our steamer calls at several charm-
ing watering-places, among them famed Rothesay Bay.

"It's a bonnie bay at morning,
And bonnier at the noon,
But bonniest when the sun draps,
And red comes up the moon ;
When a mist creeps o'er the Cumbraes,
And Arran's peaks are gray,
And the great black hills, like sleeping kings,
Sit grand round Rothesay Bay."

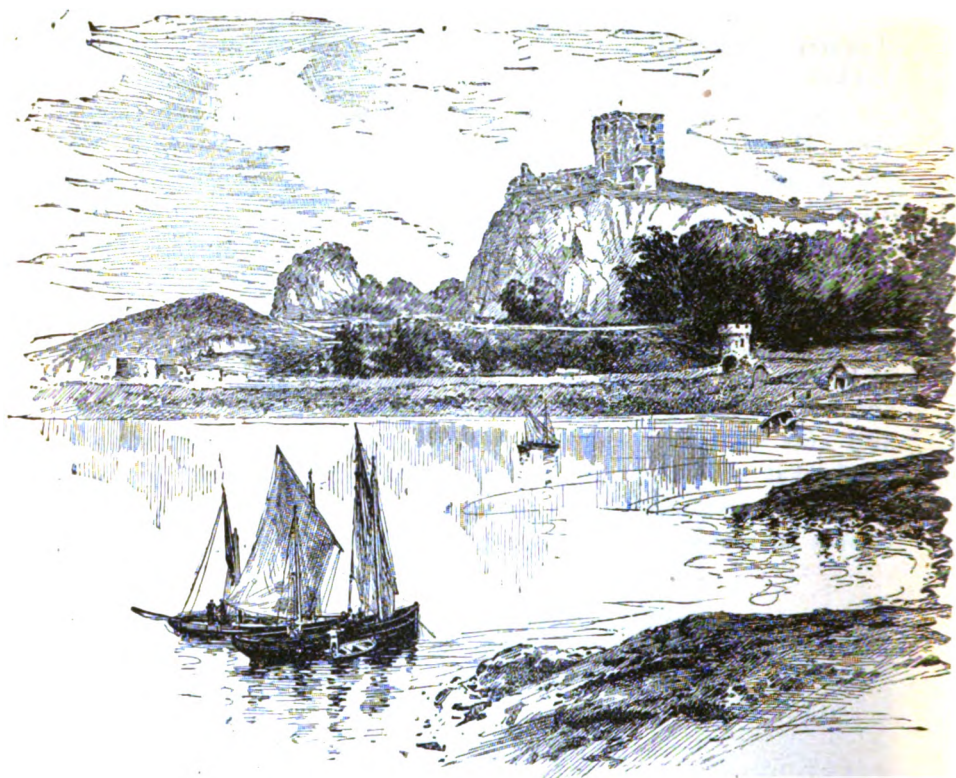
* Wordsworth : scanned composed or suggested during a tour in Scotland.

A two hours' sail follows through the Crinan Canal, the steamer's procrastinating way winding between green meadow banks, along which scamper bare-legged lads and lassies crying their tempting wares of raspberries and heather bloom. Two Highland pipers, gorgeous to behold, in bonnets, and plaids, and tartan kilts, accompany us through the locks, skirling their pipes to such martial airs as "Bonnie Dundee" and "MacGregor's Gathering," the strange, unaccustomed music lending a touch of excitement to this novel experience. The passage through the canal over, a change of steamers is made for by far the most interesting portion of the journey. From hence on, as we plough our way northward, the scenery becomes almost momentarily even grander and more rugged, and afar we hear the waves roaring in Corryvreckhan's whirlpool, that dread maelstrom to which Columba and his missionaries must often have listened as they sailed these watery wastes so many centuries ago. Thus ever steaming northward,



THE SCENERY BECOMES MOMENTARILY GRANDER.

we pass Jura and Scarba and the long stretch of Argyleshire coast, and at 'last, in the sunset's glow, ten hours after embarking from Glasgow, we enter the harbor of Oban, the Highland's gay little metropolis. Ah, the surpassing glory of this first sunset in the Highlands! Before us, in the near fore-

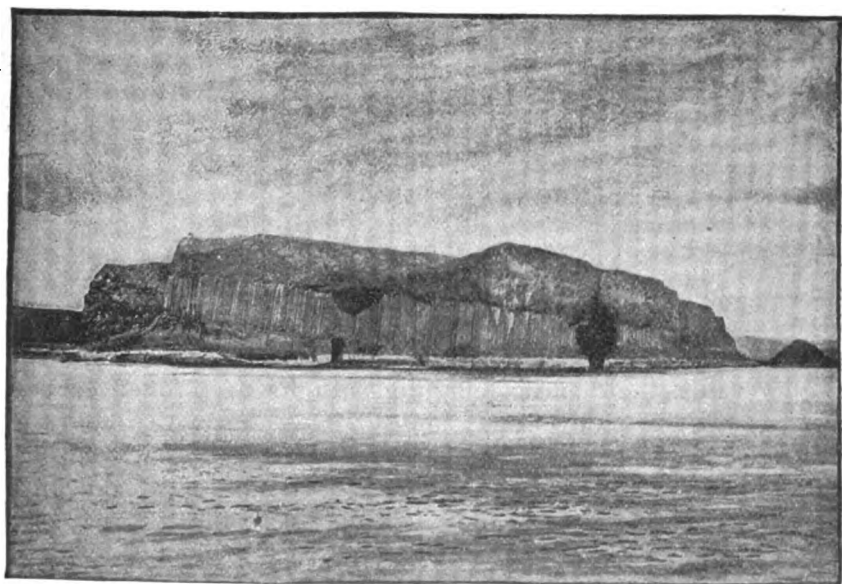


FROM DUNOLLIE CASTLE THERE IS A SUPERB VIEW.

ground, the sheltered bay is dotted by the silvery sails of many yachts, countless white-winged gulls darting and gleaming and circling in wild career among them; beyond, built in a semi-circle along the bay's margin, stretches picturesque Oban itself, while behind and above rise a bold range of hills, the sweet, cool fragrance of their mantling heather commingling with the salt odors of the sea. The entrancing beauty of the panorama extending in every direction is indeed unspeakable. The wild hills above seem fairly aflame in this marvellous sunset light; here and there against their sable background are outlined the ruins of romantic castles "old in story"; the very waters shimmering and glistening in the deepening light seem floods of molten gold; while over all the ever-changing Scottish sky tinges and transforms all the nether world with a mysterious glamour impossible to describe.

The succeeding day proves all that heart could desire for the long anticipated trip to Iona. Embarking at an early

hour, we steam out of Oban Bay, pass Dunollie Castle and Kerrera, and by the Lady Rock, which latter figures so conspicuously in Campbell's spirited ballad "Glenara." From this point extends a view unequalled, even in Scotland, for commingled grandeur and loveliness. Before us are the hills of Morvern and Mull; looking backward we see Ben Cruachan towering above the Argyleshire hills; to the left Ben Nevis, the Peaks of Glencoe, with the waters of Loch Linnhe and Loch Etive, and to the right the Island and Paps of Jura and Colonsay. While the view here is most impressive, others to follow are as intensely interesting and quite as characteristic of Scotland. Rocky coasts, hills clad with heather, peaceful bays with tiny cottages scattered among the rocks, and fishing boats at anchor, and occasionally, rising mysteriously from sheer sea-girt crags, such ruined towers and battlements as fire imagination with all manner of romantic fancies. The waters



WE ROUND THE RUGGED HEADLANDS.

of the Sound of Mull, and even of the broad Atlantic, are unstirred by a ripple, while overhead the cloudless sky—an unusual sight in Scotland—arches us serene and untroubled. We are deeply impressed by the stillness brooding over these lonely wastes. Everywhere utter silence reigns save for an occasional sea-gull's scream or cormorant's melancholy cry.

Before landing at Iona a brief visit is to be made at its neighboring island, curious Staffa; hence making our way through

"All the group of islets gay
That guard famed Staffa round,"*

we anchor off that remarkable island. Picturesque red life-boats quickly bear us within Fingal's Cave,† the mighty "Hall of Nature's Columns," whose floor is the unfathomable ocean,

"Where, as to shame the temples deck'd
By skill of earthly architect,
Nature herself, it seem'd, would raise
A minster to her Maker's praise!"‡

The first impression received is one of wonder and delight at the maze of color greeting our astonished sight. The ocean's heaving bosom, colored by the violet-hued rocks from which, as from a base, rise the basaltic columns, hung with gleaming sea grasses, forming the cavern, reflects with marvellous effect the tender and brilliant hues of the stalactites—some white, some yellow, and others wine-red and crimson—which fill the vacancies between the broken pillars§ And even as we exclaim at the cavern's wondrous coloring, we feel that to give this place any name save its original Gaelic appellation, *Ulaimeh Biin*, "the musical," is the veriest misnomer. Here ever resound "the noise of many waters," awful in stupendous majesty as they surge and swell far, far within the mighty vault, their music mingling with its deep-toned echoes, and yet more unutterably soul-subduing as with mournful cadence the wild waves retreat. Age after age the wondrous harmony has chanted unceasingly, and so shall proclaim unto the end: "Thy way, O God, is in the sea‡ and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known."||

* "Lord of the Isles," canto iv.

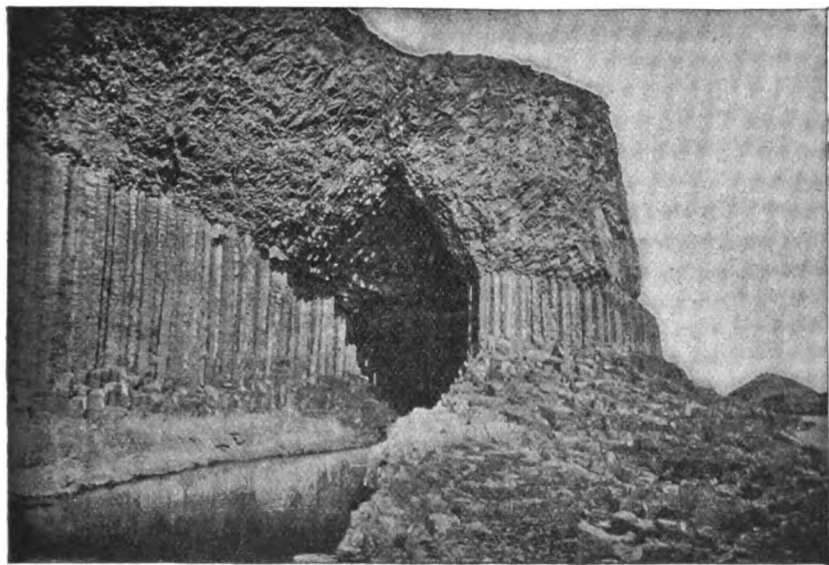
† There are six great caverns in the island. Fingal's Cave, so called from Ossian's King of Selma; the Clam-Shell, the Herdsman, the Causeway, the Boat, and the Cormorant, or MacKinnon's Cave.

‡ "Lord of the Isles," *loc cit.*

§ It is needless to remark that Staffa, the "isle of columns," presents special attractions to the geologist. To the ordinary visitor unversed in the science, who in his ignorance cannot divine where the "conglomerated tufa" begins, the "columnar basalt" enters, and the "amorphous basalt" ends, it may yet be of interest to note that this basaltic formation is supposed to continue under the sea, reappearing at the Giant's Causeway in Ireland.

| Psalm lxxvi. 20.

Again embarking, the run to Iona is made in a short half hour. A thoughtful writer has observed: "No two objects of interest could be more absolutely dissimilar in kind than the two neighboring islands, Staffa and Iona,—Iona dear to Christendom for more than a thousand years; Staffa known to the scientific and the curious only since the close of the last century. Nothing but an accident of geography could unite their names."* And so, indeed, it is. Staffa reveals

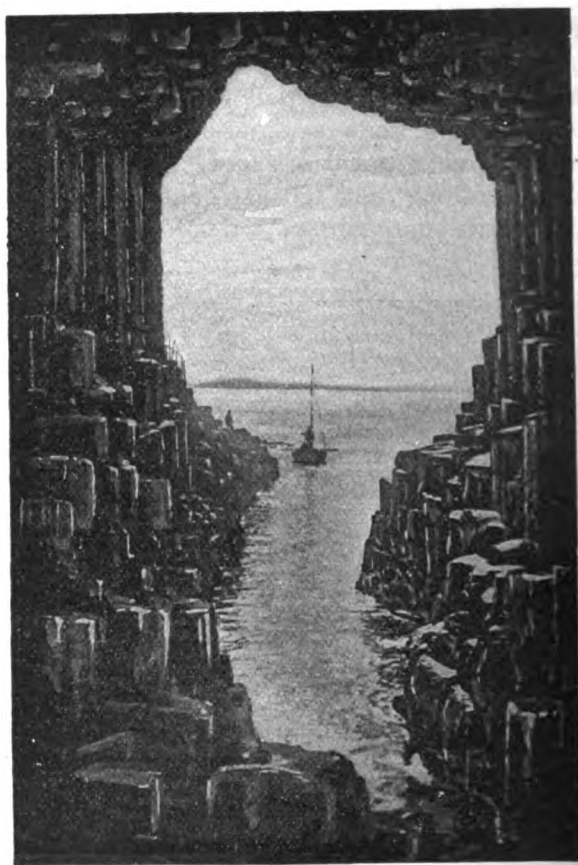


PICTURESQUE RED LIFE-BOATS BEAR US WITHIN FINGAL'S CAVE.

natural wonders only, while Iona's associations are connected with the very acme of all created greatness—the souls and minds of men.

From the American point of view Iona proves a very small island, being but about three miles in length by one in breadth, and we marvel anew at the place this bit of mother earth holds in the world's history. While walking to its holy of holies, the spot where stood the original monastic foundations, we may profitably recall something of the island's history after Columba's death and previous to the erection of the later monastic buildings, whose ruins we are about to examine. From the end of the sixth to the end of the eighth century Iona's fame was scarcely second in importance to any in the

* The Duke of Argyll, *An Historical Guide to Iona*.

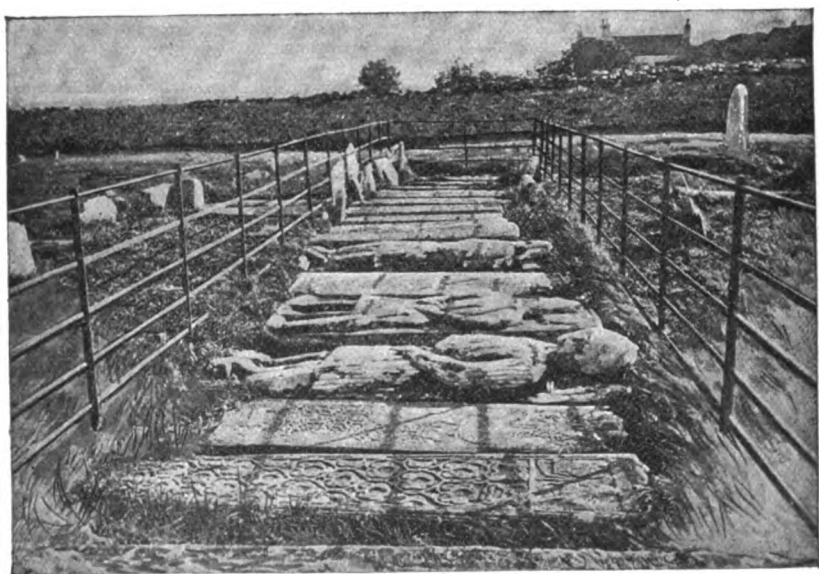


THE MIGHTY "HALL OF NATURE'S COLUMNS."

British Isles. It was this brilliant era in its existence which doubtless arose in Dr. Johnson's mind when he described "that illustrious island, once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion." But alas! neither holiness nor learning availed to save Iona from the ravages of the fierce Norsemen. They swept down upon this defenceless spot as upon all the islands and the coasts of Britain, plundering, burning, and slaying with such merciless savagery it seemed as if whole localities must again lapse for all time into their former desolation. An ominous record in the ancient chronicle for the year 794 A. D. tells the first mournful story: "*Vastatio omnium insularum a gentilibus*" (devastation of all the islands by the heathen), and during the

two succeeding centuries the chronicles repeatedly contain descriptions of the dreadful martyrdom suffered by Columba's spiritual descendants. During this period the bones of Iona's great abbot were carried for safe-keeping to Kells in Ireland and Dunkeld in Scotland, though the exact date is not known.*

On Christmas Eve, 986, Iona was laid waste for the last time, and from henceforth the Norse spoilers troubled the blessed isle no more. In the following century St. Margaret, the devoted Queen of Malcolm Canmore, erected on the site of Columba's cell St. Oran's Chapel, which, though low-vaulted and inconspicuous in appearance, is, from its hallowed associations, by far the most interesting ruin on the island. On the



THE MIGHTY KINGS OF THREE FAIR REALMS HERE ARE LAID.

way hither the remains of an Augustinian nunnery are passed, and we enter the Reilig Odhrain, the ancient burial-place,

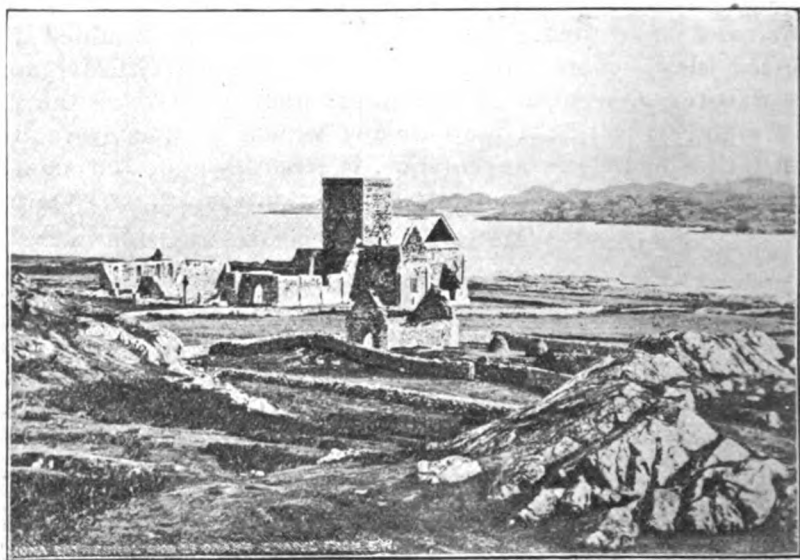
“Where rest from mortal coil the Mighty of the Isles.”

Never was there a more impressive place of sepulture. Here for more than a thousand years were brought kings and chiefs, the great ones from neighboring and far distant lands, that

* After the destruction of Iona the monastery at Kells became the mother-house of the “family of St. Colum-Kille,” as Columba's spiritual children were afterwards called.

their dust might mingle with that of the Blessed Isle. Here it is said

"The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid,"
kings of Scotland, Ireland, and France, beside several Norwegian princes, innumerable lords of the isles, abbots, bishops,



RUINS OF ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL AT IONA.

monks, and chiefs of many clans. The last king buried at Iona was Duncan I. of Scotland, whom Macbeth murdered.

"Rosse: 'Where is Duncan's body?'

Macduff: 'Carried to Colm's-Kill,

The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.'"

("Macbeth," act ii. scene iv.)

Many of the tombs are carved in relief with rude effigies of ships and animals, while there are several full-length figures representing warriors clad in armor. Very near the impressive God's acre we ascend the Torr Abb, the "little hill," from whence St. Columba gazed upon his dear island the day before his death. Then it was that, blessing Iona for the last time, the great abbot uttered the memorable prophecy of its future: "Unto this place, albeit so small and poor, great homage shall yet be paid not only by the kings and peoples

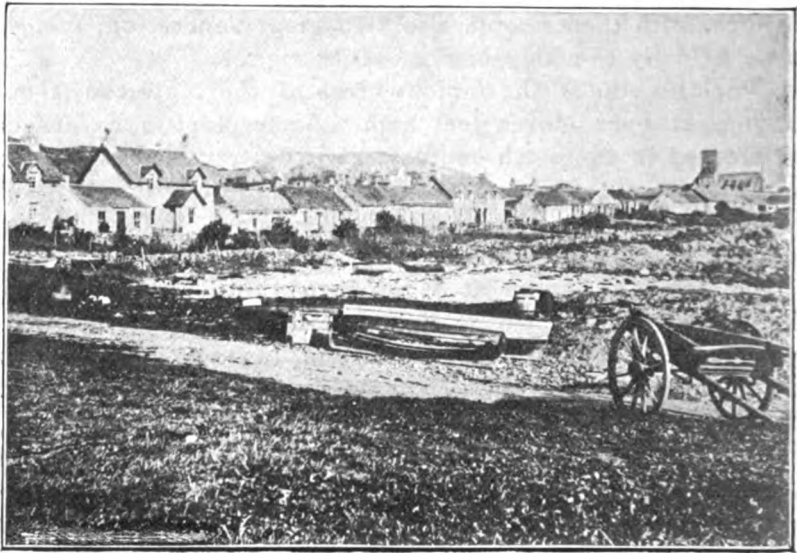
of the Scots, but by the rulers of barbarous and distant nations, with their people also. In great veneration, too, shall it be held by the holy men of other churches."

Near by stands the famous cross of the MacLean, a noble monument over eleven feet high. Archæologists fix its date as erected in the sixth century, and the traceries representing our Lord on the Cross and emblematic designs of the life-giving Sacraments are unusually delicate. St. Oran's Chapel is next visited, its fine Norman doorway, very like that of St. Margaret's Chapel at Edinburgh Castle, and a beautiful triple arch within proving the most interesting features. The ruins of St. Mary's Cathedral stand near by. Built in the usual form of a cross, it consists of a nave, transepts, and choir, with sacristy and side chapels. The combination of



NEAR BY STANDS THE FAMOUS CROSS OF MACLEAN.

architectural styles indicates different periods of erection, ranging from the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries. Many of the carvings upon the columns are remarkably graphic and well defined, and the capitals exhibit bas-reliefs similar to others found in Ireland. "Four square to all the winds that blow," the noble old cathedral dominates every aspect viewed at Iona, and nothing could be finer than the ruins' warm-red and gray coloring and their rare beauty of proportion. Op-



A STREET IN MODERN IONA.

posite the western entrance stands the famed Iona, or St. Martin's Cross, which, with that of the MacLean, alone remain of the three hundred and sixty memorial crosses said to have once been scattered over the island. Thirty of these sepulchral crosses are still in existence in Argyleshire, having been removed from Iona when the so-called Reformers sought to destroy in the isles all signs of Christian art. Though Iona itself is perhaps deficient in natural features of unusual interest, compared with other portions of Scotland that is, this is more than compensated for by the exquisite views obtained from every point on the island. To the north and west dim sketches of distant islands are outlined like long clouds along the horizon; to the eastward, but a mile away, rises the Ross of Mull, its range of hills, upon which the lights and shadows

“March and countermarch in glorious apparition,”

a never-ceasing vision of loveliness, while over all, embracing all, stretch the Hebridean worlds of enchantment, the ever-changing infinite skies and sea. Truly, here about Columba's isle one hears, as nowhere else, the message chanted alike by sea and mountains, “each a mighty voice”: “Non nobis, Domine, non nobis: sed nomini tuo da gloriam.”* Perhaps

* Psalm cxiii. 9.

we shall feel that blessed conviction at no moment of our visit more strongly than when we enter the Martyr's Bay and recall the scenes enacted here long ago in great Columba's time. How the realization bridges over the centuries and gives sense of nearness, of kinship with the glorious saints of God, weak and timorous followers though we be in "the royal way" where they were conquerors! Here in the Martyr's Bay entered the stately galleys of long ago bearing the dead,

"Their dark freight a vanished life."

From Ireland, from Scotland, from far distant Norway they came, Columba and his monks going forth in solemn procession to meet and bless and chant over each silent form the *De Profundis*, that funeral psalm of penitence and deathless hope unchanging Mother Church chants now, as then, over all her children who have fallen asleep in Christ our Lord.



THE DOG STONE.

THE ANGELS' TRYST.

BY ALBERT REYNAUD.

"For their angels see the Father's face."



WOODLAND! I love you and your covered shade;
With here and there a break of sunbeam
sheaves—

A listening 'neath innumerable leaves
For sudden sounds of strange footsteps—half
afraid;

Throbbing for him who hath the pulse to know
The myriad lives that in your shadows glow.
—Oh! the nature-secrets, the storied spell,
The Forest holds for him who loves it well.

There rose a murmur thro' the quiet trees;
Fluttering, each leaf against its neighbor leaned,
To whisper doubtless wondrous mysteries
Which the thick trunks one from the other screened.
Majestic loomed the great limbs all around,
Uplifted, strong in faith, afar the ground.
—'Twas evening: whim-drawn to this elfin spot
I sat a-dreaming of what I wit not.

Glory to God in the highest,
Glory to Him, all praise;
Yet to the lowly nighest—
Glory to Him always.

What sounds are these? and whose the voice
Bids thus e'en Darkness to rejoice,
And Silence for its echoes to make room?—
Startled, I peer thro' the now gathered gloom:
Meseems along each hidden forest track
Come slippered footfalls' nearing answers back.
Yea truly, between brush and brier go
Forms flitting, tenuous more than mortals know.

—Hither all neighb'ring angels hie;
Coming a nightly tryst to keep,
While deep in dreams their charges sleep:—
Trembling, a-hiding, still, I lie.

I left a man—a first voice said—
And mighty in the land 'twould seem;

For though no halo lights his head,
 He struts—and others bow. His dream
 Is power. Thus he holds himself
 In what they call his higher mood;
 Tho' watching I each attitude
 Much fear it simply to be pelf,
 And that he thinks him greater through
 The lessening others appear in view.

I left a maid. The men all call her fair,
 Bask in her smiles and seem to worship there.
 E'en a proud rose I've seen appear confused
 Beside her cheek with a slight blush suffused:—
 And God made roses beautiful, we know,
 As erst in Eden we set them long ago.
 Yet, what's the vesture round a frivolous heart
 But a foreign garment, no real part
 Of the wearer's aspect to the Spirit's glance
 Which sees no splendor save in virtue's radiance.

I left a child, and culled his prayers this eve—
 Sweet pledge of those who see not yet believe—
 Fragrant with lowly innocence, fit to grace
 An angel's worship 'fore the Father's face—
 Who bade me 'gainst the morrow's needs to keep
 Provision for his footsteps. Now asleep
 My little cherub lies. So wish him ye
 Each some gift.

—Then, the pearl Purity, I.

—And from me, Trust.

—From me, Simplicity.

—From me, to see things with an angel's eye.

—Then I, his guardian—and the angel smiled—
 Wish him for ever to remain a child.

Flight of fluttering wings.
 Light in the eastern sky.
 Dream-echoes lessening,
 Marvelling still hear I. . . .

Glory to God in the highest,
 Glory to Him, all praise;
 Yet to the lowly nighest—
 Glory to Him always.

THE NEED OF TECHNICAL SCHOOLS IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY CARINA CAMPBELL EAGLESFIELD.



As a nation we Americans pay less attention to technical education than any other people in the world, and the success we have heretofore achieved in manufacturing has been, not so much the result of our expert work as of the skilled labor which has come to us from Europe.

We show the greatest executive ability in organizing our factories and in putting the right men in the right place, but if we had been obliged to draw workmen from native Americans alone it would have taken many more years to attain the present results.

We have, however, now reached the point in our industrial development when it is necessary and most advisable to make use of our own sons, and in order to educate them we must have the opportunities and the schools. There must be adequate means of educating the workers of any country before its manufacturing interests can be fully developed, and the manufacturers of the United States have found from experience that in many departments they must look to Germany when they wish the best of skilled workmen. We have certainly fine technical schools in the United States, and the last ten years have seen an immense growth in public interest; but the number is still very small compared to our population, and the best workers in the higher trades still come from Germany, where the schools are the finest in the world.

AMONG THE GERMANS.

If we wish to compete successfully with Germany, we must give more attention to technical and industrial education, for their interest in such schools is constantly on the increase, and the ambition and energy of the entire nation are directed towards making them more perfect.

The Germans realize that herein lies their only hope of holding their own against America, for they are willing to con-

cede that in our country the natural adaptability of the people is greater than with them.

Our people are more practical; they depend upon no theories—in fact, know little of them—and the American way, generally speaking, is to try till success crowns the effort.

In Germany technical and industrial education is aided in every direction, by the government, by mercantile corporations, and by municipalities. Public spirit is far more active than in the United States in fostering national development. The feeling of national unity and pride has been growing steadily ever since its birth in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, and since the Kaiser's efforts towards colonial growth it has taken on enormous proportions. Personal feelings are entirely lost sight of when the growth of the beloved Fatherland is concerned, and the best practical example is found when the German will buy an inferior article of his own manufacture in place of a better one from abroad.

This fever for national development is not limited to the industrial classes alone, for one encounters it also among the agriculturists, who would absolutely rather live poorly upon the products of their own soil than comfortably upon the cheaper produce of the American market. This, better than any other reason, explains the universal dislike to our American corn-meal, which, though cheaper and more healthful than their rye, makes no headway with them, since it hurts the national pride to feel that it might have to depend, as England does, upon foreign markets for its food. Germany is not divided, as with us, into two parties, those who advocate protection with the object of fostering the manufacturing interests, and those who are devoted to the theory of free trade; and, though rent by many other parties, it is a unit on this question of national development.

The American is by birthright and surroundings an optimist, and this universal trait of the national character is shown most strikingly in his attitude towards technical education. He feels so sure of succeeding in everything he undertakes that he rather scorns the slow and laborious methods of the German schools. Every man is so deft and quick with his fingers that he underestimates the difficulties in the way of really mastering a trade. His natural ability and general intelligence are going to help him out, so he thinks, and it seems almost a waste of time to spend years in acquiring enough special knowledge to place him at the very head, when it is so very easy to

do fairly well a little lower down. So he lets the trained and skilled artisan from Germany fill such places, and in the bottom of his heart thinks that he might, by an extra effort, do the same work.

The industrial schools which have been established in connection with our public-school system will no doubt aid greatly in developing the generation now growing up ; but they are in no sense institutions which fit directly for practical wage-earning, and we cannot expect our factories to be recruited from them.

Our great trade centres have no connection with any school system, and we are just beginning to realize that these are the points where industrial and technical education is most needed. In Germany, on the contrary, every great trade centre has its schools, where all the details entering into the manufacture of various classes of goods are taught, and the latest discoveries in science and practical experience are employed. Almost any school of the innumerable ones for teaching trades, as spinning, weaving, straw-plaiting, etc., might be taken as a model, but I will cite the Weaving School of Gera as an example of what may be done.

THE WEAVING SCHOOL OF GERA.

Wealthy manufacturers have taken a deep interest in this school and aided it by donations and bequests. It is also supported by the fees of the students and by an annuity of two thousand marks granted by the government. It has a principal and seven teachers, who are themselves skilled weavers. The board of administration consists of five expert merchants, who watch over the progress, examine the work, and report to the municipal association of manufacturers.

The pupils are partly young workmen and partly young merchants, engaged in the weaving mills. School is open twice a week, and on Sundays from seven to ten in the morning, and two evenings are also devoted to teaching. The course lasts four years, and instruction is given in the following branches : In the first year lessons are given in pattern designing, practical sorting, classifying, rating and pricing of raw material. In the second year instruction in the weaving of jacquards, and the designing, nature, and properties of various wools. In the third year machine construction is taught, and the fourth year teaches the construction of various hand-loom, technical designing, and the weaving of fancy articles. Theoretical instruction is given from books and a large collection of designs

and models, and thirteen power and seventeen hand looms are used in practical instruction. A large library also becomes a valuable factor in the promotion of technical knowledge. Exhibitions are frequently given, in which woven articles, sketches, designs, and writings of the pupils are displayed. These exhibitions show the diligence and skill of the pupils, and the advance they have made in industrial education. Prizes are awarded also, consisting of mathematical instruments, books on technical subjects, etc. The fees are very low, only averaging \$1.50 per year, and hence entrance is always easy for the poorest of the working-classes. When we stop to consider and compare the knowledge which our average factory hands in our weaving mills possess, the enormous educative value of such a school is seen.

Such methods as are used in these German schools could be employed by our American manufacturers, and they appear to me the only way to strengthen and develop our industries. The work in a factory is so subdivided that a boy can work for years and yet know little of the construction of the entire article, and less even of the principles underlying it; and instead of growing more intelligent, he often becomes a mere machine, capable only of doing so much work per hour. Schooling in his line, on the other hand, would train all his faculties, arouse his interest in mechanics, and develop any latent talent for special work.

HISTORY OF THE MOVEMENT.

The realization that in educating the working-classes lies the ultimate success of the manufacturing interests is comparatively new in Germany, though of so much longer standing than with us. The higher technical education of the sons of the middle and upper classes was first thought of and planned, and the first Polytechnical School was established, in Berlin in the year 1799, modelled after that founded in Paris just five years earlier. In 1821 the first Industrial School was founded in Berlin, and it was some time before others followed. Between 1825 and 1860 higher Technical Schools were established in Karlsruhe, Dresden, Darmstadt, Hanover, Augsburg, Munich, Nuremberg, Stuttgart, and Aix. Karlsruhe was the first school in which our modern ideas on industrial education for the masses was considered. Since then industrial schools have sprung up all over the empire, but nowhere in greater number than in Saxony. These schools teach a great variety of trades

and embrace instruction in weaving, carving, engraving, straw-plaiting, metal-working, and recently schools have been opened for the teaching of all branches of railroad mechanics, where the sons of the lesser officials can be educated in their fathers' trade.

Saxony is the greatest manufacturing country of Germany, and a review of her schools leads one to conclude that every one is going to school there. The facilities for technical education are nowhere surpassed. We find 112 schools for the teaching of special industries, with 10 000 students; 39 industrial schools, with another 10,000; 44 mercantile schools, with 4,800 students, and 11 agricultural colleges, with 1,000 students. The education of the girls is also amply provided for, since most girls have to work in Germany, and they find the necessary instruction in seven industrial schools, with 1,570 pupils, and in 18 technical schools for special work, containing 2,500 girls.

One can say that every industry is represented by a school where the underlying principles of each industry are taught. Under such mental and manual training a class of highly intelligent workmen has been developed, in which their special lines are nowhere surpassed.

RESULTS ARE SHOWN IN SUPERIOR SKILL.

The Germans are also constantly improving their machinery, and they do not disdain to learn much and buy much of the Americans. Our methods are conceded by them to be superior, our tools the best in the world, if our workmen are not as a whole, and in the efforts which we have made to brighten the home life of our workmen we are confessedly ahead of them all.

Englishmen have recognized more quickly than Americans that these schools are worthy objects of study, and every year many are sent from the great factory towns into Germany to investigate and take back to England their ideas and methods. The work done by many of our consuls is of the greatest value; but consular reports are not studied half as thoroughly as they deserve, and many suggestions of the greatest importance remain hidden in the archives in Washington.

The different countries of Germany take great pride also in their fine industrial buildings and the beautiful setting they have given them. The new Industrial School in Nuremberg cost over \$230,000; that in Chemnitz nearly as much; the In-

dustrial Museum in Stuttgart \$1,000,000, and the Technical College in Charlottenburg \$2,250,000 dollars; and these are but a few among many equally fine.

The establishment and constant improvement of these schools have revolutionized the scientific industries of Germany, and they now outstrip their rivals in France and England. The German workman is in most cases a scientifically as well as practically educated man, and the combination has improved his handiwork a hundred-fold. The increase of imports out of Germany can be ascribed to this fact and no other.

The progress in many branches of manufacturing during the last decade is wonderful. Germany is indeed making enormous strides, notably where superior knowledge, technical skill, and the agency of the expert chemist can be employed. This is true to a remarkable degree in the electrical trades and the cognate branches of electrical engineering, and the latest experiments in chemistry have been most successfully used in the manufacture of new colors.

That the industries of Germany have made immense headway must be acknowledged by every one; but it may not be so clear that the two principal factors in this marvellous growth are the educational advantages which lie within reach of the poorest, and the steady and intelligent assistance of the general government.

THE COMING INDUSTRIAL WARFARE.

The warfare of the coming century will be an industrial one, and that nation which has the best educational advantages will be the one best prepared to wage it successfully. It is not alone the education to be had in our colleges and universities which is needed in America, but that training which develops the great masses of the people and fits them to better earn their daily bread.

There is an intimate connection between science and industry, and our great industries will have to depend more and more upon the successful application of the latest scientific discoveries, and less and less upon our natural resources. These are, however, so great that we have in them another advantage over the old world, and our grand and inexpressibly rich country is only awaiting the time when the trained and skilled American will take these mighty forces and bend them to the service of mankind.

It does not behoove us to copy German methods blindly, for the needs of our own country should first be studied and our technical schools adapted to our peculiar conditions. But that our working-classes need far more tuition and schooling than they receive ought to be acknowledged by every one. Our system of public-school education, unless combined with an industrial department, gives no special training, and our boys and girls leave school entirely unfit to earn their own living. If the percentage of the young people who feel under the necessity of assisting their parents to support the family is not so large as in Germany, it is constantly growing, and in many cities the care of the older children has already become a heavy burden to the father.

If we had such schools as are now found everywhere in Germany, in which apprentices could attend certain hours every week, study the theory of their trade and see the practical working of every branch in it, they would be inspired to do better work, and real fondness for their trade would thereby be inculcated. We now feel that a boy's school education is closed if he enters a factory, and in many cases the interest and pleasure in study, aroused in the lower grades, are allowed to die out because of lack of nurture.

THE FACTORY LAWS OF GERMANY.

The factory laws of Germany are also worthy of careful study, and in every case they consider the education and development of the factory hand. Every manufacturer is required by law to send in a list of all children under thirteen or, in some cases, fourteen years of age, who are working for him, and he is obliged to send these to the school which teaches their trade. If they fail to attend, he is fined; and he must also see that the hours of work in school and factory allow of an interval of rest between. If the school opens in the morning, the children must work afternoons in the factory, or *vice versa*.

Everybody knows that Germans lead the world in many if not all kinds of leather, and their success in this trade is undoubtedly the result of their first-class tanning schools. In Germany a young man intending to become a tanner goes to the tanning school quite as regularly as to his place in the tan-yard, and the daily lesson in technical education goes hand in hand with practical work, giving him a complete mastery of his trade. The practical chemist stands side-by-side

with the practical worker, and the successful experiments of the one are carefully investigated by the other.

One of the best tanning schools is at Freiberg, Saxony, and the science of tanning, which has so long been experimental, is there based upon exact data and definite experiment.

But the Germans, with all their patience, education, and skill, have so much less inventive genius than the Americans, that the Freiberg school is obliged to be fitted with machines which were invented and perfected in the United States, and it is a most suggestive fact that the head director over these American machines was formerly for fifteen years a foreman in a Milwaukee tannery.

CAUSES OF GROWTH IN TECHNICAL INDUSTRY.

The enormous growth of technical industry in Germany is owing to three causes—the temperament of the people, the educative facilities, and the methodical adaptation of scientific research to industrial practice. We may not be able to so discipline our national temperament as to acquire the plodding, staying power and slow patience of the German character; but we can improve our educational advantages, and we must establish a closer union between practical and scientific technical work. If we can found such schools as they now have in Germany, and educate our large number of young men of native inventive and mechanical genius, we can easily compete successfully with the trade of the whole world and win over every competitor.

Social conditions are so much easier with us than they are in Germany that our artisans ought to lead happy and contented lives. Our wages are higher in every line of work, and the cost of living very much lower; so the annual savings are always in favor of the American workmen.

The absence of class distinctions is a spur to constant endeavor, and the American workman, providing he is frugal and temperate, is bound to better his lot.

What the workingmen need above all else are just such schools as are found all over the German Empire, and with these educative facilities they are bound to discover the superiority of their own social conditions and environment over those of the old world.



THE MODERN BARD OF IRELAND.

TOM MOORE'S AMERICAN TRIP.

BY REV. JOSEPH GORDIAN DALEY.

IN the year 1801, when the national bard of Ireland was but twenty-two years of age, he published, under the pseudonym of Thomas Little, his first original poems—the *juvenilia* which Byron so successfully satirized in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.

Two years later Moore,

“Young Catullus of his day,
As sweet, but as immoral in his lay,”

having completed the humanities at Trinity College, Dublin, and wearied through a course of law at Middle Temple, Lon-

don, was offered a government position in the British tributary of Bermuda, an island situated, as every one knows, at a distance of several hundred leagues off the southern coast of our country. The office was technically known as the Registry of the Admiralty; and for this employment, requiring, as it did, a matter-of-fact, mathematical mind, Moore, though undeniably gifted in many another branch, had scanty love and meagre talent. "We needed an accountant, and they gave us a dancer," was the satirical comment of Beaumarchais when he learned that Calonne had been appointed to the finances of France. A remark of a similar kind would not have been out of place anent the poetical registrar of Bermuda; for the figures he was versed in were rhetorical figures, and the books he was aptest at keeping were not the folios of a cashier's desk, but the tomes, old and dusty, that serve to burden a library shelf. It is on record that his mother sought hard to dissuade him from accepting the colonial donative; and it is known that generally he was not slow in conforming with her sensible wishes. Upon this occasion, however, he questioned the wisdom of his mother's advice. The merest gift from the governmental hand was, in his eyes, a matter of value. It might, he reasoned, become a stepping-stone to ulterior promotion; so, with this consideration in mind, he decided, against all counsel, to accept the station at Bermuda.

The ship in which he sailed away toward his first American destination was the *Phaeton*, a frigate, which really belonged to the marine service of Britain; and the roundabout course which it took led southward at first toward the shores of Portugal, thence along by the tropic Azores, and from there outward across the seas of the West. Upon the voyage over the young, undaunted songster, looking back to the dear ones, began to pipe in reminiscent couplets. The first of his melodies is an epistolary nocturne, suggested by the moonlight off Madeira, and addressed to a Waterford viscount, Lord Strangford.

There is no doubt but that Moore's official preferment was obtained from the government through his friend Lord Moira. This scholarly peer, laudably proud of his new-found protégé, was desirous of opening a future to one so gifted; he was charmed by the flow of the young man's poetry, and was fascinated even more by the grace of Moore's personal manners. Lord Moira had obtained high political distinction; he stood near the throne, and nearer yet to the Crown Prince. It was through him that the Dublin genius was made acquainted with

Carlton House and the Prince of Wales; and it was this acquaintance, ripening into something like intimacy, that led on to the post at Bermuda. If "Little Tommy loved a lord," as Byron cruelly averred, no wonder that he would go into rhapsody over a prince of the blood!

Moore, youthful and confident, had translated the love lyrics of Anacreon with something like Anacreon's own tenderness; and when he went to London the dream of his heart was to publish these translations. Publishers' doors repulsed him, and his only hope lay in bringing out the work by subscription. He succeeded. The subscribers were from the aristocracy; and the *Anacreon* came out, dedicated, by permission, to the Prince of Wales. Censures and praise alike rewarded it; but the censures passed harmlessly, while the praises lingered and redoubled. Ballads followed successfully; and the songs of the Irish groceryman's son were sung in the drawing-rooms of England's Four Hundred. Lionized and flattered, Thomas Moore had all the danger of becoming a spoiled child. This fact he realized himself; for in a letter to his mother, arguing against her objections to the Bermuda recognition, he says: "If I do not make a shilling by it, the new character it gives to my pursuits, the claim it affords me upon government, the absence I shall have from all the frippery follies that would hang upon my career for ever in this country—all these are objects invaluable of themselves."

Though his life's years ran on eventually to three score and ten, this colonial appointment was the only government position that Moore ever held.

The office turned out to be after all no great sinecure: it was worth just \$2 000 a year; yet he retained it for fourteen years, administering it at first for a short period himself, and afterward acting entirely through a clerk, whom he left on the island as his deputy. Four months of actual residence at Bermuda seem to have sickened Moore himself of the humdrum monotony of the official post; so he lost no time in securing the agent who was to replace him, and whose business it would be to attend to the practical routine duties of the office. This deputy, however, turned out later on to be a thievish scoundrel. Peculations to the amount of \$30,000 were brought to light in 1815; and Moore, then in the height of his career, and in years approaching the close of the thirties, was cited by the court to answer for the defalcation of his dishonest deputy. The crisis was eventually terminated by a

compromise; but for awhile the clouds looked dark over Moore's life of roses.

Four months of Bermuda, as we have said, were all the poet wanted. Putting the office in the hands of his substitute, he started eagerly for home. Prior, however, to making a decisive voyage, he determined to take an extended trip on the mainland and to visit the young United States. The journey which he made was a slow, zigzag jog; and for ten months he continued this manner of touring. It is a fact of which Irishmen may be lavishly proud, that of all the illustrious personages who have linked their names imperishably with English literature Tom Moore was the first to pay a visit to the United States.

After entering our Republic at Virginia, he came northward, visited Washington, at that time a little city and but five years the capital. Crossing through Jersey, he made his way to the Rhine of America, passed on along the Hudson to Cohoes and Albany, crossed the Mohawk valley, continued on in a stage-coach overland from Utica, visited Niagara's sublime torrent, passed on into Canadian territory, and, touching here and there at various cities along the St. Lawrence, completed his rambling by journeying to Halifax and then home—to England.

All along the route the crude civilization failed to satisfy the longing of his sybaritic heart; for if, in the theories of his youth, he leaned sincerely toward democracy, the practical tastes now of his riper manhood were unquestionably aristocratic. We hear him declaring:

“ Even now, wandering upon Erie's shore,
I hear Niagara's distant cataract roar;
I sigh for England—oh! these weary feet
Have many a mile to journey ere we meet.”

The virgin beauty of the country through which he passed appealed to the poetic side of his heart; but ever and anon came the recurring feeling of unrest, the impatient hand reaching out for hands across the sea. It has been said by Charles A. Dana's *Sun* that the pleasantest thing in Boston is to take a train for New York; now certainly it was some such feeling as this that Moore experienced upon embarking at Nova Scotia for the homeward bound.

The start was propitious and five weeks later we find him leaving the ship at Plymouth, and, to use his own frenzied

words, "almost crying with joy to be able once more to write on English ground." No *terra firma* for him until his feet were treading the drawing-rooms of Belgravia!

From Norfolk, Va., is written to a lady the first of his poems on America. In a prose note he adds that Norfolk is an unfavorable specimen of our land, and was then particularly so, owing to a recently ravaging yellow fever. In a way ordinary enough he remarks:

"The warrior here in arms no more
Thinks of the toil, the conflict o'er;
While peace, with sunny cheeks of toil,
Walks o'er the free, unlorded soil."

From Norfolk he voyaged on to the celebrated Dismal Swamp; and unlovely as the surroundings were, they served to suggest a string of stanzas in the old ballad metre. At Washington he wrote two poems, and in Philadelphia an equal number. They are mildly descriptive, hurriedly written, and doubtless indited—as indeed the rest in the collection confessedly were—in order to fill up a volume and meet the handsome inducements of a publisher.

The most familiar form in which he wrote his American verses is that of rhyming epistles; but though their prolixity detracts at times from their merit, we cannot fail to discern here and there the grace of the rhetorician, the imagination of the poet, and the warm teeming sympathy of the man.

The practical republicanism of our country was far from being akin to Moore's aristocratic likings. He had regarded through English eyes the tumultuous epoch of the French Revolution; and he censured the wide-spread rampancy among us of what he mistook for French ideas and French philosophy. He did not seem to realize that beneath all that is extravagant in our national house lay a strong ground-work of firm common-sense; and that if Uncle Sam is hearty in cheering for the rights of man, he is equally as loyal in insisting on the duties of man. Moore declaims with righteous vehemence against the mercenary politician, for he asserts:

"Even here already patriots learn to steal
Their private perquisites from public weal,
And, guardians of their country's sacred fire,
Like Afric's priests, let out the flame for hire."



MOORE SYMPATHIZED DEEPLY WITH IRELAND'S WRONGS.

The glaring inconsistency of slave-holding in a land whose dearest boast is her liberty impressed the poet with veritable disgust. It caused him to burst out in a prophecy of pessimism concerning a country where, as he puts it,

"Freedom waves
Her fustian flag in mockery over slaves."

Lyrics of love and landscape are sprinkled through the collection; and the prettiest lines of all are those which he wrote in the neighborhood of the now prosaic Cohoes:

"From rise of morn to set of sun
I've seen the mighty Mohawk run;
Rushing alike untried and wild
Thro' shades that frown'd and flowers that smil'd;
Flying by every green recess
That wooed him to its calm caress,
Yet sometimes turning with the wind,
As if to leave one look behind."

Other poems followed as he jogged across through central New York. In reference to one of them he remarked, in what has become an amusing note: "The idea occurred to me in passing through the very dreary wilderness between Batavia, a new settlement in the midst of the woods, and the little village of Buffalo on Lake Erie. This is the most fatiguing part of the route to Niagara."

At the Horseshoe Falls Moore met with the British general whose virtues our Canadian neighbors have loved to honor, and whose tall gray monument on Queenstown bluff, surmounting the Niagara, looks down defiantly on the river's bold current. "To Colonel Brock, of the 48th, who commanded at the fort," said the Irish poet, "I am particularly indebted for his kindness to me during the fortnight I remained at Niagara. Among many pleasant days which I passed with him, that of our visit to the Tuscarora Indians was not the least interesting. They received us in all their ancient costume; the young men exhibited for our amusement the race, the ball-game, etc., while the old and young women sat in groups under the surrounding trees."

Moore's return voyage to England was uneventful. He arrived in 1804, and little more than a year later his poems bearing on America were published. In the same volume he included the love-songs which up to that date had appeared only over the *nom de plume* of Thomas Little. Thus, as John Francis Walker states in his excellent remarks on Moore, the poet "avowed an authorship which indeed nobody doubted." The new book met with caresses in the world of roses; but from the reviewers its sensual verses called forth the cry of "Shame!" Jeffrey opened fire in the *Edinburgh* of July, 1806, characterizing the volume as "a public nuisance." "Its author," he said, "may boast, if the boast can please him, of being the most licentious of modern versifiers, and the most poetical of those who, in our times, have devoted their talents

to the propagation of immorality, in which he labors with a perseverance at once ludicrous and detestable."

In Moore's own private *Memoirs* we have a candid statement of how this censure provoked him, and how promptly he sent his cartel to the Scotch reviewer!

"After adverting to some assertions contained in the article, accusing me, if I recollect right, of a deliberate intention to corrupt the minds of my readers, I thus proceeded: 'To this I beg leave to answer, You are a liar; yes, sir, a liar; and I choose to adopt this harsh and vulgar mode of defiance in order to prevent at once all equivocation between us, and to compel you to adopt for your own satisfaction that alternative which you might otherwise have hesitated in affording to mine.'"

The outcome of this challenge was the notorious "bloodless duel" at Chalk Farm, near Hampstead. The usual array—duelists, seconds, friends, surgeons, and pistols—were present; but just at the critical moment a squad of policemen from Bow Street appeared on the scene and carried off the principals. In the privacy of the lock-up Moore and Jeffrey began to converse amicably enough, and from this conversation grew up a profound and mutual esteem, which lasted to the end of their lives. "In one of the most formidable of my censors," wrote Moore long subsequent to the hostile meeting, "I have since found one of the most cordial of my friends." The proof of this is, that when Moore got into trouble through the dishonesty of his Bermuda substitute Jeffrey was the first of many kind friends who volunteered immediate help. In a prompt letter he offered him \$2,500, and adds very generously: "No living soul shall know of my presumption but myself." Moore himself even lived to become a contributor to Jeffrey's *Edinburgh*; and in one of the numbers for 1814 he reviews Lord Thurlow's poetry in a very caustic article.

The weak fibre in Thomas Moore's character was his excessive adulation of the English nobility. This deferential tendency is all too manifest in his poems on America; it is apparent both in the high-strung ideas which they present and in their dedications, which are generally to the high grandees of Britain. It seems unnatural for an Irishman born and bred to be so subservient. Clarence Mangan, as true a poet as Moore and as firm a patriot as ever lived, preferred the rags of hard poverty to the pampering caresses of soft-headed lords. Yet, speaking of patriotism, we do not question

the depth of Moore's loyalty. In his young days he was a friend of the two Emmets, and contributed generously to the *Press*, the organ which they had established in the interest of the United Irishmen of 1798. One of his early letters was so vehemently outspoken against English injustice that it attained the distinction of being publicly read in the House of Commons, and used by the Tories as an argument for the necessity of taking repressive measures against Irish free speech.

His national lyrics, too, evince the warmth of his feeling for the native land; and it is evident also from his various prose works that he sympathized deeply with every effort for Irish amelioration, and that in every work for his country's betterment he was ready to lend a hand and a voice.

The extreme amiability of the man, and the rock-bottom honesty of his soul, were no doubt the reason why he made friends so easily and kept them so long. Byron, who was conceited and hard to please, trusted no man as he trusted Moore—consigning to him his private journal and the request that Moore should write Byron's biography. It was not alone with grandees either that Tom Moore was popular. The Countess of Blessington recounts in her *Memoirs* how, going to the theatre one evening with Moore, she was surprised to see the people rise up with one common impulse and cheer him lustily as he entered. A pleasant narrative comes from another source, and relates to Moore's visit to Walter Scott. When Moore was departing, Scott, with Lockhart and the latter's wife, accompanied him to Edinburgh, and that evening all four went to the theatre. For some time the party escaped observation; but suddenly some one began to call out from the pit:

"Eh! Eh! Yon's Sir Walter wi' Lockhart and his wife; and wha's the wee body wi' the pawkee een? Wow, but it's Tam Moore just!" "Scott! Scott!" "Moore! Moore!" began to resound from all quarters. Scott would not rise at first, but Moore stood up and gracefully bowed. Scott then in turn rose and acknowledged the plaudits; and the orchestra played Irish and Scotch airs alternately for the rest of the evening.

THE HOLY SEE AND THE COUNCIL OF EPHESUS.

BY REV. WARD HUNT JOHNSON, C.S.P.

HOWEVER near those outside the church may come to comprehending Catholic theology there is always one point beyond which they cannot go: they cannot understand the existence of the Apostolic See and the prerogatives attached to it. Indeed, from the Protestant point of view the dogma is an excrescence, a thing foisted on the faith, a thing for which there is no logical use or reason. Now, we venture to say that the Primacy of Peter, with all it involves, is bound up with the very existence of the church; and so far from being an addition, it follows as an inevitable necessity, given such an institution as the church at all.

The book before us, by Mr. James Chrystal,* is a striking evidence of this Protestant inability. This gentleman is occupied in translating the acts of the first six œcumenical councils into English and the documents bearing upon the councils.

In the present volume he takes up the documents after the first Act of the Council of Ephesus and continues through the third. Of these various documents the most important is the letter addressed by Pope Celestine to the assembled bishops concerning Nestorius and the speeches of the Apostolic legates. And these are interesting, not because they have great bearing on the case of Nestorius but because they give an excellent idea of the relations of the Roman See to a general council, and the attitude of the synod toward that see. They furnish a strong proof of Catholic claims just because, without any argument or discussion, pope and fathers use language and perform acts which would be impossible if every claim urged by the Roman Church to-day was not implicitly acknowledged then. Yet this is exactly what neither Mr. Chrystal nor any Protestant can appreciate. Therefore it may not be unprofitable to show why it is so: what the theory of the Apostolic See is in Catholic theology, and why there exists the same

* *Authoritative Christianity*: The Third Ecumenical Council. Part I., acts ii. and iii. James Chrystal, Author and Publisher, Jersey City, N. J.

belief, practically, in the church of the fifth century assembled at Ephesus and that of the nineteenth met in the Vatican basilica.

We must, in the first place, distinguish two spheres of knowledge—the created and the uncreated. The first, of course, embraces those things which man and other beings with reason can naturally know; the other those things which are supernatural and known only to God. Now, between the natural and the supernatural is a great gulf; no created intelligence can pass over it, and if man is to have any understanding of the divine it must come from without, it must be given him in some way by God; and yet, since man is man, since he learns only through creatures, the supernatural matter must be conveyed to him by natural and created means.

Now, God has given man supernatural knowledge, and he gives it by means of the church which he wills to be the teacher of the human race. The function of teaching, we must remember, is two-fold; it implies matter of instruction and also the power of interpretation. According to the Protestant theory a written revelation is made to man by God the meaning of which, wherever it be obscure, is discovered by the individual through internal enlightenment. The Catholic, on the other hand, while acknowledging the validity of the written word, accepts, as of equal authority, tradition. Also the Catholic believes that there must be a supernatural interpreter of this deposit of faith, and such an interpreter must be some living power, external to himself, always ready to answer when difficulties arise, and to answer with authority.

So far a certain section of Protestants agree with us, and they profess to find this interpreter in general councils of the church. The very fact, however, that they will only accept six out of the twenty œcumenical gatherings which the church knows is an evidence that a mere gathering of bishops is not enough in itself, nor has the church ever regarded it as enough. Something more is necessary to constitute a teacher—something more explicit, more personal.

There is necessary the presence of Christ himself directing, speaking in the midst of his Apostles, even as he did on earth. There is necessarily a head which shall rule the body, a brain which shall direct, a mouth which shall speak. God gives his supernatural gifts by created means—that is an axiom of his dealings with his creatures—and so here we find the created means in a man who represents him, through and by

whom he acts. This, of course, is his vicar, the Bishop of the Apostolic See. And he alone fulfils the necessary conditions; he is a living voice, always ready, able to speak with authority.

The functions of the church can be considered as three-fold: (1) to teach, (2) to administer the sacraments, and (3) to exercise jurisdiction. Primarily the business of the church is to make known supernatural truth concerning God, his nature, his disposition toward creatures. From this disposition there arises certain relations with God which can be perfected by men through sacraments. Yet in order to either teach or administer these sacraments there is need not only of a supernatural ability (if I can use such an expression), but given that, a field for exercising it which is technically called jurisdiction. Our Lord sends forth his Apostles and says: "Go forth and teach all nations as I have commanded you, baptizing them." Now, here is found in Christ's commission exactly these three functions: the Apostles are to go forth *to all nations*—this is their jurisdiction; they are *to teach*—this is the second apostolic work; they are *to baptize*—that is, they receive authority to administer the sacraments. Our Lord sends them forth in virtue of the fact that he is head of the church, in whom the three powers reside in absolute plenitude. In him is all wisdom as God; in him is the full virtue of all sacraments; to him as man was perfect jurisdiction imparted—"the uttermost ends of the earth for his possession." So to his representative on earth our Lord imparts all these things—full teaching power, perfect jurisdiction over all the earth, and the administration of all sacraments, so that as a wise steward acting for his Lord he may distribute to his brethren power and means to fulfil that Lord's whole work.

Such we conceive to be the reason for the prerogatives attached to the See of Peter. The perfect recognition of them was a matter of slow growth in the church—of gradually clearer realization. For the church is not a mechanism, as some would have us believe, but a living organism which, just because it is living, must proceed in an ever more lucid self-consciousness. So in the beginning the bishops of the church knew that somewhere resided among them an infallible teacher and source of jurisdiction. As time went on, guided by the Spirit, more and more was reliance placed upon the opinion of Rome's bishop. In God's providence political conditions tended toward his pre-eminence; circumstances placed him over others while, at the same time, the episcopate came

to realize that with him, as Peter's successor, did Christ particularly abide, that his it was to confirm the opinions of his brethren, and that without such confirmation those opinions were void.

The realization of the truth was a slow unfolding in the church, and step by step as the past is studied do we see more nearly that ever-growing consciousness. It is expressed as early as the fifth century, and the Council of Ephesus displays already a full-grown, though not yet defined, knowledge of the papal prerogative. And yet the church moves with so little haste, so cautiously in her teaching, that it was not until 1870 that it was formally declared that to the Papal See was annexed the teaching power of the church and the power of jurisdiction.

We have dwelt at length on these powers of the Holy See because they really embrace the other prerogatives, of summoning and confirming councils, and of canonizing saints. Of course, few Catholics are ignorant that the power of teaching is limited; its quality is negative. Not in virtue of it can the Roman pontiff put forth any new revelation, or can he be said, strictly speaking, to be inspired; no, he has the *assistance* of the Holy Ghost whereby he is preserved from error; and this assistance by no means makes him independent of human means: he must use the same care, the same methods of arriving at the truth, that other men use; and hence it is that general councils are not vain. Their deliberations are the means—in part, at least—whereby the Holy See arrives at the truth. Besides, it is in conjunction with the council—the head joined with and informing the body of the church,—it is then that most perfectly is that assistance of the Holy Ghost enjoyed (Franzelin, *De div. trad.*, corol. I ad thesis 12).

The infallibility of the pontiff, then, is strictly bounded. He is only prevented from error when he teaches as pastor of all Christians and doctor with supreme authority. The matter of the teaching must concern faith and morals, and in this he does not warn or advise, but *defines*, that he may put an end to controversy; that is, theologians debate two or more opinions concerning some truth—for instance, Mary's conception: was she sanctified in the womb or at the instant of conception? Men debate and argue the question. Then when it is time the church speaks; the matter is decided. And this is a very good instance; for here is nothing new. Men had believed for ages that Mary was the holiest of creatures, vaguely.

Then arose the question, *how* holy? Was it in this way, or was it in that way? So the decision of Truth is finally given, in this case, as in all others, concerning some existing opinion.

Finally, in his teaching the Pontiff must define something to be believed by the Universal Church, something which concerns not a few nor a class, but is binding on the consciences of all.

Turning now to Mr. Chrystal's book, let us see how this recognition of the papal prerogative shows itself at Ephesus. The legates from Rome, Arcadius, Projectus, and Philip, arrived in Ephesus in time for the second session of the council, on July 10, 431, the first having been held on June 22. These men announced that Pope Celestine, "the most holy and blessed pope, Bishop of the Apostolic See," had made decision in a letter to Cyril, and now had sent through them a letter "to strengthen the universal faith" (Hardouin, *Conc.*, tom. i. col. 1465). Projectus asked that the letter from "the Holy Father Celestine, who is to be named with bowing of the head," should be read forth.

Celestine's letter was then read both in Latin and in Greek. To a Catholic the letter needs no explanation; it is exactly the sort of document which he should expect the supreme pastor to address to a council, exhorting and commanding it to keep the faith and the truth of the church. Finally Celestine says: "By way of maintaining our care we have sent our holy brethren to you, who will present the things decided by us some time ago, to which, we do not doubt, co-assent will be given by your holinesses."

The letter was received by the fathers with shouts of applause.

Now, the language of the letter is not that of an equal writing to equals, but of a superior; it is the language of a Pope, and Mr. Chrystal so evidently feels its force that he does not even attempt to palliate it.

The Papal position is even more clearly set forth in the speech of Projectus which follows. Celestine, he says, "would teach you, not as though you were ignorant, but he reminds the synod in order that those things which he some time ago decreed and has now deemed it proper to remind you of, ye may order brought to a more complete termination" by passing—that is, the necessary decrees in correspondence to the Papal letter. This evidently was the view of Archbishop

Firmus of Cappadocia, who said "the apostolic and holy throne of Celestine already put forth some time since to the bishops a vote and form on the matter," and the council, following this, condemned Nestorius.

Mr. Chrystal here makes a tremendous fuss, accusing Hefele of "gross perversion of the fact" because that author translates *psephon kai tupon* as "sentence and direction." Assuming that there is a mistake in translation, the fact still remains that the Roman bishop did issue some sort of document for the council to follow, whatever name one may give the thing; and this is the really important point.

The next document which bears on our argument is the speech of Philip. He begins by thanking the fathers for "their holy acclamations to their holy head"—i. e., to Celestine—"for you are not ignorant," he explains, "that the Blessed Peter the Apostle is head of the whole faith, and even of the Apostles." Philip next asks that the minutes of the past session be read, so that he, "following the form of Celestine, who put this case into our hands, may confirm the decisions of your holinesses." Here Mr. Chrystal explains that Philip merely wants to add Rome's vote to that of the Eastern churches, but the reader must evidently see that the legate intends much more than that; he is going to "confirm" by Rome's vote what has been done and so give it the valid sanction which it otherwise would not have.

The minutes having been read, Philip continues: "It is doubtful to no one, but rather has been made known for all ages, that the holy and most blessed Peter, the leader and head of the Apostles, the pillar of the faith, the foundation of the universal church, received the keys of the kingdom from our Lord Jesus Christ, . . . who until now and always lives and exercises judgment in his successors." After this fine beginning, which Mr. Chrystal tries vainly to make mean nothing, Philip goes on: "Therefore Peter's successor in order, our holy and blessed Father Celestine, has sent us as representatives of his own presence to this synod." Then he details how Nestorius was summoned and refused to appear, and when "the period of delay granted him by the Apostolic See had passed" he was condemned "according to the form of all churches when priests present from both the Eastern and Western churches stood together in this synod, in person or through ambassadors."

Such we conceive to be the correct translation of the pas-

sage of Coleti Conc., tom. iii. col. 1156,—a passage which Mr. Chrystal prints in leaded capitals as being peculiarly hostile to papal claims.

Then follows a speech by Projectus in the same tenor, and at last Cyril, as spokesman of the Eastern Church, sums up the matter, saying that the statements of the Roman legates are now before the synod, and "they have made these statements as filling the place of the Apostolic See, and also of all the holy synods . . . of the West. Therefore they have executed already the decrees of . . . Celestine"; and so he calls on all present to "make manifest their canonical agreement" to the decision of Rome.

Why this speech should be printed by our friend Mr. Chrystal in capitals we are at a loss to say; certainly nothing could be more opposed to his hypothesis that Rome had no more to do with the decision of the synod than any other see, for St. Cyril lays down as a precise reason for agreement the fact that they have just heard the word of Rome.

Poor Philip does not get off easily, for Mr. Chrystal devotes ten pages at the end of his volume to "a warning on Philip's haughty and boastful Roman language." He quotes from such unprejudiced and non-partisan authorities as Dr. Philip Schaff, McClintock and Strong's *Cyclopædia*, and the long-forgotten *Quirinus* of the Vatican Council to show the hollowness of Roman Catholic claims. He does say one thing, however, in the first paragraph: "The remarks of Philip [as to rank and claims of the Apostolic See] are not the themes on which the council was gathered; . . . they are mere *obiter dicta*, . . . passing, incidental sayings, . . . and the council rightly and wisely gave them the go-by." Now this, we submit, is not likely—nay, it is impossible. If this was not language which every bishop agreed in, which he knew was orthodox, a tumult would at once have ensued, so strong was the political feeling between the Eastern and Western divisions of the empire. But "the council gave it the go-by" just because they admitted Roman claims as a matter of course.

Such an idea as Mr. Chrystal's we must think has no foundation, and the one explanation is that Philip knew what the position of the Apostolic See was, and the fathers knew and, as orthodox Catholic bishops, subscribed to it. That position, if the reader will refer back, shows Rome as claiming the power to give a deciding vote in matters of faith, as confirming with validating approval what already has been done;

that position makes Rome head of the church as being Peter's successor, who received power from Christ. All this was in the fifth century, and all this shows that what the Catholic Church was then she is now.

For the accuracy of his translation we thank Mr. Chrystal; the work is done well and in a scholarly way. But we cannot but regard with horror his notes and commentary. In these he habitually speaks of Catholics as "Romanists"—"Romanists who defile churches with their idolatries" (p. 3). The Pope he knows as a "foreign and idolatrous prelate" (p. 9), and St. Thomas as "an Italian idolater." He links together in the usual coarse Protestant way "the rule of the grog-shop and the Romish Church." Our Blessed Lady he calls, not the mother but "the bringer-forth" of God, and sneers at "the myth of the Assumption" (p. 15). Worse than all, with real blasphemy he mocks Catholics as "cannibals," referring to the adorable mystery of the Eucharist, and "man-worshippers" because we adore the humanity of our Blessed Lord inseparable now from his divinity.

These things are not only blots on Mr. Chrystal's work, but they derive a certain importance from the fact that his book is published by voluntary subscription and the list of contributors is given. Among them are the names of most of the Protestant Episcopal bishops, and of many eminent ministers. These men, we suppose, must agree in his opinions. It is a curious thing, because their church—or rather, a section of it—is now making desperate efforts to change its name, so that it may bear outwardly, at least, a certain likeness to the truth,—it is a curious thing, I say, that a church which contains such opinions, such hatred of God's revelations, should try to believe itself, or make others believe, that it has any real love for or part in the Catholic and Apostolic Faith.





THE SHOP IS MODELLED AFTER THE QUAIN CHURCH AT GRASMERE.

THE ROYCROFTERS.

BY ANNA B. MCGILL.



IT would surely have comforted that earnest man who so melodiously bemoaned his own inefficiency, that self-styled idle singer of an empty day, William Morris, if he could have projected his vision into the future to see the many evidences now proving that at least one of his endeavors, the Kelmscott Press, was not to be futile, but on the contrary was to become an international influence, to be to-day the inspiration of nearly all artistic, conscientious book-making.

Though the achievements of other presses are more fully realizing his ideals of good printing and binding, few book-factories, as imitation is the pleasantest flattery, would perhaps gratify him to such a degree as would the Roycrofters' Shop in East Aurora, N. Y., where Elbert Hubbard and his hundred and seventy-five associates are attempting to build up an American Kelmscott, and to reproduce the English institution, not only in its artistic but also in its sociological character.

The inspiration for the Roycroft colony was gained directly from William Morris when Hubbard visited him several years ago, and returned to America fired to establish here a community which would co-operate in making beautiful books and things, as their philistine parlance hath it.

The name and another influence were taken from that old English book-maker of the sixteenth century, Thomas Roycroft, whose great volume, *Sacra Biblia Polyglotta*, bearing the date 1576, was one of the most interesting of the many treasures in the late exhibition of books at the National Arts in New York, and whose good black ink, fair types, and long-lived paper and bindings are a sad commentary on much of our present-day hasty book-making.

But judging from the design of the Roycrofters' buildings, which is somewhat ecclesiastical, the Shop itself being modelled after the quaint church at Grasmere where Wordsworth is buried, one would surmise that Hubbard's most potent influence was derived not altogether from William Morris nor Thomas Roycroft, but also from an earlier source than either—from the Middle Ages, when in the quiet and seclusion of a cloister delicately fingered nuns worked lovingly upon an ancient misal, or when the adorning of some already golden text was a skilful monk's life-labor; that era of the scriptorium which Austin Dobson, fervent *laudator temporis acti*, praises:

“When a book was yet a book
Where an earnest man might look,
Finding something through the whole
Beating like a human soul.”

Mr. Hubbard's effort to reproduce the monastic atmosphere in his colony is prime testimony to the debt book-making owes to the church, and is an eloquent reminder of the heritages we have derived from the Middle Ages, whose influence, so obviously apparent in modern culture and civilization, has been perhaps nowhere as perduring as in the art of printing.

To those who stand for the Apostolate of Literature, who hold the high privilege and office of the Press to be its power to disseminate Truth and ennobling interpretations of Beauty, there lies a gratifying significance in the fact that in the shadow of the mediæval church is to be found the source of that stream through whose channels modern life expresses its noblest convictions, its most exalted idealizations.

A trite story is the record of the monks' endeavors to preserve and transcribe literary treasures,—those devoted scholars whose history gives the lie to the old sophism about the utter intellectual night of those ages wherein only the consecrated toilers of the scriptorium were steadfast in guarding the sacred fires of learning and religion. Venerable Alcuin's exhortation



FRA ELBERTUS, ARCH PHILISTINE, AND THE LITTLE DE LUXE.

to the fraternities of his day throws light on the earnestness of the pious bookman and his associates, whom he besought to apply themselves assiduously to copying—"a work more meritorious, beneficial, and healthier than working in the fields, which profiteth only a man's body, whilst copying profits his soul." What books they made—illuminated, bound in costly materials, encrusted with agates, emeralds, and other precious stones, inlaid with ivory, fit bodily habiliments for some rare and sacred tome! Small wonder the gift of such a volume was deemed an act of piety deserving everlasting remembrance.

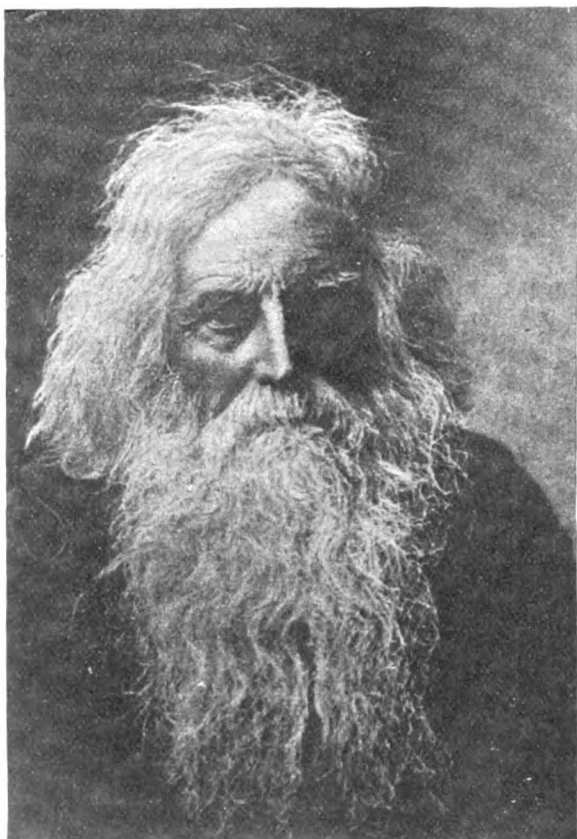
And the prints those primitive illustrators made, which, despite their quaint crudities, fascinate bibliophile and collector more than a Whistler or a Turner! The most ancient, and one of the most valuable of the mediæval prints, the Saint Christo-

pher, whose excellent design Albert Dürer might well have envied, was one of the monks' productions. Discovered in Buxheim, Germany, in an old Chartreuse, it was said to have been donated to the abbey by Anna Buchan, a canoness of sterling artistic sense.

Many of the prints whose discovery in Germany has thrilled the collectors were gifts of the famous Ionian monks, who between the sixth and the ninth centuries sent forth numerous missionaries to Germany and Switzerland, and who were religious and literary apostles of the press in European, especially Anglo-Saxon, civilizations. They taught the Anglo-Saxons to ornament books in a way which became known as the Anglo-Saxon style. Their copying was accurate and careful, as many of her early printers' work was not. Their achievements in the sixth and ninth centuries were rivalled in the fifteenth by that famous Brotherhood-of-Life-in-Common whose members, though asking no alms and accepting only just profits for their work, built at Weiden, in 1419, the great church solely with the money gained by their publishing house. In this interesting establishment Caxton, Jenson, and other pioneer printers served an apprenticeship.

When the full tide of the Renaissance set in and secular publications began to appear simultaneously with the great Bibles and books of sacred lore, the printers' ranks became gradually filled by those beyond abbey gates. But printing did not lose evidences of its origin, nor of the atmosphere in which it first came to life, nor has it yet. In the colossal presses of the twentieth century the terms and technicalities of the printer's Art (considering its noble inspiration, art it should remain—not trade) are identically those employed when the dignity, and indeed sanctity, of its uses invented such nomenclature. So is the editor's domain the holy spot, the sanctum; the place where work is done and the printers' lodges are still "chapels"; an assortment of types is a font—this by a happy similitude, since the types should convey salutary grace to men's minds, even as the blessed water did to their souls; while besides these felicitous and enduring names, the small, blundering boy so often abused in lurid prose, by Bobby Burns in verse, who sets grave thoughts awry till a man sometimes fails to recognize his own utterances, is the "devil," as he was first called by the good brethren of the monasteries, on whose walls the legends say maleficent spirits used to sit in legions.

Hubbard seems to have harked back directly to the



OLD UNCLE JOHN, WOOD-WORKER AND HORSE-TRAINER.

monasteries, whose atmosphere he has striven to reproduce, not only in the architectural design of his buildings but likewise in their unique materials, which are rough field stones whose grave gray tones of color, blended with sombre terracottas, give the buildings a venerable abbey-like appearance. The interiors, panellings, floors, and furniture are dark oak and walnut; so what with massive, old-time uncovered beams in all the rooms, a pictured Madonna or two upon the walls, one is tempted to pause almost expectant of murmured chants or echoed Misereres. To boot, the master workman is familiarly called Fra Elbertus; and there too, making beautiful books like his illustrious namesake Fra Jerome, is Geronimus O'Connor, a broad-shouldered Hibernian, erstwhile blacksmith's son, now Roycrofter, sculptor, moulder of wonderful andirons, what you will.

One waits in vain, however, for chants or Misereres, for this fraternity seems bent rather on jollity, fun, and frivolity, as is often obstreperously proven by some lusty voice singing as its owner plies busy fingers printing, binding, or illuminating the wisdom of literary masters. The Roycrofters are indeed a merry company. Cheerfulness and industry are their two mottoes. A unique plan strives for this former virtue: every morning and afternoon for fifteen minutes all hands rest, the whole colony relaxes and recreates, so the young employees are not liable to injure their physical systems by too close application.

Though assuredly one cannot say amen to all Fra Elbertus, arch philistine that he is, says, especially sometimes in the organ of his guild, *The Philistine*, and though some declare, as did a book-maker emeritus recently, that the Roycroft volumes are not worthy to stand beside worshipful tomes of Sheraton shrines, sacred to perfect type and good durable bindings, it is not possible to close one's eyes to other achievements of the Roycroft colony—especially the sociological one, which is both interesting and commendable. There is nothing marvelous in the fact that in England and other European countries, where quiet, steady workmen have been following the same trade for generations, artisans might be found to accomplish Morris's scheme; but in America, where the factory system grinds out machine products no more rapidly than it crushes and mars the human nature it employs, it is impressively interesting and singular that a community of people can be persuaded to use their hands, slowly doing things day by day, but doing them, as the Roycrofters' homely motto puts it, "as good as they can." The human materials Hubbard began with were no more malleable than those offered by the ordinary small town, whose condition is usually far from idyllic. Though the high culture of many individuals in quiet hamlets be in nowise disputed, it seems to be generally and pitifully true that in the majority of small towns there prevail narrowness of view, paltriness of standards, blindness to artistic and æsthetic ideals. From whatsoever cause this condition arises, the fact remains that it exists. And the East-Aurorans were no better and no worse when Mr. Hubbard went among them than ordinary villagers. Whereas their complete intellectual regeneration has not been accomplished, nor their metamorphosis into consummate artists and philosophers, much certainly has been done and generously for the broaden-

ing of their views, the improving of their standards, and the elevation of their ideals.

Hubbard began his work among them by gathering into his Shop girls and young men whose social and intellectual conditions might gain them entrance into factories, mills, dress-making, or similar industries. Despite the wisdom of those who stand for letting such people follow their drift, stay in "their own sphere," surely Hubbard's plan is better—to introduce them into what is truly a purer air, where the labor of their hands is dignified not only into earnest, industrious endeavor, but even into artistic achievement, with which the sordid drudgery of the factory in its present system cannot be compared. Speaking from a purely sociological standpoint, it is superfluous to dwell upon the efficacy of the artistic atmosphere as a refining and ennobling influence; an effort to supply such environment, to give young people a means of obtaining their livelihood, and simultaneously to rouse in them a sensibility to the higher and more beautiful side of life, can scarcely fail to be a worthy one, though Hubbard's methods do not escape tart criticism. An issue of a new magazine takes him to task poetically:

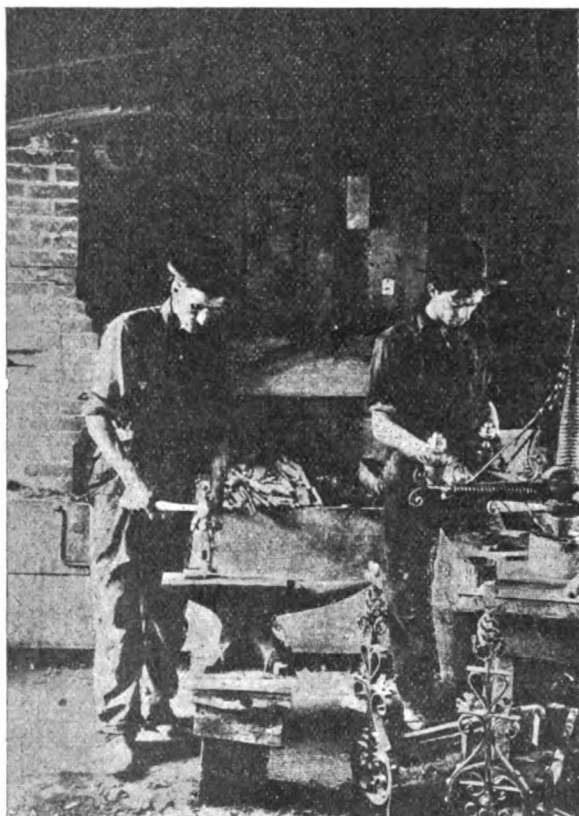
"Dear printers, said Fra the Philistine
(And he smiled like the cherubim Sistine),
Learn to work without wages
Like monks of Dark Ages,
Then shall we make books that are pristine."

The charge has been several times made that the Roycrofters are underpaid. Perhaps this is true if man lives by bread alone; but when there is taken into consideration the fact that the employees receive an intellectual and æsthetic development superior to that of others of their class, their compensations seem sufficient. Furthermore, they are one of the few co-operative organizations in the United States; over and above their stipulated emoluments they receive a yearly distribution of profits, and prizes are given at Christmas-time. The result of this unusual arrangement is a strong interest in the Shop on the part of the workers, a more intimate connection with it than if they were employed on the usual basis.

This copartnership is deviously emphasized throughout the Shop. From one corner of the first room to another hangs a fetich-string on which are pendent all kinds and conditions of trophies: the well-nigh soleless boots that Samuel Warner—

familiarly Sammy the Artist—wore, as the legend runs, when he trudged into East Aurora; the walking-sticks that were the travelling staffs of two pedestrian brothers who tramped all the way from Missouri, and high above everything hangs a

tankard labelled Inspiration, which Ali Baba, one of the most interesting and famous Roycrofters, dispenses when the melancholy fit falls upon his associates.



ROYCROFT ARTISTS IN IRON.

The Roycroft colony has a fairly good library, free art classes, two monthly concerts, participated in sometimes by the good musical talent of Buffalo, and many meetings round the great open fireplace where Fra Elbertus and his confrères discuss their philosophies.

What an influence the colony may

make in East Aurora may be estimated from the fact that one-third of all the village families are represented therein. But the working force consists not altogether of East-Aurorans. Many others have permanently or temporarily cast their lot with these young American Utopians. It is said that no one is ever refused employment; that something is always found for those who seek it. A loose system of superintendence prevails; there is, strangely enough, no evidence of superior officers—all seem to have some kind of intuition what to do next; though as a matter of fact Elbert Hubbard's guidance appears in everything. An ideal relation exists between

those who really are in authority and the young people. No one, according to the records, has ever been dismissed from the ranks of the workers since the organization began.

It is said when the young people first affiliate themselves with the Shop they wish one and all to begin in the illuminating departments; gradually they fall into the places they are able to fill, either in the bindery or the studios. All are allowed freedom to a great extent in the working out of their ideas—from Mr. Samuel Warner, an F. R. S. A., whose exquisite illustrations and borders aptly interpret the great texts of literature the Roycrofters wisely choose to reprint, to the Leipzig carpenter, Albert Danner, a huge Teuton who makes great polished oak tables round which Wotan and Thor might sit at ease. Even Ali Baba, the wit and handy man of the community, may dig post-holes and mow lawns after any novel fancy or preconceived notion that suits his mood. Just why he has fallen heir to the name of the valorous hero in the *Arabian Nights* is one of the Roycrofters' whimsical secrets. As a natural result of this individual freedom, some of the Roycroft work is crude; yet it seems invidious to condemn the granting of the liberty which in some of their productions makes for unique charm and independence of artistic expression.

As a final word concerning the Roycrofters, there is assuredly an atmosphere of earnestness and correctness in the Shop which makes a strong appeal to those whose sensibilities are often wounded by the frequent vulgarity and Bohemianism of the philistine—an atmosphere that makes one regret that Hubbard sometimes goes astray, like all who seek to quench the thirst of the philosophic spirit at fountains other than those clear-running streams immemorially ordained and provided for men's gratification and sustenance.

The man himself suggests a combination of his two apostles, Whitman and Ruskin, with something of the former's wild primitive spirit, much of the latter's sweetness, together with a dash of Morris's altruism. He seems doomed to much criticism, and even misinterpretation, as many men in that important and precarious position popularly known as the "public eye." But after all, in a final estimate the truest and most generous judgment of a man is to be sought from his intimates. Judged from this standard, no easy one either, since no man is great to his own valet, Hubbard is no insignificant personality among good men and true.



ALI BABA, WIT AND HANDY MAN OF THE COMMUNITY.

Doubtless much of the censure the Roycrofters have received is due to the fact that some have assumed for them an undue prominence both as a sociological and as a book-making organization. In comparison with the highest standards of either class they will fail to win unqualified applause; seen, however, in their right perspective as merely a humble, ordinary coterie working "as good as they can," which so many careless, uninspired artists and artisans fail to do, they must win some approval. When one works as well as he can, he is surely not ignobly living up to duty; he adds somewhat to the general striving, since, after all, as the lines go in Browning's "Last Ride Together" I once watched skilful Roycroft fingers illuminating

"What hand and brain went ever paired,
What heart alike conceived and dared?"

MIVART'S DOUBTS AGAINST THE FAITH.

BY J. F. X. WESTCOTT.



FEAR," an intelligent Catholic once said to me, "that I do not possess true faith. Often it seems as if my belief were the fruit of self-deceit, a mere pretence, a fiction sustained only by my wish to believe. Of late this consciousness has become a cause of great anxiety; so that I sometimes doubt if I have any right to call myself a Catholic, or if I am honest in reciting the Creed. In the schools they say 'the certainty of faith is the greatest of all certainties'; and clearly this is not the case with me. Were I to wake after death and find everything just as I have been taught to believe it, I am sure my sentiment would be one of unmitigated surprise; which seems to show that at heart I do not really believe."

The difficulty felt by the speaker is one common enough to justify brief consideration of it here; for a few are troubled in soul at the apparent discrepancy between their own actual state of mind and what they imagine to be faith. The phrase, "*Maxima certitudo fidei*," becomes a stumbling-block to them and sets them questioning their own Catholicity.

What was, perhaps, an illustration of just such an attitude of mind occurred in a letter once published by Dr. Mivart. Speaking of the statement that the certainty of divine faith is the highest certainty of all, he said: "Such certainty has never been to me a matter of experience, much as I have heard and read about it." These words seem to indicate that their writer had not caught the true meaning of the phrase in question; and it is not at all impossible that a misunderstanding of this kind would quickly generate and nourish the germs of unbelief.

MISTRANSLATION OF WORDS.

As a matter of fact, the statement that the certainty of faith is the highest of all, higher than the certainty that fire will burn, or that the whole is greater than the part, is an admirable instance of the danger of translating technical into popular terms without much regard for the genius of the language in question; of supposing that the *certitudo* of scholas-

tic philosophy may always and indiscriminately be rendered "certainty" in English; of forgetting that the former refers usually to the absolute stability of the fact, whereas the latter refers to the strength of our hold upon that fact; and, indeed, more usually to the hold of our mind and intelligence upon it, than to the hold of our will and affections. Hence, though true in scholastic Latin, the axiom that "The certainty of faith is greater than the certainty that two and two make four" is in common English, if not altogether false, at least quite misleading.

I have intimated that the conviction that faith implies the highest possible certainty sometimes causes grave harm. We sometimes, though not very often, come across Catholics and others who are seriously troubled as to the sincerity of their faith; and whose trouble on examination is found to be rooted in this very misapprehension—that unless they feel toward the mysteries of faith all, and more than all, that sense of helpless, irresistible mental persuasion that they feel in regard to their own existence, there is something wrong, something untruthful and insincere, in their professing a certainty which they know they have not got. The fallacy is one which occasionally drives people out of the church, and far more often prevents their coming into it. It is, of course, by no means the only cause of decay of faith, but at least it is of sufficient importance to merit attention.

When people begin by forgetting that faith is a voluntary act, they are apt to end by remaining supine under the assault of temptation; and as faith never survives the will to believe, it is apt to perish in the circumstances specified. This shows the harm that can come of misapplying technicalities, of giving the impression that a believer is not free, that he cannot doubt the truths of faith any more than he can doubt the axioms of geometry.

FAITH LARGELY A QUESTION OF THE WILL.

Our people suffer, moreover, from the nowadays inevitable intercourse with rationalistic Christianity, to which the idea of faith as a voluntary certainty is quite foreign; which assumes that to believe means to hold a firm personal opinion with regard to some religious question; denying meanwhile that opinion in such obscure matters can ever reach the firmness obtainable in the region of mathematical truth. One meets with Catholics who speak as though they shared this notion;

as though, in reciting the Credo, they meant to give a summary of their own personal opinions, stating conclusions they had arrived at after exhaustive study, and not rather making a solemn promise or vow to stand by these truths through thick and thin. They seem to forget that the Credo is the expression of a resolve on the part of the will, far more than the expression of a conclusion on the part of the mind. Their mistake is encouraged by the prominence necessarily given in our age and country to apologetical instructions, oral and written; to defences of Catholicism against Protestantism, and of religion against secularism; to controversy and argumentation of all kinds—whereby an impression is insensibly created that faith depends upon arguments as upon its cause, that it stands or falls therewith. True, the faithful are sometimes told that these arguments are but a condition, and that the will, aided by grace, is the real effectual cause of faith; but this statement is too occasional and too indistinct to obliterate the deeper impression created by the ceaseless din of controversy. Hence comes the disposition on the part of educated or half-educated Catholics to rest their belief directly upon arguments, and thus to slip unconsciously from faith into rationalism.

THE PART THE WILL PLAYS.

The only remedy for this disease is a clear and frequent reassertion of the part played by the will in the act and habit of faith. Perhaps we do not advert sufficiently to the fact that the English language and literature have for the last couple of centuries been saturated by a philosophy which holds that a man is as passive and helpless in regard to his beliefs as in regard to his stature or the color of his hair; that a free and voluntary assent is either impossible—a mere verbal pretence—or else a perversion and abandonment of reason. Further, the whole trend of modern thought is toward the view that necessary passive beliefs are the only valuable furniture of the mind; just as toward making habitual and mechanical action the great end to which all conscious and intelligent action should be directed. This double error has gradually worked its way into the common manner of speech and thought of the partially educated millions. Yet our official teachers, thanks to their theological training, are so free from it that in dealing with others they usually do not suspect nor allow for its presence.

As to the share of the will in faith, Catholic theology

teaches not merely that we must will to apply our mind to considering the motives and grounds of believing; not merely that certain moral dispositions and sympathies are needed for the intelligence and appreciation of these grounds; but that, given all this application and intelligence, the act of faith requires further a free assent to the truth revealed—an assent elicited not passively under compulsion of evidence, but actively under compulsion of the will. Faith is “an act of the intellect as moved by the will to assent.”* It is, then, not a passive and forced belief, but an actively sustained free belief. In the presence of evidence our mind is passive and receptive like a mirror, or like our eyes under the influence of objects brought into the range of vision. When evidence—that is to say, demonstrative proof—is put before us clearly, we cannot resist or withhold our assent even if we would. But in a free assent, like that of faith, we have to exert ourselves. It is not a case of “letting go,” but of “holding on”; not of drifting down stream, but of beating up against the current. It is an occasion for energetic action; for asserting our personality by opposing ourselves to, and resisting natural causes, instead of an occasion for losing our identity and becoming part of the machinery of nature by passively submitting. It is just in these free beliefs that we are most human and least mechanical; it is in them that we determine our own character and life and end—in some sort creating ourselves and the world we choose to live in; it is by them and for them that we shall be judged at the last, as worthy of eternal life or death.

THE NOBLEST FURNITURE OF OUR MINDS.

These free beliefs are, as such, the noblest furniture of our mind; far nobler than those forced assents that we have to yield to necessary and natural truths, general or particular. This latter class of forced assents may be compared to those instincts and acquired habits to which we commit the greater part of our conduct; not because semi-conscious, mechanical action is better in itself, but merely because hereby our attention is liberated for the exercise of those free, conscious, intelligent acts which are proper to man as man, and distinguish him from an automaton. Similarly, the natural and necessary beliefs that are forced on us by evidence are wholly subservient to and for the sake of those free and self-chosen beliefs which are the fruit of our own action and mental life.

* St. Thomas, *Sum. Theol.*, ii. iiz. q. ii. a. i. et. ii. et q. iv. a. 2.

This view of the matter is sustained by sound philosophy, though, as was said above, it is directly opposed to an opinion current among modern thinkers.

Now, what seems most important to observe is that a certain sense of unreality, one might almost say of pretence, is the normal and natural accompaniment of these freely-chosen, actively-sustained beliefs. Yet this sense of unrest and infirmity is in nowise incompatible with the deepest and most genuine faith. St. Thomas says as much when he tells us that the certainty of faith is not the greatest if certainty is to stand for rest and satisfaction on the part of the intellect; "for the believer assents to the truths of faith not because his intellect is determined by principles but because it is inclined to assent by the will: . . . hence it comes that in matters of faith the believer can be disturbed by the movements of doubt."* While, then, our necessary beliefs are self-supporting, our free beliefs need to be supported by the continual exercise of our wills; the former are like the things we see, the latter are like the pictures we construct in our imagination that depend on our will for their maintenance.

For when for one reason or another we choose to believe, it means that we take and treat as a fact what, relatively to our perception, is not a fact. It means not only that we speak and act as though we saw it to be true (though often, to be sure, we do not live up to our faith), but that we think and reason and argue in our own minds as though we saw it to be true. Yet all the while we do not *see* it to be true, but hold it to be true by an act of the will. It is somewhat as when a mathematician assumes a certain value of X and builds up all his calculations on that assumption. So with faith: what my natural reason would proclaim to be bread, I believe to be the Body of Christ. I not only worship it and receive it as such, but in my reasonings and reflections I build on that assumption; and I bring the rest of my mind into agreement with this belief.

Does there not seem to be in all this the same element of pretence and unreality that comes into mere fictions and working hypotheses? Do I not seem to be saying from the teeth outward that a thing is white, while all the time in my heart I know it to be black? Yet there is a difference between faith and a mere hypothesis; and it lies in this, that in the case of hypotheses and fictions, and other freely adopted pro-

* *De Verit.*, q. x. art. 12, ad 6.

positions, the matter of our choice is not such as to involve a supreme moral obligation; whereas in the case of faith we hold the belief in obedience to the command of God and the voice of conscience. And furtherwise, we hold it with that degree of willingness which God requires. Did we see the truth as it lies in God's mind our intellect would be more irresistibly forced to assent to it than to any naturally perceived truth; but since we do not, and cannot, we throw our whole will, without any reserve, into the act of belief, that it may have as much certainty for us as our will can possibly give to it. We thus arrive at a state of absolute conviction in regard to the truth of what has been revealed; though we can never prevent that *seeming* to us to be black which God tells us, and which we sincerely believe, to be white; and which we treat as though it were white in our conduct and our reasonings. Therefore it is that a certain sense of unreality, of fiction, is an essential part of the trial of faith. But it is equally present in the case of those moral principles and ideals whose value we accept on testimony before we have come to prove it by experience. It holds, too, even in the case of physical and scientific truths so far as we take them on authority without seeing the reasons for them. A striking instance is afforded by the fact that there are numbers who believe firmly that they must die, who regulate their conduct, speech, and thought by this belief, and yet to whom it is such a fiction and unreality that death comes as a surprise and shock in the end.

MIVART'S FEARS.

In the light of what has been said we can perceive how vain was the fear expressed by the speaker with whose words this article opened. To be astonished at the verification of his belief, he thought, would show that his faith had not been real. It would show nothing of the kind; any more than a man's surprise at death would show that he had not really believed in his own mortality. It would indicate only that the actual disposition and passive tendency, the constitutional temper of this mind, was contrary to what was imposed on it by faith; that the man was so made that a certain thing always appeared to him as black even while he believed it to be white; and that when faith gave place to vision and the thing suddenly *appeared* as white he was struck with a very natural amazement.

GROWTH OF MENTAL HABITS.

It must not be forgotten, however, that a free belief which at first cost us some effort to sustain, to live up to, in process of time comes to be woven into the very fabric of our thought and life, so that even were our will to change and our faith to weaken, it would need some effort for us to cast aside the belief and free ourselves from its influence. To a large extent this is due to the natural growth of mental habits; and the apparent reality and firmness that it gives to our faith is not due to any strengthening of the will to believe, or to what deserves the name of virtue. At best it is the removal of a certain natural difficulty in believing, for which relief we ought to be thankful, while careful at the same time that we never turn it to an occasion of slothfulness in the active and personal element that enters into the act of faith. Thus, manual labor, which at first calls for self-conquest and will-effort, eventually, through the mere strengthening of the muscles, ceases to make any such demand; and still this muscular habit must not be confounded with virtue, which means an increased readiness of will, a habit of self-conquest. So neither must the negative easiness of faith which comes from custom, imitation, or even thoughtlessness, be confounded with that easiness which comes from an increased goodness and strength of will subduing the mind in obedience to the will of God. This latter is compatible with all that feeling of unreality, dreaminess, and pretence which so needlessly disturbs those who are frightened at hearing that "the certainty of faith is the highest of all certainties," and who falsely conclude that doubt about faith should seem to them as impossible as doubt about their own existence; which, of course, it does not, ought not, and cannot seem—else were faith not free.*

THE VIRTUE OF FAITH.

There is some danger—is there not?—lest we who have for so many years, perhaps from infancy, been accustomed to speak and think and act on the supposition of faith; who have lived chiefly in the society of those governed by like beliefs; who have had the adventitious support that education, custom, tradition, example can lend to faith,—there is some danger lest we confound this negative facility in believ-

* *Alio modo potest considerari certitudo ex parte subjecti . . . ex hac parte fides est minus certa.* That is to say, looked at from the stand-point of the believing intellect, the truths of faith seem less certain than the truths of science.—St. Thomas, *Sum. Theol.*, 2. 2æ. q. iv. art. viii. in corp.

ing, due to the removal of difficulty, with that positive facility due to the personal conquest of difficulty, that strengthening of the will to believe implied in the growth of the virtue of faith. In truth, the causes that make for facility of belief provide no guarantee of its reality, for they operate no less effectually to confirm the errors of unbelievers than the faith of believers; and are therefore a curse or a blessing according to circumstances. The crutches provided for faith by natural disposition, habit, education, and the like may spare us from putting too great a tax on our legs, may support us where else our strength would fail; but it is the support of a wooden prop, not the vital support of intelligence and virtue; and it may well be that the faith of those who lack this facility is stronger than our own for the very reason that it needs to be stronger.

The more our religious beliefs have become customary to us and have been wrought into the tissue of life and mind, the more they have become independent of the exercise of our free will and of the spiritual virtue of faith, the less are we able to sympathize with the difficulties of those whose belief is the fruit of faith and of faith alone. Still, if we cannot feel, at least we can try to understand their state of mind, and so far minister to its necessities.

To conclude, then, where we began: while in Latin it is exactly true to say, *Certitudo fidei est maxima certitudo*; to say in English, "The certainty of faith is the highest of all certainties," is so misleading and needs so much qualification as to be almost more false than true. Hence we may properly question the advisability of using the phrase at all except in purely technical scholastic discussions. "I will have nothing to do with statements," says Newman, "which can be explained only by being explained away." In our living language "certainty" has come to bear a subjective and not an objective sense; that is to say, it refers not to the nature of the truth, but to the nature of our grasp of it; further, it signifies almost exclusively a logical inability to doubt on the part of the mind, and can only violently be used to express a moral inability on the part of the will. We may be sure, then, that in popular language faith and its *maxima certitudo* can be quite consistent with what people call "doubts against faith," the *motus dubitationis* of St. Thomas; nor need our failure to realize the truth of things revealed at all imply that we are to be numbered among those of little faith.

THE CATECHISM AND ITS REQUIREMENTS.

BY REV. ALEXANDER L. A. KLAUDER.

THERE seems to be a general demand for a common catechism of Christian doctrine for this country. It was this demand that prompted the Fathers of the late Plenary Council of Baltimore to issue the present authorized manual, known as the Baltimore Catechism. This manual, however, as it is well known, has not met with general favor as a work viewed in the light of strict catechetic science. Whatever the defects of the work itself may be, it must be admitted, nevertheless, that the movement inaugurated with the issue and authorization of a common manual was a good and necessary one. It is one that ought to receive the firm support of all promoters and well-wishers of solid Catholic interests in this country. But some who were dissatisfied with the authorized catechism refused to introduce it in their schools; others who had adopted it, but looked for an improvement of it, became impatient over the delay and replaced it with manuals of their own selection. The result is that at the present time there is a great variety of catechisms used all over the country.

THE BALTIMORE CATECHISM A GOOD GROUNDWORK.

The questions that suggest themselves now are these: Shall the employment of this variety of catechisms be tolerated, or shall the plans of the bishops of the Plenary Council be carried out? In the latter event, shall the Baltimore Catechism be withdrawn and an entirely new catechism take its place, or shall not an improvement of the present authorized manual be preferred? There are those who maintain that the Baltimore compilation is so utterly deficient that it cannot be improved. We think there is more prejudice in this assertion than reason. With the defects of the Council Catechism plainly in view, we nevertheless insist that the groundwork of a good American manual, such as is needed to meet the main requirements of the American mind, has been formed; and this was, no doubt, all caviling aside, the distinct work of the Holy Spirit, who placed the bishops to rule the church of God.

The present writer has used the Baltimore Catechism ever since its issue by the council. He has used it in the largest parochial schools and Sunday-schools, and in the remote rural districts. He has used it among American children of almost every extraction. We have, indeed, often sighed for a more intelligible and complete manual; and we ourselves have finally labored hard and long to improve this catechism according to the best examples and the principles of the best catechetical writers.

The obstacles that present themselves to the introduction of a uniform manual of religious instruction in this country are many and peculiar. These are due to the varied conditions of instruction in a country as large as ours, and covered with a multitude of races of different languages and customs. But as this divergency of even Catholic interests increases, the demand for a uniform text-book of religious instruction becomes all the more urgent, if unity of Catholic faith and interests is to be secured. In delay there is both danger and loss. Hence we advocate that the work once inaugurated under such sacred auspices as a Plenary Council should be maintained at all hazards.

NEED OF IMPROVEMENT.

That the Council Catechism needs improvement no one will dispute; indeed, there is not a catechism extant that does not demand improvement, not only in view of national and ever-changing conditions, but from a view-point of strict catechetical science. According to the consensus of the best catechetical writers the ideal catechism has not yet been written. And we shall say right here, even though by way of a slight digression—for we cannot well afford to say it elsewhere—that any text-book of religious teaching is after all only a makeshift for oral teaching. "Faith cometh from hearing" is a biblical saying as true and vital as any contained in the great Book. The child that does not obtain its religious instruction daily at the knee of a pious mother and weekly from the lips of a zealous priest, remains after all a poorly instructed and a badly trained Catholic. The questions and answers of any catechism are but a dry skeleton that is liable to produce repugnance rather than interest. They must be filled out with the meat of the living word supplied by assiduous and earnest teachers. This is the oft-repeated saying of one who is justly styled the Master of Catechetics, John Baptist Hirscher, who deplores the too great dependence in our day upon catechetical manuals of instruction. The more catechisms

published, and the better they are adapted to convey a complete knowledge of religion, the more patent becomes the neglect of personal instruction by both parent and priest. Everything is left in the end to the mere memorizing and recitation of the catechism.

If this exclusive dependence upon a catechetic manual for religious instruction may be said to be an evil in parochial schools and in parishes with resident priests, what shall we say when we consider the overwhelming balance of territory in this country where people are left to the exclusive instruction of incompetent and unprofessional teachers, not to speak of the thousands and tens of thousands of children who are necessarily dependent upon the catechism as the sole means for both the learning and explanation of their religion? A glance at some of the returns of the late census, at the Catholic Directory, at the last report of the Indian and Negro Missions, must convince the most casual observer that the balance of catechetic instruction in this country is not in favor of a normal system by any means, but knowledge is rather picked up in divers and slipshod ways in thousands of missions, stations, and over vast territories, where regular and frequent instruction by the priest is out of the question, and where the only hope of having some knowledge of our religion imparted at all is through the medium of a simple and intelligible catechism. The needs of this preponderating class of catechumens cry louder than do those of the children of the parochial schools and of the city Sunday-schools. Or shall we have two catechisms, one for the school and one for the country home? We maintain that a uniform catechism can be compiled for this country that will fill the needs of the home as well as of the school, and be suitable also for converts of the most ordinary education. Hence, in view of the abnormal conditions that prevail in this country, we say, if we must have a common catechism, let it be such an one as will apply to the national conditions, and not merely to those of the schools for which the average catechism of the past seems to have been compiled; otherwise we cannot but go on deploring an ever-growing leakage from the Catholic ranks because of the neglect of an adequate and far-reaching instruction of the American youth. When we have acquitted ourselves of the manifest duty of supplying a good catechism, according to the best of our opportunities, we can then look to the Lord to supply the increase of faith that otherwise comes from hearing.

THE CATECHISM MUST INCLUDE CURRENT ISSUES.

The matter required in an American catechism must, besides embracing the teachings in common with all other elementary catechisms, include such issues as affect the religious and moral welfare of the American people in particular. We have been severely criticised for inserting in our *Catechism of Catholic Teaching* such matters as the payment of taxes, voting, bribery. A catechism, writes Spirago in his *Method of Religious Instruction*, that says nothing of duelling, socialism, cremation, government, voting, the press, etc., is of little use in our day. We feel convinced that security for the government of this country, for the political rights of Catholics, lies in the proper instruction and training of our Catholic children. Further matter for an American catechism, considering our limited opportunities for general uniform instruction, are, the prayers in general use both public and private, a short catechism for the illiterate as a requisite for the valid reception of the sacraments, the manner of making the sign of the cross, the manner of making confession, of receiving Holy Communion, an examination of conscience both for large and for small children; also pictorial illustrations of the different articles used at divine service. All these matters are imperative in a manual that must be used frequently, in many a rural home and elsewhere, as a sole means of instruction in the doctrines and practices of the faith. No other catechism, to our knowing, contains all these things and gives the student such a condensed and complete knowledge of the Catholic religion without dependence upon other sources of instruction.

The matter of a catechism must withal be kept within prudent bounds. Considering especially the many wants of American instruction, the observance of this rule becomes all the more peremptory. The average text-book with its finely printed pages, used and explained daily in the school-room, becomes a perfect bugbear to children who have not like advantages in a country home or average Sunday-school. The mere moralizing in so many catechisms and padding to fill in the artificial chapters planned must be avoided in a practical manual such as the American Church requires. It is far better to have strikingly short lessons contrasted with disproportionately long ones in order to simply state the teaching and the practice, than to make the chapters equally long by preaching platitudes.

IT NEED NOT ENTER INTO FINE THEOLOGICAL DISTINCTIONS.

If a catechism must be complete, it is, on the other hand, not expected to be a manual of theology. In stating a theological truth it is not necessary to give all the divisions and distinctions of theologians. Only familiarity with catechetical manuals can guide the compiler in this matter. Critics who have little experience in this field are frequently unjust to a compiler in this respect. Some demand a complete division of grace, for instance, as made by theologians. But no catechism of repute gives any further division of grace than that of sanctifying, actual, and sacramental grace. If a compiler, in view of the peculiar wants of the American student, lays down a rule to employ no difficult word in the manual without giving at least some explanation of it, he does not thereby oblige himself in every case, in defining such a term, to state the full theological doctrine involved. Hence, if in the definition of inspiration only the general meaning of the term is given, the student is put into a partial and incipient understanding of the word used at least, with no danger of getting a false idea of inspiration because all the various notions claimed by theologians for the true character of inspiration are not included in the word-meaning given by the compiler. No elementary catechism treats the matter of inspiration, although all of them use the word in the definition of Sacred Scripture. There are the extremes of defining no terms and of taking the knowledge of Latinic words on the part of the child for granted, or of asking the compiler, because he endeavors to be helpful to the child, to turn the child's catechism into a manual of theology.

If even the excellent catechism of Deharbe is admittedly too abstract even for the children of Germany, what shall we say of those manuals of recent publication that are little more than a translation of the former? German abstractions and the plethora of German definitions and divisions, in the testimony of Spirago, will not do for the practical and matter-of-fact minds of the American people. What the American child needs particularly in its catechism are definitions of the Latinic words in their general sense rather than fine theological distinctions. Just what words require a general definition or a specific definition in a catechism is best known to one who combines a familiarity with catechetical manuals with a long experience of actual teaching. The lack of sufficient appreciation of the terms used in the catechisms in vogue is largely

responsible for the childish repugnance to learn them, for the common ignorance of ecclesiastical language, and for the baneful apathy of American Catholics towards Catholic literature. English-speaking Catholics as a rule are not sufficiently grounded in the terminology of their religion.

If the reviser of the Baltimore Catechism has been pronounced inexact by a few of his critics, it is because these are not familiar with the sphere and with the formulæ of catechetical teaching. If the criticism of a catechism is not made from the stand-point of strict catechetics, but rather from that of theology or of mere literature, it must necessarily be unjust and derogatory to the compiler and implicating to the critic. If the Immaculate Conception as paraphrased by the compiler is taken to be *passive sumpta* and severely criticised as such by a late reviewer, it is because the latter does not seem to understand the character of the doctrine. If the same reviewer finds fault that in our catechism priests are made assistants to the bishops, he shows unfamiliarity with Deharbe's catechism and other popular catechisms, as well as with the propositions of Jesuit theologians, and with the definition of the Council of Trent. When he again finds fault that the church is made to derive her knowledge of doctrine from the Scriptures and tradition, he again betrays ignorance of the language of Deharbe and other catechists as well as of the sphere of catechetical teaching generally.

THE APPORTIONMENT OF SUBJECT-MATTER.

A necessary arrangement of the catechism is its apportionment of matter in several numbers for the different grades of scholars. But these numbers, whilst differing in the quantity of matter treated in them, should nevertheless be identical in the character of the text. The observance of this rule is imperative both for the easy memorizing and for a clear understanding of the subject-matter. A change in the text of a given question and answer in a higher number of a manual both confuses and disheartens the average pupil. Whatever is to be added to a subject in a higher manual should be done by way of a new question or special explanation. In this point again some American compilations are at fault, and the writer has taken special care to correct this same fault in the Baltimore manual, so that the three numbers of the present revised edition read identical as far as the matter goes in each of them with the higher numbers. At the same time

each number is made to read logically and completely for itself. This arrangement has entailed considerable labor, and has necessitated certain observances not liable to be understood by the superficial reader, but appreciated as a distinct advantage by the careful catechist and professional teacher of children. If the higher numbers under the above-mentioned arrangement include the identical matter of the lower numbers, which to some seems superfluous, it must be remembered that the higher numbers are intended also for the use of teachers who should be enabled at a glance to distinguish the exact matter of each number. We must not forget also that many teachers of Christian doctrine in this country are far from being trained and professional teachers, and will find the combined information of the three numbers a distinct advantage to them.

A QUESTION OF DIVISIONS.

All catechists agree that the more simple the division of a catechism the greater its utility. The genius that is largely responsible for the minute scientific treatment of catechetics is also responsible for a reprehensible endeavor to cut up the simple catechism into forced divisions and subdivisions. The Bible, which is the word of God itself, is not treated in that manner. The Roman Catechism is very simple in its arrangement of matter. The catechisms of St. Peter Canisius and of Deharbe are more forced in this respect. Yet these same divisions may be employed in a catechism without being pronounced. The arrangement of the Baltimore Catechism into consecutive lessons without being forced into parts, or more general heads, is an admirable one and has this advantage, that matters can be treated more easily where it is natural without obliging the scholar to wait for an information that is necessary, whereas the artificial divisions of the book demand treatment of it under another head further on in the book. The treatment of the four last things at the end of the catechism, whereas they really belong to the Apostles' Creed, is a purely sentimental arrangement. Both Hirscher and Gruber deplore this artificial and strained method. Their contention that the whole divine economy should be interwoven in the catechism and be treated parallel, as it were, with every lesson, and not merely gradually and piecemeal in disjointed chapters, finds its application in the Baltimore Catechism more easily than in the more scientific and artificial manuals in vogue. In the revised edition of the Council Catechism the writer has

inserted references to their proper heads of all matters not previously or not immediately treated in the lesson in hand. This arrangement we consider indispensable. It helps to a complete understanding of the matter under treatment, and meets the contention of Hirscher as closely as it is possible in a rudimentary hand-book of religion. If we are taken to task for not observing certain stereotyped divisions, we are fully aware of what we have done and why we have done it, and can console ourselves that we have acted upon a well prepared plan, even if it is not appreciated by the average book-reviewer. We were fully prepared for the severe criticism of many of our arrangements, for having displaced certain matters, for repeating certain definitions, for asking apparently tautological questions. But all these departures are supported by deeply underlying principles, which the size of this article will not permit us to explain in these pages, and were moreover prompted by the peculiar wants of American children at large independently of any one locality, nationality, or particular scholastic opportunity.

The treatment of the sacraments before the commandments is that of the Roman Catechism, and is justified in this country particularly, where so much depends upon text-book instruction. Our small children cannot be well prepared for an intelligent reception of the sacraments, if these are treated at the end of the book which they have not as yet mastered. The sooner the sacraments are treated the better. The knowledge of the commandments is imparted in easier and in many more ways than is that of the valid reception of the sacraments.

But if any species of division is detested by catechetical writers, and no doubt every experienced teacher will concur in this, it is the division of the answers. There are certain answers in the catechism, of course, that require an enumeration of heads, such as the answers in reference to the number of sacraments, commandments, certain sins and certain virtues. But as for the forcing of ordinary answers into numbered heads as a catechetical method, it is not only useless, but bad, and betrays on the part of the compiler a lack of practical experience in teaching children—especially the children of this country. That such answers help the memory of the child for the morning recitation, we would not call into question; but that they leave much or anything for the average child to remember in after life, is extremely doubtful. And yet some catechisms abound with this style of answer. If they

are employed by Deharbe and have been unwittingly copied, and even multiplied, by some recent compilers, they are nevertheless faulty and severely criticised by the catechists generally.

DIFFICULT WORDING OF THE BALTIMORE CATECHISM.

One of the main defects of the Baltimore Catechism is its difficult wording. The compiler of the revised edition has endeavored to remedy this defect by framing the language in short and smoothly running sentences; avoiding as much as possible the divided answers referred to. Children remember sentences couched in simple and rhythmic language longer than the numbered divisions of an answer. To help the memory of the child still more he has also employed that common rule of catechists, to repeat the wording of the question as much as possible in the answer.

The author of the revised edition of the Baltimore Catechism has sought also, as much as possible, to observe the golden mean between the exalted language of ecclesiastical writing and the popular language of the people. Whether he has gone too far in the latter respect may be matter of opinion. But those who have studied the conditions of the American Church may be better able to appreciate his designs. The slender opportunities of vast portions of the faithful to obtain a technical knowledge of the language of their religion, the rapidly vanishing use of Latinic words among the people in the sense in which they are employed by the church, but more than all, the multitudes of children of foreign parentage in this country who have little appreciation of the meaning of Latin words, as they are used in classical English—all these considerations, and that of the salvation of immortal souls whose knowledge of God and of his religion is mainly dependent upon an intelligible manual of religious instruction, has urged the writer to employ a language as simple as it could be written, and to do all in his power to impart at least a partial knowledge of the difficult terms that must of necessity be employed in a manual of Catholic teaching. We must not forget also the intention of the Third Plenary Council, that the children of all nationalities shall learn the catechism in the common language of the country.

A CATECHISM MUST BE SUITABLE TO THE PEOPLE.

If the present writer has laid himself open to severe criticism for the wording of his catechism, it is because he has had

the above-mentioned conditions steadily in view during the preparation of his work. To him the salvation of souls was paramount to purity of English style, for he makes bold to affirm against all assertions to the contrary that the number of helpless children and ignorant Catholic people who are exclusively dependent upon a plain and intelligible catechism for obtaining the bulk of their religious instruction in the English language is, in a missionary country like ours, overwhelmingly great against the few who have the advantage of schools in which both religion and the English language are taught by the regular methods. Hence the eternal welfare of the majority must be preferred to the literary tastes of the few. If it is a part of religion to bear one another's burdens, we Catholics of this country have the appalling burden of ignorance and helplessness on the part of the majority of our co-religionists to put up with for the sake of the one necessary thing of all education, the salvation of souls. It would be only blindness or consummate pride to resent these assumptions, and the height of uncharitableness and dereliction of duty to shirk this fearful burden and responsibility for the keeping of our brethren of the faith. We must have, in a word, a catechism that the vast and helpless majority of our American Catholic people can understand, can interpret for themselves, and can explain to their children.

To obviate the difficulties still more which frequently present themselves to both teacher and scholar through the difficult terminology of the catechism, the author has moreover added an index to each number of the catechism, and arranged the wording in such a manner that neither teacher nor scholar need be left with an inadequate knowledge of any matter treated in the catechism within the domain of catechetical teaching. Thus the catechism becomes at the same time a practical manual for the teacher and a small encyclopædia of doctrinal information.

We trust that, with all these arrangements and their underlying principles in view, we have done our utmost to improve the Baltimore manual and to adapt it to the needs of the American people. We feel confident that we have earnestly endeavored to preserve the Council Catechism rather than replace it with a still more defective manual. We had sent out an abundance of type-written copies, as stated in the preface of the book, and we are at all times willing to receive suggestions for the further improvement of the work. We believe

that no other course is better calculated to secure a proper catechism for this country. But we expect, at any rate, after the publication of a work of such importance, to be treated from a technical stand-point. If we are guided by a spirit of fairness in our estimate of a work of this kind, we must call attention not only to its defects, but also to its merits. These merits must be considered, moreover, in the light of true catechetical science, and of the true and studied wants of the American people. We are willing for any one else to take up the work we have engaged in, and desirous that they bring it to that perfection of which the Baltimore Catechism is both capable and deserving. We close this paper with the earnest words of St. Peter Canisius when he beheld his famous catechism and labor of love torn to pieces by his critics and imitators: "Would to God there came another who was both able and willing to explain the teachings of our faith in a still shorter, clearer, and more advantageous manner!"

"AFTERGLOW."

BY A. T.



SWEET is the peace of "Afterglow,"

When the vesper-bell has ceased to throw

Its notes o'er purpling vale and hill,

As the birds are hushed and the air is still,

And the soft susurrus of the breeze

With gentle music wakes the trees

Till their murmurs seem like an Even-prayer,

That lifts the soul from its weight of care ;

In the deep'ning blue the glowing sun

Sinks to rest with its mission done,

And one fair star supremely bright

Heralds the fast-approaching night

When thoughts from earth to heaven go—

Ah! sweet is the peace of "Afterglow."

August 4, 1901.



1. M. Salome: *Mary Ward, a Foundress of the Seventeenth Century*; 2. Faber: *An Original Girl*; 3. Bourgeois: *L'Ordre Surnaturel et Le Devoir Chrétien*; 4. Veuillot: *Louis Veuillot*; 5. Avis: *The Catholic Girl in the World*; 6. Camm: *Blessed Sebastian Newdigate*; 7. De Julleville: *Joan of Arc*; 8. Sadlier: *Jeanne d'Arc*; 9. Faber: *Kindness*; 10. Moore: *Sister Theresa*; 11. Mowbray: *A Journey to Nature*; 12. Ward: *The Light of the World*.

1.—It seems quite impossible that any one could read Mother Salome's life of *Mary Ward** without developing a firm conviction that this foundress of the seventeenth century was truly a saint. It is even possible that her office will some day be found in the Roman Breviary. Her type of sanctity is well calculated to attract the love and admiration of this age, for the modern character is not naturally in sympathy with that cast of spirituality which proceeds by over-cautious steps, making sure of all the byways and approaches in the circuitous advance towards the great citadel of religious perfection. This age loves to attain its ends with a Napoleonic swiftness and directness of action. And when this modern spirit is sanctified and turned to religious channels it finds in the old Benedictine mysticism that directness of spiritual activity which it craves. As Bishop Hedley remarks in his preface, *Mary Ward* came "under the spell of that seventeenth century mysticism of which we have Catholic and English examples in Baker and Southwell."

At the same time that the spirit of true independence finds a sanctified example in *Mary Ward*, licentious liberty is rebuked. She was a devoted child of the church and completely submissive to the discipline of Rome—even when its rigors were imposed by narrow-minded men with cruel injustice. It is frequently a duty meekly to suffer persecution though we know it is entirely unmerited, and proceeds from those who are bound to befriend us. *Mary Ward* understood this. When

* *Mary Ward, a Foundress of the Seventeenth Century*. By Mother M. Salome. With an Introduction by the Bishop of Newport. New York: Benziger Brothers.

the Congregation of Cardinals ordered the suppression of the order she had founded, and her own imprisonment as a heretic, she submitted to this unjust persecution, not only with silence and meekness but with joy, although she knew perfectly well that the Roman authorities had been misled by the calumnies of her unscrupulous enemies. Considering the natural temperament of this noble English lady, we must own that her quick, easy, and complete submission on this occasion, and her subsequent conduct, evince a conquest of self thorough enough to place her among the saints.

Following their usual policy, the Roman authorities did not rescind their decree suppressing the Institute, but pursued a more dignified course. The pope, after disowning the order for Mary's imprisonment, allowed her nuns to continue in a limited way their noble work of educating young girls. And then, when time had dissipated the clouds of prejudice, the Institute of English Virgins (almost identical with the old foundation) received papal sanction, first from Clement XI. in 1703, and finally and fully from Pius IX. in 1877.

Mother Salome has an easy, simple style. She has given us an intensely interesting biography. There is not a dull chapter in the whole book. We see Mary Ward as she really was in the sunshine of her daily life, and not an idealized portrait, surrounded by the halo of the past. We earnestly recommend this book to every class of readers; for the example of a vigorous, free-minded Englishwoman leading the life of a saint will be edifying to all, and most especially to Catholics of her own sex and race.

2.—A suggestive title followed by seven hundred odd pages devoted to the working out of a mystery might naturally incline the average reader to great expectations. Perhaps it would be well, therefore, to suggest the probability of disappointment in connection with *An Original Girl*,* in spite of the encouragement aforesaid—and so save the exertion attendant upon solving the mystery.

The book is faulty in construction, there is a marked crudeness in the character delineation, and the length of the story seems unpardonable from more than one point of view.

A hard, haughty, wealthy woman, Bedilla Burrum by name, living entirely alone, except for two servants, in a lonely house by the sea, adopts a young child, Rachel Minturn, under

**An Original Girl*. By Christine Faber. New York: Benziger Brothers.

rather peculiar circumstances. Who is Miss B.'s charge, why she is such, and whence she comes are mysteries to all but Miss B., and as a matter of course the source of much village gossip and speculation. She is bound, it would appear, from significant correspondence between herself and a mysterious unknown, who signs himself "Terry," to care for her charge through a period of five years—despite a defiant indifference and real aversion to the child. Numerous other personages appear throughout the story, every event of which prolongs the mystery of Rachel's identity and her guardian's incessant rage.

At the expiration of the allotted time a certain mysterious "Tom" who has promised to come for Rachel, and the memory of whom has been the one bright spot in her hard life, is cast upon the shore near her home from a terrible wreck, and lives only long enough to remind Rachel that he has been true to his promise. More anguish, more mystery follow, until finally all is made clear, though not before Miss B. and her charge nearly lose their reason. The strain of the situation is relieved here and there by touches of village humor, but the characters seem overdrawn and unreal, and the sequel, as has been intimated, proves the whole affair a veritable much ado about nothing.

3.—The fact that we are destined to a life that is above the natural gives us a reason why we should subject ourselves totally to Jesus Christ in a union of perfect love. Père Bourgeois,* proceeding on this principle, takes up the chief dogmas of religion and tries to explain how these great truths are not mere speculations, but practical doctrines which should have a great influence in shaping our lives. The plan is a laudable one and has been carried out with no little success. Comparatively few Catholics appreciate as they could and should the moral and spiritual significance of the great body of dogmatic truths, and any book which will help to a better understanding of this aspect of religious doctrine deserves a hearty welcome. Père Bourgeois' style is attractive; but clearness is sacrificed at times in the attempt to set forth abstract truths in a pleasing and elegant form.

4.—The second volume of the life of Louis Veuillot† deals

* *L'Ordre Surnaturel et Le Devoir Chrétien.* Par le R. R. Th. Bourgeois, O.P. Paris: P. Lethielleux.

† *Louis Veuillot.* Par Eugène Veuillot. Paris: Victor Retaux.

with a most interesting period in the career of its subject; a time, too, of vital importance in the history of French Catholics. Public affairs, therefore, rather than personal or family history, constitute the subject of the present pages, which are worthy of being carefully studied not only by those who are interested in the subject of the biography, but by all who would understand the curious complications in the Catholic situation in France during the second quarter of the nineteenth century. The story of the period in question is replete with interest and instruction for those who are watching the present course of events in France; and the volume before us imparts valuable information, not otherwise accessible, concerning the ins and outs of several very interesting *dénouements*. Needless to say the writer, Eugène Veuillot, present editor of *L'Univers*, is perfectly competent to handle his subject; during the time in question he was actually laboring shoulder to shoulder beside his famous brother. He speaks with frankness and decision; though, of course, being so deeply interested a party, he writes less as an impartial critic than as an advocate upon such questions as his brother's differences with Montalembert and Dupanloup.

5.—The Catholic young lady who will reflect on the considerations advanced in the present series of papers* cannot fail to derive much benefit from them. They differ from most treatises of the sort in that they are not lectures on ideals in the sense that they teach something to be reached for and never grasped, but are eminently practical, and the result of studying them is something tangible and attainable. The conduct they are presumed to teach may be practised by any girl who has an efficacious will to attain it. The first paper is in the nature of a rebuke to the pretensions of the "New Woman" and her demand to be put on an exact equality with man. The author's observations on this point are both sensible and convincing. She insists on the worth and dignity of woman's home-life and her incalculable influence for good on the family and society. The second paper treats of the Strong Woman, the *mulier fortis* of Holy Scripture, combining true strength of character, reliability and simplicity, qualities as admirable as their contraries are despicable. Then follow papers on the Woman of Culture and the Woman of Influ-

* *The Catholic Girl in the World*. (Second series.) By Whyte Avis. With a Preface by Dom Gilbert Higgins, C.R.L. New York: Benziger Brothers.

ence. What the author has to say on the choice of a profession is adapted to European conditions rather than to those in America. Throughout the first eight papers she adheres to her rule not to touch upon the spiritual side of her subjects, though of course all that she says is based upon Catholic teaching. The last paper, however, is a beautiful one on "Strength and Weakness," and proposes the contemplation of the Hidden Life of the Holy Family at Nazareth as a remedy for the "mania for foremost places," and the pride and vanity agitating the minds of so many girls of the present day.

6.—The courage required by the English Catholics of the reign of Henry VIII., in order to face persecution and death, was truly heroic. At a time when there was so much uncertainty, and misunderstanding, and misdirection, on account of the misrepresentations of the wretched king and his ministers; when the people high and low were lapsing in such numbers from the old faith; when so great inducements were held out to those who would confess the supremacy of the crafty king; and when, on the other hand, such dreadful alternatives were threatened to those adhering to the Church of Rome, it was a trying time indeed for the few faithful who had the spirit and the determination to persevere in the truth. Among this number was the subject of this sketch,* one who had frequented and tasted the delights of the gay court of Henry, but who, when the silent call came to serve his Lord, responded with so generous a will that he shortly embraced the severe life of the Carthusians; and with such loyalty as won for him in the end the martyr's crown. The narrative of the author reflects in charming style the simple and beautiful life of Blessed Newdigate and his companions in their Carthusian retreat. An interesting feature of the volume is its pleasing little description of the famous old London Charterhouse where the monks lived.

7.—The revival of interest in and devotion to Joan of Arc in recent years has made it expedient to provide thorough and authentic accounts of the wonderful "Maid of Orleans"; so this latest volume† of the "Saints" series is most opportune in point of time. Moreover it is splendidly calculated to

* *Blessed Sebastian Newdigate*. By Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. London: Art and Book Company.

† *Joan of Arc*. By Petit De Julleville. New York: Benziger Brothers.

satisfy the judgment of the most inquiring and critical, as well as to stimulate the love and veneration of the most devout reader. It confines itself pretty generally to the record of Joan's life, her singular vocation, her brief and extraordinary career, and her tragic death, and omits, as far as possible, considerations on contemporaneous history.

The subject is accorded the scholarly treatment usual in the volumes of this series. Careful work and fidelity characterize the translation.

A study of the life here presented induces the ready reflection that if the mission of Joan of Arc, so unique in Christian history, merits a tribute of honor, it should beget also a fear, at least in the hearts of that people among whom she lived, and for whom she died. For one discovers an unmistakable sign of a certain divine election in the fact that there an instrument was used, and a commission directly given, to preserve the national integrity of the French people. That nation should be fearful, then, lest it lose sight of the destiny for which, through the instrumentality of Joan of Arc, it was preserved.

8.—Appearing almost simultaneously with the work of De Julleville comes an American life of Joan of Arc,* preceded by an introduction which outlines the general history of the period. Objection might be made to the practice of quoting without references; otherwise the author's work has been acceptably done. The work compares favorably, in accuracy and completeness, with the standard histories of Joan of Arc, and the book has the advantage—if advantage it may be called—of being written in a more popular and imaginative style than any other of the contemporary lives.

9.—It is a decided pleasure to see another handy reprint of Father Faber's famous conferences on kindness.† Nothing need be said of their worth. Every one who knows Father Faber has read and reread them. But a word might well be said in recommendation of two good points in this present edition. *First*, the neatness and prettiness of the little volume itself; *second*, the memoir of Father Faber, prefixed to the conferences, but being really part of them; for the lesson of his life and the lesson of the conferences are the same—the power and beauty of the Christ-like quality of kindness.

* *Jeanne d'Arc*. By Agnes Sadlier. Baltimore: John Murphy Company.

† *Kindness*. By Father Faber. New York: Benziger Brothers.

10.—In George Moore's latest novel* there is evidence enough of power and skill and knowledge of the craftsmanship of fiction, but these good gifts are spent in this instance on nothing noble, exhilarating, or even wholesome. For the story is a character-study of hideously incongruous elements. The heroine, an opera-singer, becomes a religious in a contemplative order, and spends her time in vacillating whether she shall remain in the convent or shall yield to a domineering and very base passion, and return to the world.

The book is a study of sex, with a background of religion; a morbid, unhealthy analysis of the fleshly as trespassing in some unaccountable way upon the premises of the spiritual. It is a pity that the author's unquestionable ability were not more loftily educated. He might have written an analytic novel that would disclose the best in a human soul; instead he has given us another chapter in the literature of degeneracy and disease.

11.—J. P. Mowbray's book† is a delicious idyl—a poem in prose; and exquisite prose it is. It tells of a Wall Street man's turning his back upon the Stock Exchange and plunging into grove and hamlet, where he came face to face with God's work in nature and within his own soul. The glory of autumn sunsets is made captive in the charming pages, and in the rippling of their delightful humor there echoes the laughter of tiny cascades. Then, in order to confront his nature-scenes with a full measure of the human, the author has deftly woven the unobtrusive threads of a love-story into his texture of rumination and description. It is a sweet, wholesome book, filled with the philosophy of an almost devout mind which sees above it, about it, and deep within it, an omnipresent loveliness that speaks worshipfully the name of God. Perhaps we could remark of the work what we so frequently feel like saying when we read books that deal with Nature; namely, that we would wish for an occasional direct and unambiguously Christian mention of God. Fear to rhapsodize about created beauty and not give at least a glance to the uncreated type which it distantly expresses is irritatingly like spelling out the separate letters of a word, going into ecstasies over them, and never combining them into a coherent and reasonable meaning. Still, we hardly wish to press this criticism upon the author under review. He

* *Sister Theresa*. By George Moore. Philadelphia: Lippincott Company.

† *A Journey to Nature*. By J. P. Mowbray. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

has done so well, his mind and temperament are so reverential and sober, and his artistic skill is so splendid, that we welcome his book as a fair and ennobling one, as a place of refreshment and rest amid the Sahara of contemporary light literature.

12.—Herbert D. Ward's little brochure* recounts the imaginary experiences of a lens-maker who, having completed a remarkable telescope, suddenly dies and is transported to another sphere. There he meets Kepler, the astronomer, who reproaches him for his past unbelief. He conceives a sorrow for his error and resolves to seek the truth wherever he may find it. He is carried back to the scenes of the Tragedy at Jerusalem; he sees the sufferings and death of Christ; he watches at the tomb and beholds the risen Saviour. Like Thomas, he prostrates himself before Him, crying: "*My Lord and my God!*" He, seeing, believes. The spirit of the book is at least in contrast with the irreligious tendency of many of our present-day works; the story is fanciful and original, though there is ground in theology for censuring it for assigning a period of repentance and meritorious change of heart beyond the grave.

THE THEOLOGY OF RITSCHL.†

In a remarkable paper published in the London *Tablet* some few months ago Father Cuthbert, O.S.F., advised that Catholic theologians should pay greater attention to contemporary movements in theology outside the church. Among non-Catholics, said he, theology is receiving most careful and scholarly treatment. Caird and Harnack were mentioned as men whose work must, of necessity, be considered by all serious students of theology. Albrecht Ritschl, too, might well have been numbered among those whose writings deserve attention, for perhaps no modern Protestant theologian has attained greater prominence or been the centre of wider discussion.

* *The Light of the World*. By Herbert D. Ward. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† *The Theology of Albrecht Ritschl*. By Albert Temple Swing. Together with Instruction in the Christian Religion, by Albrecht Ritschl. Translated by Alice Mead Swing. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Within the last half decade Ritschlianism has been prominently before the English public, yet criticism and discussion rather than translation seemed to be the main concern of those who entered upon this field. It is not at all surprising, then, that we should find a recurrence and increase in this country of the misunderstandings and controversies begun in the land of Ritschl's birth. Professor Orr, who until recently has been regarded as the authoritative exponent of Ritschlianism, has now become, to a greater or less extent, discredited in that respect; and Professor Wenley's criticisms of the Ritschlian theology have been denounced as shallow and unfair. Garvie's recent volume seems to have given the impetus to new and serious efforts to ascertain what the great German theologian really stood for. The present book is an attempt to expose Ritschlianism briefly and sympathetically, and, as far as possible, in the words of its author himself; the latter part of the volume containing the translation of a short treatise of Ritschl's entitled *Instruction in the Christian Religion*, a work of some importance for an appreciation of the author's ideas about methods of theological teaching.

Indications, hints, and outlines are about the sum of what may be gathered from the book before us; its size prevents the attempt to provide more. The divisions are good, and the translation excellent, all things considered. The subject-matter is treated with as much success as could be expected under conditions which forbid really satisfying and conclusive handling. Professor Swing seems indeed to have rendered important service in correcting very general misconceptions of Ritschl's position on the question of reality, and again on the question of the use of metaphysical demonstrations in theology. He seems to have fairly well proven that, at least, there is room for Ritschlianism which rejects neither reality nor the validity of metaphysics. We are hindered from conceding further conclusiveness to Professor Swing's really admirable presentation, by the consciousness that he has given us no more than excerpts, and by the recollection of Professor Pfleiderer's claim that careful comparison between Ritschl's later and earlier editions shows a distinct advance in the direction of scepticism.

The general impression derived from a survey of Ritschl's line of thought is, however, favorable, inasmuch as it betrays the persistence of theology in the very vortex of rationalism. During recent years higher criticism, biblical archæology, the

history of religion, and scientific discoveries have been making momentous changes in the world's store of knowledge and altering the mental attitude of many with regard to cherished opinions. Upon some minds these developments have wrought disastrously; as if Comte's prediction were to be verified, and theology were to prove to have been but in a stage of transition. But Ritschl, it appears, is less extreme in certain respects than Harnack; even as Harnack receded from some of the advanced positions of the early Tübingen school—facts that should encourage the fearful.

The truth is that both disciples and teachers, of an orthodox type, are apt to be thrown into a panic by the determined advance of methods and men professedly hostile to the old opinions, if not to the very existence of theology. But fair attention to new problems and frank acceptance of newly discovered facts will do far more to save the credit of theology than will any amount of dogged insistence upon antiquated opinions, or the rash use of quasi-authoritative censures. Harshness, high-handedness, narrowness will inflict immense harm upon minds acutely distressed by the pressure of hostile scholarship. When, on the contrary, we condescend to investigate, we are apt to find that, after all, the accredited results of solid research are not so very startling, and that a little wise adaptation to environment, a kindly translation of consecrated phrases into modern equivalents, and a willing exchange of venerable for effective weapons will be all that is needed to make the ancient truth prevail. So, as for Ritschl, many of his positions are impossible of acceptance to a Catholic, and the ultra rationalizing methods of the whole German school carry with them many dangers.

Note.—See the announced series of articles on Art subjects.
They will begin in the October number.



The Tablet (6 July): Father Angus writes in answer to the statement made by Lord Halifax that it was "not distinctive Roman doctrine, the claims of the Holy See in themselves," which led De Lisle and Newman to enter the church. Publishes Father Thurston's reply in the *Saturday Review* to Mr. Conybeare's "Roman Catholicism as a Factor in European Politics."

(13 July): Reviews the debate on the Royal Declaration. Canon St. John lays down conditions under which the emigration of Catholic children can be successfully contrived.

(20 July): Lord Halifax in a letter to *The Tablet* explains and defines his position in regard to Transubstantiation.

(27 July): Examines the letter of Lord Halifax regarding his position on Transubstantiation, and gives the true Catholic doctrine concerning it.

The Month (July): Fr. Rickaby contributes a "Study of St. Ignatius." Fr. Gerard continues his defence of Fr. Garnet. Fr. Thurston continues his historical study of Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, this number being devoted to "Exposition."

Revue du Clergé Français (1 July): P. Torreilles sketches the recent history of theology in France. P. Berthout laments the decay of parish life and suggests means for its resuscitation. C. Calippe, who presents to the readers of the *Revue* a study of social activity every third month, describes recent events and books bearing on this subject. P. Morel narrates the history of the University of Tübingen.

(16 July): C. Lecigne reprints his conference delivered at Saint-Omer on M. J. Lemaitre, president of the Patrie Française, poet, critic, dramatist, and orator. P. Ennoni comments upon recent publications in theology, Catholic and Protestant.

Études (5 July): P. Roure indicates the similarity of hypnotic suggestion with phenomena of every-day life. P. Chérot writes upon the Marquis de Vogué as a historian, apro-

pos of his recent election to the Academy. P. Griselle, writing upon the anecdote of Bourdaloue in a court sermon pointedly denouncing the king's crimes with "*Tu es ille vir*," decides against its historical truth.

(20 July): P. H. C. points out certain defects in a new life of Joan of Arc by J. E. Choussy, who thinks that her mission ended with the siege of Rheims.

Le Correspondant (10 July): Publishes, at the instance of Count de Mun, a letter addressed to M. Pichon, the French minister, by the chiefs and representatives of the Catholic missions in China, in which they protest against the oft-repeated accusation that they were responsible for the recent disturbances. Paul Thureau-Dangin, continuing his "Catholic Revival in England during the Nineteenth Century," writes on Manning's conversion. Henri Joly, discussing "Liberty of Alms-giving," protests against the increasing tendency of the French government to suppress the activity of private benevolence and make charity a function of the state.

(25 July): M. Piolet proves against the infidels of France that French Catholic missionaries are of immense moral and political advantage to the mother country. J. Latapy continues his considerations on "The Church and the University" in reference to the Law of Associations.

La Quinzaine (1 July): Abbé S. Clément gives some of his recollections of George Sand. Baron J. Angot Des Rotours writes on the part played by France in the evangelization of the world during the nineteenth century.

(16 July): Paul Thirion, in an article entitled *Le Transsaharien*, speaks of the benefits and importance of the union of equatorial Africa to the home government, making France and its possessions beyond the Mediterranean "a vast and coherent empire." Victor du Bled contributes an article on "Physicians and French Society before 1789." George Fonsegrive, writing on "Solidarity, Pity, Charity," examines the question as to whether the idea of "solidarity" possesses all the advantages attributed to it, and is superior to charity as the basis of our obligation to assist our fellows, as has been pretended; or whether it is, as he believes, powerless to supply the place of charity.

La Revue Général (July): Ch. Woeste writes appreciatively of

Père de Ravignan. Edm. Carton de Wiart writes on "The Brazil of To-day," which, he says, "is too badly known." Alfred Nerinx reviews Justin MacCarthy's "Reminiscences." J. P. Waltzing contributes a translation of J. Semeria's "Literary and Apologetic Study of *Quo Vadis*."

Revue Thomiste (July): Du Grasset writes at some length on the "Limits of Biology." R. P. Clérissac writes on Fra Angelico as the great exponent of the supernatural in painting.

Echo Religieux de Belgique (June): Abbé H. Bolby writes on "The Reading of the Gospels in Christian Families." Commences the publication of R. P. Louis Mennier's "Introduction to Ecclesiastical History"; also a series of apologetical papers, the first of which treats of "Spiritualism and Materialist Doctrines," by L. Peeters, S.J.

(July): P. Halfants, writing apropos of Huysman's recent *Vie de Sainte Lydwine de Schiedam*, defends the sincerity of the author's conversion. V. De Brabandère in his article "Religion, Science, and Morals" criticises the position of M. Ferdinand Buisson. A. Vermeersch, S.J., discusses the "Eternity of the Positive Pains of Hell." H. Minal, C.S.S.R., writes on the merits of St. Alphonsus as a dogmatic theologian.

Revue des Questions Scientifiques (July): The present number is a souvenir of the jubilee *fêtes* of the Scientific Society, and publishes the proceedings of that society in its meetings held on the ninth, tenth, and eleventh of April last. M. M. G. Lemoine, J. J. Van Biervliet, and the Vicomte R. d'Adhémar contribute papers respectively on "French Chemists," "The Evolution of Psychology," and "The Work of Mathematics," in the nineteenth century. P. Duhem writes on some recent extensions of "Statics and Dynamics," and J. H. Fabre writes on *Les Pentatomcs*.

Revue Bénédictine (July): D. Morin transcribes and comments upon certain unedited letters of St. Augustine contained in MSS. of the Royal Library of Munich. D. Rottmaner shows how a careful study of the writings of St. Augustine in their chronological and historical order manifests that Father's belief in the Pauline authorship of the epistle to the Hebrews. D. Besse sketches the beginnings

of monastic life in Gaul. D. Baltus gives high praise to a newly published edition of the *New Testament* by P. Didon.

Bulletin de Littérature Ecclesiastique (May): P. Guibert presents a dissertation upon the meaning attached by the Old Testament writers to the phrase "Spirit of God."

(June): Criticises P. Loisy's *Études Bibliques* as not calculated to remove the impression that his work is of a rather undecided character.

Revue des Deux Mondes (15 June): G. Goyau writes on the policy of Jules Ferry, whose efforts to continue in the colonies the work of Richelieu and Colbert will be considered and discussed more in the future than it has been in the past.

La Semaine Religieuse de Paris (29 June): P. Broussolle writes on M. Huysman's new Life of Saint Lydwine of Schiedam, a touching exhortation to accept suffering as a providential necessity.

Bulletin trimestriel des Anciens Élèves de Saint-Sulpice (15 May): P. Bruneau presents a translation of Fr. Sheehan's "Celts and Saxons."

L'Univers (8 June): Pierre Veuillot defends the Roman Index against some criticisms of *Le Matin*. G. d'Azambua indicates how great benefits the proletariat is deriving from the Jesuits, both by means of the latter's social work and of their indirect influence.

La Voix du Siècle (20 June): G. G. writes upon Bishop Spalding, the proper province of whose apostolate would seem to be the halls of a university rather than industrial centres.

Revue d'Histoire et de Littérature Religieuses (May-June): P. Loisy takes up the theory of P. Hummelauer, S.J., about the authorship of Deuteronomy, and says Samuel had no more to do with Deuteronomy than P. Hummelauer himself; and the opinion in question, if advanced by certain writers, would immediately be denounced as a "Protestant infiltration."

Stimmen aus Maria Laach (1 July): P. Lehmkuhl writes in defence of the science of Moral Theology. P. Kneller begins a sketch of André Marie Ampère. P. Beiffel describes the oldest church in Germany at Trier. P. Hilgers continues his description of the Vatican Library, treating of the period of Nicolas V.

Civiltà Cattolica (6 July): Concurs in the judgment of the *Azione Muliebre* magazine of Milan, in condemning the romances of Fogazzaro. Presents the statistics on suicide in Italy, showing a frightful increase, and welcomes a new book published by an Italian magistrate advocating civil measures against the crime.

(20 July): Treating of liberalism, defines its cardinal principle to be State independence of all authority whatsoever independent of itself, and especially of church authority. Sketches the history of superstition, showing that only the true religion avails to suppress it.

Rassegna Nazionale (1 July): E. S. Kingswan comments upon Sedgwick's *Life of Father Hecker* as a book which shows what progress has been made by the ideas defended by Father Hecker, "of whom can be said, in a measure, what he himself said of the church, 'Make her well known and every one will run to her.'" Another note referring to Raffaele Cesare's reply in the *North American Review* (June) to Archbishop Ireland's article on the Temporal Power (*North American Review*, April), declares the writer's arguments to be efficacious, but takes exception to the final phrase suggesting the substitution of national churches for the one Catholic World Church. G. Rondoni gives high praise to the *Storia civile e politica del Papato* of Nobili-Vitelleschi (Pomponio Leto), as a book badly needed in Italy, which lacks reliable histories of the Catholic religion. (The *Civiltà's* criticism of the book has been already noticed by us.) G. Gnerghi adds an article on Savonarola's æsthetic and literary character to the three already published.

(16 July): L. Vitali writes upon the grounds for faith in our Lord. Alice Schanzer enumerates the works of English writers who have studied Giacomo Leopardi, the Italian poet. E. S. Kingswan comments upon Father Taunton's *History of the English Jesuits* and says it will do good, since the story of past errors will act as a preservative against others in future. Writing upon Canon Boni's book against Evolution, Fio declares the author to be bent upon always opposing the three first chapters of Genesis to scientific discoveries.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THERE is a well-defined movement in ecclesiastical circles having for its purpose the betterment of Christian Art. To voice this movement and at the same time to intensify it we have planned a series of articles on art subjects. The first of the articles will be published in the October number, and it will be written by Charles de Kay, the eminent art critic. Mr. de Kay's opinions on art, particularly in its relations to church architecture and decoration, have been accepted as the canons of artistic judgment. The succeeding articles will be written by such eminent art specialists as John La Farge, Charles Albert Lopez, Frederick S. Lamb, Charles D. Maginnis, and others. It is hoped that the outcome of this series of articles will be the development of a deeper interest in church building and adornment and the raising of the standards of church art.

The French Law of Associations is about to receive the signature of President Loubet. While we cannot but deplore the fact that the legislature of France has deemed it necessary to intensify the antagonism of the Catholic people, still we are not without the hope that some good may yet come from this pernicious measure. When the law was enacted that conscripted the French seminarian it had its good results. It brought a whole generation of priests in closer touch with the people. It eliminated from the ranks of the priesthood many unworthy subjects, and the presence of the earnest and devout levite in the ranks of the French soldiery did not a little to elevate the standards of morality among the soldiers.

So, too, out of the intended persecution of the "Law of Associations" many benefits will come indirectly to the church in France. The authority of the bishops over the clergy, both secular and regular, will be intensified. The parish church, as an important element in diocesan organization, will be emphasized. It was said that in some French cities the parish church was simply a bureau for the registration of births and marriages and deaths. Then, finally, opposition is always healthy, and the church thrives under the lash of persecution.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

AMONG the so-called standard books relating to the science and the art of education there has been no authority recognized as competent to fix a standard for the use of terms. Much that is now classified as belonging to pedagogy was taken from philosophy, and in the English language there is still needed a philosophical vocabulary with exact definitions. Writers employ the same words with varied meanings. An attempt is to be made to assist in removing some of the verbal difficulties, especially in psychology. It is announced that we are to have a dictionary on the subject, or, rather, an encyclopædia, giving the terminology, not only in English, but also in French, German, and Italian. It will be in three volumes, edited by Dr. James Mark Baldwin, Stuart Professor in Princeton University, and written by over one hundred of the greatest scholars of the age. The first volume is now in press at The Macmillan Company's. Professor Baldwin thus describes the aims of the work, the conception and execution of which should contribute much honor to American scholastic enterprise: "To understand the meanings which our terms have, and to render them by clear definitions—this on the one hand; and to interpret the movements of thought through which the meanings thus determined have arisen, with a view to discovering what is really vital in the development of thought and term in one—this on the other hand."

* * *

Christian Carl Bernhard, second Baron von Tauchnitz, who recently celebrated his sixtieth birthday, is the son and sole successor in business of the founder of the famous publishing house in Leipsic. The firm was established in 1837, when the first Baron, then plain Herr, was only twenty-one years of age. His son joined him in 1866, and since 1895, the date of his father's death, the Tauchnitz editions of European celebrity have been entirely his own affair. At the present day the Collection of British and American Authors numbers about 3,500 volumes, and increases at the rate of rather more than one a week. Bulwer Lytton's *Pelham* and Dickens's *Pickwick* (with portraits of the authors) set the series going. The Tauchnitz editions are set up entirely by German compositors, but the baron's staff of readers for the press includes several highly educated Englishmen. Baron von Tauchnitz speaks English fluently and writes it correctly in very charming letters to his English and American authors. During a long visit to England in 1864 he met Tennyson, Browning, Carlyle, Froide, Kinglake, Dickens, Gladstone, Disraeli, Kingsley, Charles Reade, Trollope, and indeed almost everybody worth knowing. He has his father's gift of engaging the regard of every author with whom he treats. He is his own chief literary adviser, and keeps a vigilant eye upon the literary output on both sides of the Atlantic. He owns an ancient estate near Dresden and much property in Leipsic.

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St. Raphael's Reading Circle, Hyde Park, Mass., held its annual reception last June. After a patriotic chorus, Miss Elizabeth McKeon, the secretary, read an admirable sketch of the purposes of the Circle which is to advance along the

lines of study which are usually abandoned at the end of school-life, and to make ourselves in some degree familiar with the literature of our language. She also described the season's work. In the excellent programme which followed, the religious part of this work was represented by an essay, *St. Teresa*, by Miss Katherine E. Broderick, and an *Ave Maria*, by the Reading Circle choir. For the rest, as the study of Tennyson chiefly occupied the year, it was an evening with Tennyson. The essays, all well written and well read, were: *Alfred Tennyson*, by Miss Nora L. Coveney; *Idylls of the King*, Miss Marietta Cullen; *Mediæval Knighthood*, Miss B. B. Daly; *The Catholic Spirit of the Idylls*, Miss M. J. Foley. The songs were: *Ring Out, Wild Bells*, three-part song, by Reading Circle choir; *Break, Break, Break*, Miss Helen A. Loftus; *Sweet and Low*; then a reading, *Lady Clare*, by Miss Anna Murray. The programme concluded with the chorus, *Holy God, We Praise Thy Name*.

The Circle is officered as follows: Miss Mary J. Rooney, president; Miss Katherine E. Broderick, vice-president; Miss Elizabeth McKeon, secretary; Miss M. Josephine Foley, treasurer; executive committee, Miss Sadie A. McDonough, Miss Margaret F. Daley, Miss Agnes T. Houston. The Rev. George A. Lyons is the director.

* * *

Reading Circles and other societies will have a wide range of choice in the following lectures by Condé B. Pallen, LL.D., now residing in New York City: 1, *Dante*; 2, *Shakespeare*; 3, *Wordsworth*; 4, *Tennyson*; 5, *Francis Thompson* (the above given in series or singly); 6, *The Inferno*; 7, *The Purgatorio*; 8, *The Paradiso* (the above singly or in series); 9, *The Novel*; 10, *Reading*; 11, *The Nature of Poetry*; 12, *Something about Versification*; 13, *Goldsmith and his Times*; 14, *Spanish Pioneers*; 15, *French Pioneers*; 16, *Columbus*; 17, *Tennyson's In Memoriam*; 18, *Tennyson's Idylls of the King*; 19, *Hamlet*; 20, *Macbeth and King Lear*; 21, *The Tempest*. Subjects suggested for lectures will be given on request.

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Copies of the list of Catholic Authors published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and the notable Catholic books from the catalogue of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., may be obtained by sending ten cents in postage to the Columbian Reading Union, 415 West 59th Street, New York City.

Letters relating to Catholic Authors and the introduction of their books to Parish and Public Libraries are always welcomed, as well as accounts of work accomplished by Catholic Reading Circles. Send two cents in postage for pamphlet relating to the formation of Reading Circles. Do not send postal cards.

M. C. M.

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AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY, New York:

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ART AND BOOK COMPANY, London:

Passion Sonnets, and Other Verses. By R. Metcalfe.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D. C.:

Fifteenth Annual Reports of the Commissioner of Labor. Vols. I and II. 1900.

D. H. MCBRIDE & CO., New York:

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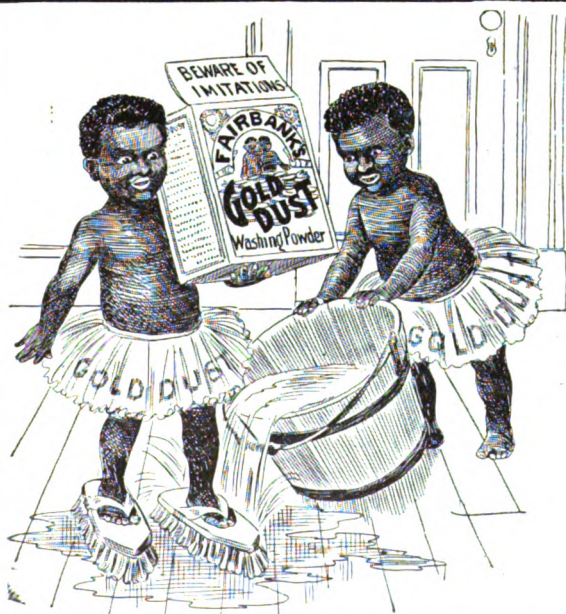
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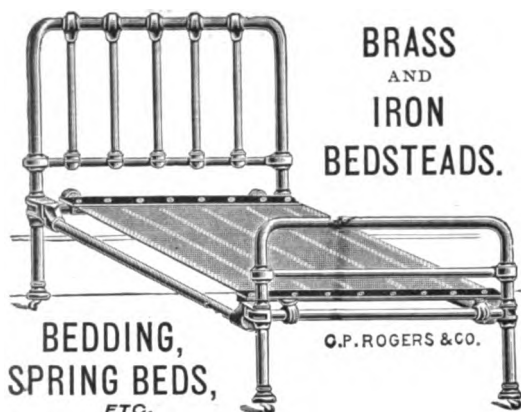
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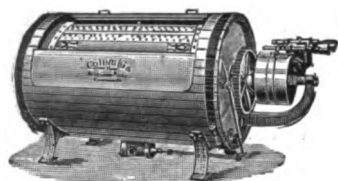
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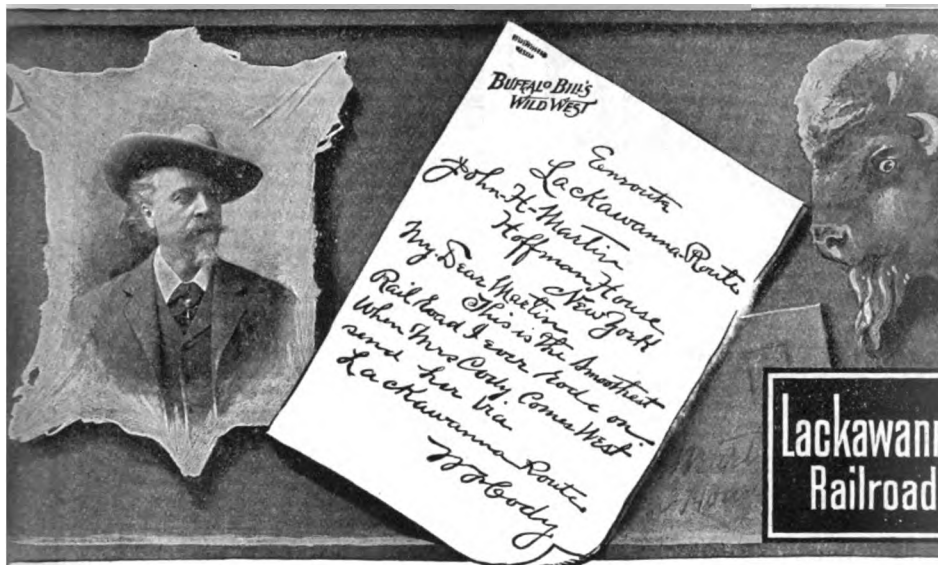
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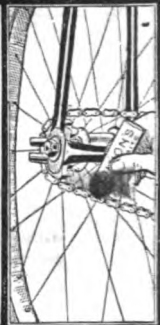
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